

THE SHAWM:

LIBRARY OF CHURCH MUSIC:

EMBRACING ABOUT ONE THOUSAND PIECES, CONSISTING OF PSALM AND HYMN TUNES
ADAPTED TO EVERY METER IN USE, ANTHEMS, CHANTS, AND SET PIECES;
TO WHICH IS ADDED AN ORIGINAL CANTATA, ENTITLED

DANIEL; OR, THE CAPTIVITY AND RESTORATION.

INCLUDING, ALSO,

THE SINGING CLASS;

AN ENTIRELY NEW AND PRACTICAL ARRANGEMENT OF THE ELEMENTS OF MUSIC,
INTERSPERSED WITH SOCIAL PART-SONGS FOR PRACTICE.

BY WILLIAM B. BRADBURY AND GEORGE F. ROOT,

ASSISTED BY

THOMAS HASTINGS AND T. B. MASON.

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Enter the following

The following is an adaptation of all the Peculiar Metres of the Methodist Hymn Books, as used at the North, these Hymns being differently marked from those of other religious denominations.

- 1st P. M. is L. M.; six lines, see Anvers, 77; Shelter, 76.
2d P. M. is L. P. M.; see Nashville, Newcourt, 192.
3d P. M. is H. M.; see Harwich, 187; Stow, 188, &c.
4th P. M. is C. P. M.; see Meribah, Ariel, 193, &c.
5th P. M. is 7's single; see Nuremberg, 244; Pleyel's Hymn 412.
6th P. M. is 7's six lines; see Hackney, 215; Oder, 218.
7th P. M. is 7's double; see Martyn, 219; Wesley, 215; Merrill, 218.
8th P. M. is 8's, 7's, and 4's; see Oliphant, 206; Zion, 203.
9th P. M. is 8's and 7's, double or single; see Greenville, 201; Park, 206; Wilmot, 200; Casa, 203; &c.
10th P. M. is 8's, double or single; see Foster, 232; Jora, 225; Gregory, Madison, 231.
11th P. M. is 7's and 6's, Peculiar; see Amsterdam, 222; Endor, 231; &c.
12th P. M. is 7's, 6's, and 8's; see Kison, 223; or Amsterdam, 222, by adding an eighth note.
13th P. M. is 10's and 11's; see Lyons, 264; Portuguese Hymn or Captivity, 292, by occasional ties.
14th P. M. is 10's and 11's; or 5's, 6's, and 12's; Doro, 266, by singing through twice; or Captivity, 292, by joining two notes.
15th P. M. is 11's and 9 (or 6 6 9); see Joy, 246; Rowley, 278.
16th P. M. is 11's, or 11's and 12's; Voice of Free Grace, Richford, page 265.
17th P. M. is 10's; see Savannah, 256; Herb, 238.

- 18th P. M. is 10's, 5's, and 11's; see "Come let us sing," 16; "All Praise," 236.
19th P. M. is 6's and 4's, regular; see Italian Hymn, 228; New Haven, 230, &c.
20th P. M. is 6's and 7's; see Dodd, 238.
21st P. M. is 6's and 4's, peculiar; see "My Shepherd," 16.
22d P. M. is 8's and 4's; see Berne, 281.
23d P. M. is L. M. with two lines 7's, see Shelter, 76; or any L. M. 6 lines, by omitting the first note in fifth and sixth lines.
24th P. M. is H. M. by repeating the last two lines of the tune; see Bethesda, &c.
25th P. M. is 7's and 8's, Peculiar; see "Head of the Church."
26th P. M. 7's and 6's; see Missionary Hymn, Passaic, &c.
27th P. M. is 11's; see Goshen, Frederick, Captivity.
28th P. M. is 11's, Peculiar; Razon, 285; or Captivity, 292, by omitting the first note.
29th P. M. is 12's; see Etna, 285.
30th P. M. is 11's and 8's; see Retin, 233; "They have Gone"
31st P. M. is 9's and 6's, can be sung to 7's and 6's (see Missionary Hymn, 224) by dividing two quarter notes for the two extra syllables in the first and every alternate line.
32d P. M. is 9's and 8's; see Felton, 290.
33d P. M. is 6's single and double; see "Sing Praise," or "Flung to the Headless."

ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by

WM. B. BRADBURY,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York

PREFACE.

To Teachers of Music, Choristers, Singers, and all interested in American Church Music.

We respectfully solicit for "THE SHAWM" a careful examination, with reference particularly to the following features, viz.:

COMPLETENESS OF THE WORK. It comprises the greatest variety of regular Metrical tunes—Long, Common, and Short, 7s, and 8s & 7s—of any similar work within our knowledge. It contains also, tunes adapted to more than ONE HUNDRED DIFFERENT PECULIAR METERS. We believe there is no hymn in use in any religious denomination, but may be here adapted to an appropriate tune. In this undertaking, we think we have performed an acceptable service to the chorister.

CHORISTER'S INDEX. To make this part of our work still more complete, we have arranged a comprehensive and very copious Chorister's Index, in which reference is made to tunes adapted to the peculiar hymns above alluded to.

HYMN BOOKS USED BY DIFFERENT DENOMINATIONS. In this adaptation of hymns to tunes, we have carefully examined all the hymn books used by the various religious denominations of our country.

PECULIAR METERS OF THE METHODIST HYMN. As the collection of hymns used by the Methodist churches North, are differently marked from those of other denominations, we have made a special Index, (see page 2.) for that work, in which all the meters, from the first to the THIRTY-THIRD, are adapted, and one or two tunes for each suggested.

OLD TUNES. These have been selected with reference to their known popularity and usefulness, whether in the lecture room or the social prayer meeting, revival occasions, the family circle, or the great congregation.

THE NEW TUNES have been composed, compiled, selected, or arranged with particular reference to their availability and adaptedness to the wants of the CHORIST and the SINGING SCHOOL.

GREAT VARIETY OF BOTH OLD AND NEW. By our new and beautiful music type, and by slightly enlarging the size of the page, we have been able to insert two new tunes, and one old tune, upon almost every page of the Metrical tunes, preserving, at the same time, clearness and distinctness in the music.

ANTHEMS AND CHANTS, AND SUNDAY SIGHT PICTURES for all occasions, such as the opening and closing of Public Worship, Missionary Meetings, Installation, Thanksgiving, National Festivals, Dedication, Temperance Meetings, Sabbath-School Anniversaries, &c., &c., will be found.

The NEW CANTATA of "Daniel," we believe will prove acceptable and popular for

Concert purposes. Many of the choruses are also suitable for occasions of worship (See Index to Anthems.)

THE SINGING CLASS, as our elementary department is called, has engaged our special attention, while we have had in view continually the brief space of time usually allotted to the study of the Elementary in Adult Singing Schools. We confidently believe, that the novel method of so arranging the elementary studies, as to intertwine the practical with the theoretical from the very first lesson, combining simplicity and progressiveness with pleasure in study, will meet the approbation of all. The introduction of easy Glee and Part-Songs in the different keys, is a feature which will help to keep in active exercise the interest of a class.

ASSISTANCE FROM ABROAD we have enjoyed by foreign correspondence, and by our access to the best German and English composers. But we value none the less our

HOME DEPARTMENT. In this we have had the valuable aid of many of our best American writers and teachers. We believe, that a book of Church Music to be extensively useful in this country, should be mainly AMERICAN in its leading characteristics, though it may and should contain much that is foreign. By a special arrangement with Mr. LEWELL MASON, we are enabled to present a large number of his most popular and choice tunes. This, we believe, will very greatly enhance the usefulness of THE SHAWM, as a standard collection for Choirs. Mr. M. has also kindly sent us many valuable new tunes.

Our esteemed friend and assistant, Mr. THOMAS HASTINGS, has, as will be seen by his many and beautiful compositions, rendered us valuable aid in our editorial labor. To Mr. TIMOTHY B. MASON, the Western pioneer in Church Music, we are indebted for many beautiful WESTERN TUNES, bearing his name as author or arranger.

We are indebted also to many other American and to several German composers for valuable contributions, some of which appear, while others were received too late for insertion in this work. The new tunes with no author's name attached, may be ascribed to one of the editors.

DIVISION OF LABOR. In the division of our editorial labor, it has fallen to the lot of Mr. BEADSBURY to take the principal charge of the Tunes, and the arrangement of the Elements, while Mr. ROOT has devoted himself more particularly to the preparation of the Cantata. By endeavoring to keep continually in mind the wants of our Choirs, Singing Schools, and Churches, throughout the land, we think we have now furnished what our title page boldly sets forth, a "LIBRARY OF CHURCH MUSIC," accessible and available to all who sing the songs of Zion.

NEW YORK, July 6th, 1853.

WILLIAM B. BEADSBURY,
GEO. F. ROOT.

THE FOLLOWING ARE EASY TUNES FOR INTRODUCTION INTO SINGING CLASSES.

Key of C.			Bore	102	Mann	49	Key of D.			Key of A.			Tabernacle			Key of F.			Adair's Bow			94
4thm.	36	Abiding Rest	304	Mozzelle	51	Pat.	37	Pom.	130	Lulu	173	Shelter	76	Notting Hill	130	Cantata	160					
Heavenly Peace	36			Sherrwood	100	Jed.	57	Wale	64			Peace	78	Holms	140							
Garland	40	Key of G.			Harro's Chant	100	Ambr.	68	Lery	63	Key of E.			Thos.	107	Andora	170	Key of Ab.			73	
Devotion	43	Amos	44	Brinsford	105	Shapley	62	Amos	44	Western Chant	71	Wood	173					Success				
Goner	90	Morny	44	Loch	109	Mason's Chant	114	Unly	67	Western Chant	71							Adra	91			
Linden Hill	100	Castles	60	Brady	103	Morris	116	Nunda	116	Canadaigua	72							Bloomfield Chant	95			
Kodak	102	Daym	47	Mease	128	El Kader	167	Trust	130	Comer	194	Arad	86	Unhale	86			Anson	150			
Young	129	Priscilla	48							Comer	195	Newmarch	86									

THE SINGING CLASS.

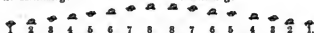
LESSON I.

PRACTICAL EXERCISES, OR FIRST STEPS IN SINGING BY NOTE.

TO THE TEACHER.—This chapter may be read and sung at the first lesson by almost any class of beginners with comparative ease, leaving ample time for the practice of a few "Old tunes." If "Bradbury's Pocket Cards" are used, let No. 1 be given out during (or previous to) this lesson. Most of the time usually devoted in the first six lessons to learning the names and uses of the different musical signs will be saved to the class by the use of the Cards.

THE SCALE.

1. Ascending.



§ 1. The scale represents, by characters called notes, a series of eight musical sounds. To learn to sing these sounds correctly is the first step in the art of reading music. The different degrees of the scale are numbered from 1 to 8, as seen above.

§ 2. The first sound we call ONE, the next TWO, the next THREE, &c.

Pupils will repeat the numerals of the scale ascending and descending, then practice with the numerals.

§ 3. Beside the numerals, which are not always convenient for singing, we employ in learning to sing, the following syllables:

Written, Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.
Pronounced, Do, Ray, Mee, Fah,* Sole, Lah*, Sor, Do.

§ 4. The notes representing the scale, and other musical exercises and tunes, are printed or written upon and between five parallel lines, called a STAFF.

* *as in for.*

THE SCALE UPON THE STAFF.

2. Sing to the syllables.



POSITION OR PLACE OF THE SCALE.

§ 5 The scale, as presented above, begins upon the lowest (first) line of the staff. It may begin upon any one, or between the lines; hence, as will be seen, the scale may be changed to any position—higher or lower—upon the staff. Rules regulating all such changes will be presented in their proper place. Let each member of the class now make himself familiar with the syllables and sounds of the scale. (See scales below.)

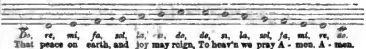
THE SCALE IN ANOTHER POSITION UPON THE STAFF. (HIGHER.)

3. Sing with the syllables, also with "La."



THE SCALE IN ANOTHER POSITION UPON THE STAFF. (LOWER.)

4. Sing to the words.



NOTE.—In the above we have added a short line, in order to write the scale still lower

TO THE TEACHER.—In the following Exercises the teacher will give the pitch generally, as indicated by the numeral 1, (supposing the clef and signature to be there,) simply saying to the class, "Now Do (1) is on the lowest (or first) line." "Now between the first and second lines," &c. By thus frequently changing the position of the scale, the beginner learns from the first to regard the intervals in their relative position, irrespective of any given place upon the staff. This we deem of much importance, in teaching the art of reading music *ecceally*. (In learning to play upon an instrument the case is different.) After getting some practical idea of what reading music is—by the preparatory exercises that follow—the pupil will easily understand and appreciate the importance of *fixed sounds* as indicated by the letters and clefs. "ONE THING AT A TIME," must be the successful teacher's motto.

5. Ascending and descending One Degree of the scale.

1 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1.
Do, re, do, re, re, do, re, re, do, re, do, re, do, re, re, do.
Here we meet with joy to - geth-er, Here our cheer-ful songs to raise.
O how sweet the hour of sing-ing, Hearts and vol-ces join'd in praise.

6. Ascending and descending Two Degrees of the scale. Sing backwards.

Do, re, mi, mi, re, re, do, re, do, re, mi, mi.
Blythe is the hour we spend here in sing-ing.
gail - gail yl - i - r, do, si cis - um teems, cis - um

7. Three Degrees.

1 2 3 4 4 3 2 1.
Do, re, mi, fa, fa, mi, re, do.
{ Now as - - cend - ing, now do - - scend - ing, }
{ All our vol - ces sweet - ly blend - ing. }

8. Four Degrees.

1 2 3 4 5 5 5 5 4 3 2 1 1 1.
Do, re, mi, fa, sol, sol, sol, sol, fa, mi, re, do, do, do.
Let us make our vol-ces ring; Now's the time to learn to sing.

* The dots show that the music is to be sung twice.—They are called a *Turn*.

9. Five Degrees.

1 2 3 4 5 5 5 5 5 4 3 2 1 2 1 1.
Ma - ny vol - ces seem to say, seem to say, "Merry singers here's the way, here's the way."

10. Six and seven Degrees.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1.
Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do, si, la, sol, fa, mi, re, do.
Hap - py days are gild - ing o'er us, Life is fresh and earth is fair;
Sor - row swift - ly flies be - fore us, And we gal - ly laugh at care.

11. TUNE. Do (1) on the First line.

1 2 3 2 3 4 5 5 6 5 6 7 8
Do, re, mi, re, mi, fa, sol, sol, la, sol, la, si, do.
Let us, with a joy - ful mind, Praise the Lord, for he is kind;

8 7 6 5 4 3 2 3 4 5 4 3 2 1.
do, si, la, sol, fa, mi, re, mi, fa, sol, fa, mi, re, do.
For his mer - cies shall en - dure, Ev - er faith-ful, ev - er sure.

12. TUNE. Do (One) below the first line.—Sing fast.

Do, do, do, do, re, re, re, mi, re, do, re, re, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do, do, si, si, do, do.
1. We sons of the mountains are happy and free, sir. No bird of the air is more cheerful than we, sir.
2. At morn while the valley is shrouded in night, sir, We bask on the mountains in heav'n's own light, sir.

do, do, si, la, sol, sol, sol, la, sol, fa, mi, mi, re, mi, fa, sol, sol, fa, mi, re, mi, re, do, do.
Come here all ye townsmen, be honest and tell, sir, If men in the ci - ties more hap - pi - ly dwell, sir.
At night when our kins are all safe and at peace, sir, We seek our own fern beds and set at our ease, sir.

LESSON II.

ANALYSIS OF MUSICAL SOUNDS, &c.

§ 1 A musical sound or tone may be

1. LONG, or SHORT. § 2. *Properties of sounds.*— 1. LENGTH.
 2. HIGH, or LOW. A sound has therefore three 2. PITCH.
 3. SOFT, or LOUD. essential qualities, viz.: 3. POWER,

§ 3. *Departments in the Elements of Music.*—As there are three distinctions existing in the nature of musical sounds, and as they have three essential properties, so there are three corresponding departments in the elements of music:

1. RHYTHMICS, treating of the *length* of sounds.
 2. MELODICS, treating of the *pitch* of sounds.
 3. DYNAMICS, treating of the *power* of sounds.

§ 4 General view:—

<i>Distinctions.</i>	<i>Properties.</i>	<i>Departments.</i>
LONG, or SHORT.	LENGTH.	RHYTHMICS.
HIGH, or LOW.	PITCH.	MELODICS.
SOFT, or LOUD.	POWER.	DYNAMICS.

RHYTHMICS.

DIVISIONS OF TIME. MEASURES. PARTS OF MEASURES. COUNTING AND BEATING TIME. ACCENT.

§ 1. The length of sounds is measured by a division of time into equal portions. This may be indicated or illustrated, by counting equally, thus: *one, two; one, two.*

§ 2. The portions into which time is thus divided are called MEASURES. The perpendicular lines are called BARS.

§ 3. Measures are divided into smaller portions, called PARTS of MEASURES.

§ 4. When the counts are made as above represented, the measures are supposed to be divided into *two parts*, the first being indicated by the count *one*, and the second part by *two*.

§ 5. Measures and parts of measures, may be indicated not only by counting (to the ear), but also by motions of the hand (to the eye), called BEATS OF BEATING TIME

§ 6. In beating time, a *downward* motion of the hand is usually made for the first part of a measure, and an *upward* motion for the second part

§ 7. The first part of a measure should be *accented*, the second *unaccented*

§ 8. Examine, count, and sing the following.

SONG OF PRAISE

13. Measures of Two Beats.

Down, Up. D. U. D. U. D. U. D. U. D. U. D. U. D. U. D.

Do, de, re, re, mi, mi, re, re, mi, fa, sol, fa, mi, re, do.
 Praise the Lord, ye heav'ns a-dore him, Praise him an-gels in the high,
 Sun and moon re-joice be-fore him, Praise him all ye stars of night.

NOTE TO THE TEACHER.—“*One thing at a time*” must be kept in mind. Training the voice to follow written characters representing different degrees of pitch is now the principal business in hand. We have always found it much less difficult for the pupil to understand the subject of Rhythmics than that of Melodics, in Musical Notation. How printed characters placed upon different degrees of the staff can so indicate the exact pitch of sounds as to be a sure guide to the voice, is always to the beginner a mystery, and the mystery can only be solved by systematic and persevering practice. Who ever learned to read music by studying the Elements or “Rules?” or who ever learned to read by being *told how*? Little theory and much practice is best. We have often wished to whisper in the ears of some of our excellent teachers—“Less talk and more sing,” and have, perhaps, often needed the same gentle hint ourselves.

NOTES. RESTS.

§ 9. The length of sounds is represented by written characters called NOTES. Notes are signs, representing to the eye the comparative length or duration of sounds.

NOTES.

§ 10. Six different kinds of notes are in general use, viz.:—

The Whole Note, or Semibreve. Half Note, or Minim. Quarter Note, or Crotch. Eighth Note, or Quaver. Sixteenth Note, or Demiquaver. Thirty-second Note, or Demisemiquaver.

§ 11. Pupils should examine the preceding notes until they are quite familiar with their form and shape.

THE SINGING CLASS

Name the following notes :

No. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12.

6 12. The WHOLE NOTE represents a *long* sound.

6 13. The HALF NOTE represents a sound *half* as long as a Whole Note.

§ 14. The QUARTER NOTE represents a sound a quarter as long as a Whole Note.

§ 15. The EIGHTH NOTE represents a sound one eighth as long as a Whole Note, &c.







§ 16. Name the notes in any of the tunes in the body of this work.

TO THE TEACHER.—Question on the proportionate duration of sounds as represented by the notes; as, for example, How many half notes, think you, should be performed in the time of one whole note? How many quarters? Eighths? &c. If one whole note is sung, how many sounds are made? *Ans. One.* If two half notes are sung, how many sounds are made? *Ans. Two.* What then is the difference between two half notes and one whole note? Most pupils will understand the relative proportions of the notes as soon as they are able to distinguish one from another.

§ 17. Signs indicating silence are used in music. They are called -

NOTE

6 18. Their names and proportions are the same as the notes.

<i>Whole Rest.</i>	<i>Half Rest.</i>	<i>Quarter Rest.</i>	<i>Eighth Rest.</i>	<i>Sixteenth Rest.</i>	<i>Thirty-second Rest.</i>
					
Under the line.	Over the line.	Turned to the right.	Turned to the left.	Two hooks.	Three hooks.

QUESTIONS.—Upon the rests. Name them in different tunes.

[illegible]

§ 19. Name and describe the above—as, one whole note is equal to two halves, four quarters, &c., &c.

LESSON III.

MELODY OR MELODICAL

EXERCISES IN SKIPS

NOTE.—If Bradbury's Cards are used, give out No. 2.

§ 1. Sounds proceed by Skips as well as by Degrees. The Skips after a little practice, are easily measured by the eye.

14. Skip of a Third.

15. Skip of a Fourth.

Come and skip this Third with me.

Skip a Fourth now, no more, no more.

16. Skip of a Fifth.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Af - tor wis - dom let us strive, let us strive.

17. Thirds—Fourths, Fifths—Sixths.

Do, re, mi, do, mi, do, re, mi, fa, fa, do, re, mi, fa, sol, do, sol, do.

Do, la, do, la, do, fa, do, fa, do, sol, do, sol, do.

18. Tune with skips—ONE below the first line TWO PART (Double) measure.

1. I love the Lord, he heard my cries, And pit-tered ev-ry groan;

sol. la, si, do, re, mi, fa, sol, mi, la, sol, fa, mi, re, re, re.

Long as I live, when trou-bles rise, I'll has-ten to his throne.

LESSON V.

MELODIC CHARACTERS RESUMED.
LETTERS.

§ 1. The different sounds of the scale are named after the first seven letters of the alphabet; viz.:

A, B, C, D, E, F, G.

The teacher will explain, and sing or play the sounds of the above letters, naming them, and especially drawing the attention of the pupils to the fact that musical sounds are distinguished from each other as a given pitch, or difference of pitch, by the letters, not by syllables or numerals.

§ 2. The scale may begin on either one of the letters. It is customary, however, to commence on the letter C.

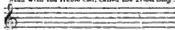
NOTE.—The reason for commencing on C may be explained at some future period.

STAVES AND CLEFFS.

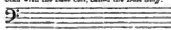
§ 3. There are two kinds of staves in general use; one called the TREBLE STAFF, the other the BASS STAFF.

§ 4. The different staves are distinguished by characters placed at their beginning, called CLEFFS.

Staff with the Treble Clef, called the Treble Staff.



Staff with the Bass Clef, called the Bass Staff.



§ 5. Each clef is intended to designate a certain letter of the above series.

§ 6. The Treble clef represents the letter G on the second line of the staff, counting from the lowest upward.

§ 7. The Bass clef represents the letter F on the fourth line of the staff, counting from the lowest upward.

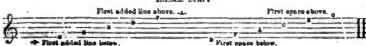
Grammar on the Singing

§ 8. When more degrees are required than are represented by the staff, ADDED LINES and SPACES above or below are written.

§ 9. Every degree (line and space) of the staff is named after one of the seven letters

THE STAFF WITH ITS LETTERS.

TREBLE STAFF



NOTE.—The teacher should be particular to impress upon the minds of the pupils, that the letters representing the given pitch of sounds, are permanent.

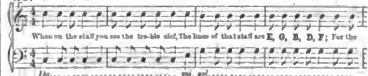
§ 10. Notes placed upon either degree of the staff receive their (melodic) name from the letter of the line or space on which they are placed. Thus, a note on the first line of the treble staff is called B, on the first space F, &c.

NOTE.—Practice reading tunes and exercises by the letters.

LETTERS OF THE TREBLE STAFF.

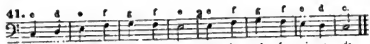
§ 11. When two or more parts are performed together, a character called a BRACE is employed to unite the STAVES.

38.

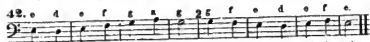


LESSONS ARRANGED AS ROUNDS.

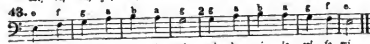




Do, re, mi, fa, sol, fa, mi, mi, fa, sol, fa, mi, re, do.



Mi, re, mi, fa, sol, la, sol, sol, fa, mi, re, mi, fa, mi.



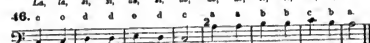
Mi, fa, sol, la, si, la, sol, sol, la, si, la, sol, fa, mi.



Sol, la, si, si, la, si, do, si, do, si, si, do, si, la.

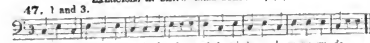


La, la, si, si, do, si, do, do, do, si, si, la, si, la.

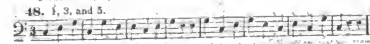


Do, do, re, re, mi, re, do, la, la, si, si, do, si, la.

EXERCISES IN SKIPS—BASS STAFF. 1, 3, 5, R.



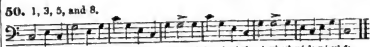
Do, mi, do, mi, do, mi, do, do, do, mi, mi, do, mi, do, mi, do, mi, mi, do.



Do, mi, do, do, sol, mi, re, do, mi, sol, sol, do, mi, do, do, do, do, do, do.



Do, do, mi, do, sol, sol, sol, sol, sol, sol, do, sol, sol, mi, do, sol, sol, mi, do, sol, do, mi, sol, do.



Do, mi, do, sol, sol, sol, do, sol, mi, do, sol, sol, do, sol, mi, do, sol, sol, sol, do, mi, sol, do.

LESSON VI.

MUSIC IN PARTS.

§ 1. A PART in music is represented to the eye by a single sett or number of notes on any staff. The treble, for example, is one PART, the base is another PART, &c.

§ 2. Music is composed of one, two, three, four, and often more parts. When in two or more parts, it is said to be in Harmony, and is so composed that the different parts agree, or Harmonize together.

§ 3. Music for choirs is usually in four parts which are arranged as follows:

- First Treble or Soprano.—Highest part; for female voices.
- Second Treble or Soprano.—Lowest part; for female voices.
- Tenor.—Highest part; for men's voices.
- Base.—Lowest part; for men's voices.

§ 4. Boys, before their voices change, usually sing Alto. Misses should also sing this part.

§ 5. The parts in this book, and in most books of church music in this country, are arranged for the singers in the following order:

- Upper Staff, TENOR, gentlemen who can sing high.
- Next below, ALTO, ladies who can sing low.
- Next below, SOPRANO, ladies who can sing high.
- Lowest, BASE, gentlemen who can sing low.

§ 6. While learning to read music in classes it is sometimes advantageous to change parts occasionally, and frequently all may sing on one

part; but in church, changing of parts should not be practiced by any unless at the request of the leader.

§ 7. Every singer should sing the part best adapted to his or her voice, and what that part is the teacher or leader will soon be able to decide. See classification of voices.

THE COMMON CHORD.

Sing together the numerals 1, 3, 5, 8.

§ 8. The combination of the sounds 1, 3, 5, 8, is the first, simplest, and most pleasing form of harmony. It is termed the Common Chord. There are many other kinds of chords which the student of harmony must learn, but this (the Common chord) should be familiar to every singer.

EXERCISES IN TWO PARTS.

51. Do (One) on C. SOUND THE HORN.

53. Tune in four parts.

NEW YEAR. 5's and 12's.

Give out Card No. 4, preparatory to next lesson. Subject: HYMNALS.

Note.—The small notes in first measure are for the second stanza. Sing eighths instead of quarters wherever the syllables require it.

Practice the skips 1, 3, 5, 8, 6.

BELLS ARE RINGING.

52. Do (One) on C. Two parts—Treble and Bass.

LESSON VII.

INTERVALS

§ 1. The scale may be compared to a flight of steps or ladder. It is frequently represented by a ladder with the rounds or steps at unequal distances apart.

§ 2. The steps or distances observable in the passage of the voice up and down the scale or ladder, are called INTERVALS.

§ 3. An INTERVAL is the distance from any sound of the scale to the next above or below—the difference of pitch between any two sounds.

4. There are two kinds of Intervals in the scale—large and small.

§ 5. The larger intervals are called **TONES** or **STEPS**, the smaller, **HALF TONES** or **SMALL STEPS**.*

THE INTERVALS OF THE SCALE.

§ 6. The intervals, as they succeed each other in the scale, are in the following order. viz. :

From One to Two,	LARGE	Tone or Step.	From Five to Six,	LARGE	Tone or Step.
" Two to Three	LARGE	Tone or Step.	" Six to Seven,	LARGE	Tone or Step.
" Three to Four,	SMALL	Half Tone, or	" Seven to Eight,	SMALL	Half tone, or
Small step.			Small step.		
" Four to Five,	LARGE	Tone or Step.			

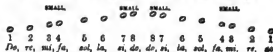
6 6. The intervals of the letters are as follows, viz.:

From C to D, LARGE	Tone or Step,	From G to A, LARGE	Tone or Step,
" D to E, LARGE	Tone or Step,	" A to B, LARGE	Tone or Step,
" E to F, SMALL	Half Tone or Small	" B to C, SMALL	Half Tone or Small
Step,		Step,	
" F to G, LARGE	Tone or Step.		

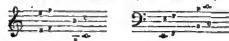
§ 7. If the pupils observe carefully where the small intervals are situated, they will not be liable to make mistakes, as they will then have only to remember that all the rest are large.

* Good teachers differ as to the proper use of application of these and other terms. Each difference, however, we do not consider of much importance. They seem to us the "wint and summer," in the frequent dialect which the subject-matter of this law is so often neglected. So long as pupils make themselves familiar with the generally reserved nomenclature of the music-art, understood its application, we should be satisfied. We have given above both terms; teachers will adopt whichever they prefer.

SCALE WITH THE SMALL INTERVALS DESIGNATED



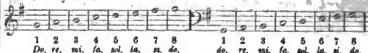
STAVES WITH THE SMALL INTERVALS (ON THE LETTERS) DESIGNATED



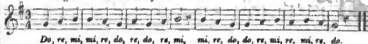
NOTE No. 1. Practise in key of G, D or A, &c., plain tunes, or any of the following exercises, making no allusion to signatures other than to say now One, [Do], is on D, C, etc.

NOTE No. 2. Desires of continuing the plan of progressiveness, adopted as the basis of these Elements, interfering the practical with the theoretical, we think it better to let the class practice in different ways, before the subject of transposition or signatures is explained. The lesson of Intervals is a very important one—indispensable, if they would understand transposition *ad libitum*, therefore, learn this thoroughly, and sing on, or, if the cards are used, they having learned this at home, will have all the time in the class for singing. The card should always be given out at the close of a lesson; the subject of it being taken up at the next lesson.

54. Key of G. SIGNATURE, ONE SHARP (F#)



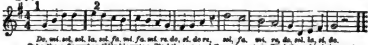
55. Sing often with the syllable la.



56.



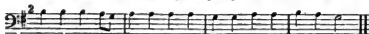
57.



58.



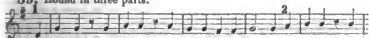
Do, do, do, si, la, sol, sol, sol, fa, mi, mi, sol, sol, do, re, mi,
Ro-ry morning light is gleaming, Brightly o-ver bush and tree,



mi, mi, mi, re, do, re, re, re, re, do, re, mi, re, do,
While cre-a-tion new-ly wak-ing, Joins the joy-ful har-mo-ny.

EXERCISE WITH RESTS.

59. Round in three parts.



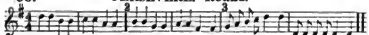
Sal-va-tion, sal-va-tion be-longeth to the Lord, And thy blessing, thy



blessing is among thy people, Hal-lo-lu-jah! Hal-lo-lu-jah! A-men.

60.

PERSEVERE.—Round.

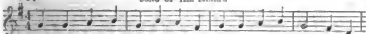


If a weary task you find it, Persevere, and never mind it, Never, never mind it, never, never mind it.

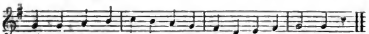
THE SIGNATURES OF SHARPS IN GENERAL USE.

61.

SONG OF THE SHARPS



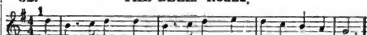
One sharp shows the key of G, And two the key of D, sir; While
La, la, la, &c.



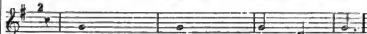
Three sharps show the key of A. And four the key of E. sir

62.

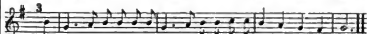
THE BELL.—Round.



The bell doth toll, Its e-choes roll, I know the sound full well.



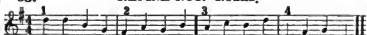
Bome, bome, bim bome bell,



I love its ringing, For it calls to singing, With its him, him, him, bome, bell.

63.

REPINE NOT.—Round.



Keep thy heart from sad re-pin-ling, And thy sun is al-ways shin-ing.

CLASSIFICATION OF VOICES.

§ 2. The voice is naturally divided into four classes, viz.: Lowest male voices, **BASS**. Highest male voices, **TENOR**. Lowest female voices, **ALTO**. Highest female voices, **TREBLE** or **SOPRANO**. Boys sing **ALTO** until their voices change. Young Misses should practice **ALTO** until their voices become firm.

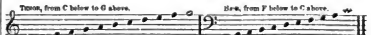
USUAL COMPASS OR EXTENT OF VOICES.

64.



TENOR, from C below to G above.

ALTO, from G below to C, 3d space.



BASS, from C below to G above.

SOPRANO, from F below to C above.

§ 3. Besides the above there is a **BARITONE** voice, between the **Bass** and **Tenor**; and the **MEZZO SOPRANO**, between the **Alto** and **Treble**.

MY SHEPHERD. G's and 4's.*

66. **TENOR.**

Afi, sol, mi, do, mi, sol, &c.

1. { My Shepherd's mighty aid, } His all-protecting pow'r display'd, I joy to prove. { Led onward by my guide, } I view the verdant scene, { Where limpid waters gently glide Thro' pastures green.

ALSO

Do, do, do, do, do, mi, &c.

SOPRANO.

Do, mi, sol, mi, do, re, &c.

2. { His goodness ev - er nigh, } Shall while I live, Shall when I die, Still follow me. { For - ev - er shall my soul } His boundless blessings prove; { And while eternal a - ges roll, A - dors and love

BASS.

Do, do, do, do, do, sol, sol, do, do, fa, fa, re, sol, do, mi, fa, &c.

* 21st P. M. Methodist Hymns.

66.

ROAMING.—A Glee.

TENOR, SPLENDIDLY

1. Up and down, o'er hills and meads, Riding, walking, quick or slow, On wher - ev fan - cy leads, O'er the fair bright world I'll go, Yes, yes, yes, yes, O'er the fair, bright world I'll go.

ALSO

2. Light of heart, with courage high, Mer - ri - ly I take my way; What I this time come not nigh, I may find some oth - er day, Yes, yes, yes, yes, I may find some oth - er day.

2. People good, and free, and kind, Meet my eye in ev - ry place; Near the cheerful hearth and board, Still the wanderer finds a place, Yes, yes, yes, yes, Still the wanderer finds a place.

SOPRANO.

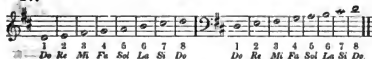
4. Ne'er in lone - li - ness I pine, For I march to music free; Friend, if thou the song can join, Take thy staff and come with me, Yes, yes, yes, yes, Take thy staff and come with me.

BASS.

Give out Card No. 6. Subject—DYNAMICS.

KEY OF D.

67.



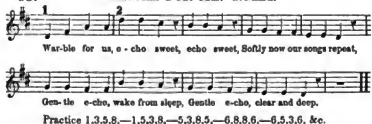
68.

MORNING BELLS.—Round.



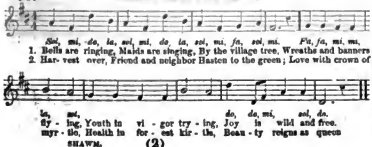
69.

WARBLE FOR ME.—Round.



70.

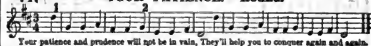
BELLS ARE RINGING.



Practice 8,5,—8,5,4,—8,4,—8,3,—5,3, &c.

71.

"YOUR PATIENCE."—Round.



LESSON VIII.

DYNAMICS.

(POWER OF SOUNDS).

§ 1. To sing in good taste, our sounds must be varied with respect to their Power or stress, sometimes singing louder, and sometimes softer, accord- ing to the character of the song or sentiment. For this purpose Dynam- ics marks of expression are used.

DYNAMIC CHARACTERS EXPLAINED.

Piano	marked	<i>p</i>	Soft
Pianissimo	marked	<i>pp</i>	Very soft
Forte	marked	<i>f</i>	Loud
Fortissimo	marked	<i>ff</i>	Very loud
Messo	marked	<i>m</i>	Medium
Messo Piano	marked	<i>mp</i>	Rather soft
Messo Forte	marked	<i>mf</i>	Rather loud
Crescendo	marked	<i>cres.</i> or	Commence soft and increase.
Diminuendo	marked	<i>dim.</i> or	Commence loud and diminish.
Swell	marked		Swells
Ritardando or	marked	<i>rit.</i> or	Sudden and full.
Explosive	marked		Short and distinct.
Ritardando	marked	<i>rit.</i> or	Connected and smooth.
Legato	marked		

DYNAMIC MARKS APPLIED.

72.

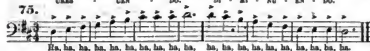


73.

Reversed.



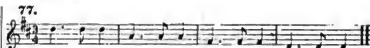
74.



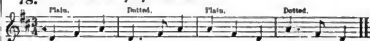
EXERCISES IN DOTTED NOTES.
DOTTED QUARTERS AND EIGHTHS.

2. Make one beat and a half to each dotted quarter, singing the eighth while the hand remains stationary; or, if easier at first, beat a few measures in advance, describing the beats thus: "Down, left, (and) right, up;" speaking the word "and" as quickly as the note itself should be sung. Make a careful distinction between the dotted and plain notes.

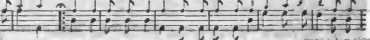
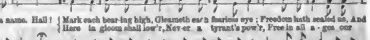
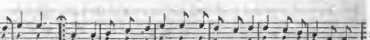
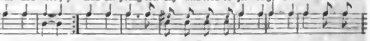
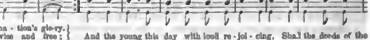
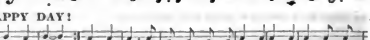
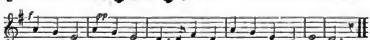
77.



78. The same melody—plain and dotted.

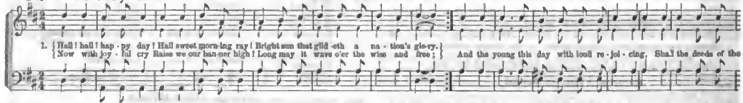


79.



80. Fourth of July Chorus.

HAIL! HAPPY DAY!



1. { Hail! hail! hap- py day! Hail sweet morn- ing ray! Bright sun that gild- eth a na- tion's glo-ry. }
{ Now with joy- ful cry Raise we our ban- ner high! Long may it wave o'er the wise and true; } And the young this day with loud re- jo- ing, Shall the deeds of the



an- cient time pre- cious, When heav'n smiled, the con- test bleas- ing, And a na- tion gained a name. Hail! { Mark each bear- ing high, Gloom- eth each fa- ri-ous eye; Free- dom hath sealed so, And Here in gloom shall low'r, Nev- er a tyrant's pow'r, Free in all a- ges our

wis-dom hath crown'd us; land shall be, Free in all a-ges our land shall be, Our land shall be forever free, Shall be for-ev-er free, Shall be for-ev-er free, Our land shall be for-ev-er free.

TRANSPOSITION.

§ 3. Transposition is removing the scale from one place or position upon the staff to another, either higher or lower.

§ 4 The scale takes its name from the letter on which it commences: as for example a scale commencing on C is said to be in the key of C, and is termed the *Scale of C*.

§ 5. The scale may commence on any letter of the musical alphabet.

§ 6. In order to transpose or remove the scale to any position (any key) two things are necessary to be borne in mind, viz.:

1. That the intervals of the scale must be the same as represented in Lesson VII, subject: INTERVALS, page 14, § 6.

That the sounds represented by letters are permanent—they never change; the sound of C, for instance, is the same sound in one scale as in another. In different scales it simply bears a different relation to the other sounds. In one scale it may be the first or key note, in another scale it may be the third, in another the fourth, &c., but it is ever the same sound, C.

§ 7. By examining and comparing the intervals of the scale with those of the letters, it will be seen that when the scale commences on C, its intervals correspond with the intervals of the letters.

ILLUSTRATION No. 1. Scale on C, intervals right.

C step,	D step,	E $\frac{1}{2}$ step,	F step,	G step,	A step,	B $\frac{1}{2}$ step,	C.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8.
Do,	re,	mi,	fa,	sol,	la,	si,	do.

§ 8. If the scale commences on any other letter than C, these intervals will not agree.

ILLUSTRATION No. 2. Scale on D, intervals wrong.

D step,	E $\frac{1}{2}$ step,	F step,	G step,	A step,	B $\frac{1}{2}$ step,	C step,	D.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8.
Do,	re,	mi,	fa,	sol,	la,	si,	do.

§ 9. In the above it will be perceived that the half steps occur between 2 and 3, and 6 and 7, (these now being E, F and B, C), instead of between 3 and 4, and 7 and 8, as they should. Here is a discrepancy for which a remedy must be provided. The intervals of the letters must be made to correspond with those of the scale, wherever we choose to place it. But before providing for the discrepancy here alluded to, let us see that the discrepancy itself is manifest.

NOTE.—The Teacher cannot be too particular about this, if he would have his pupils thoroughly understand the subject.

ILLUSTRATION No. 3. Scale on E, intervals wrong.

E	F	G	A	B	C	D	E.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8.

NOTE. Pupils examine the above and point out the wrong intervals.

PROBES. From 1 to 2 there must be a large interval—step; but from E to F is but a half step—wrong. From three to four must be a half step; but from G to A is a step—wrong. From 7 to 8 must be a half step, but from D to E is a step—wrong.

§ 10. It will be observed that in the above there are small intervals where there should be large, and vice versa. It will be seen also, we think, by all who have examined the subject, that we now need a sign or character, which shall represent a small interval (half step), and which might, by dividing the steps, introduce a sound a half tone (half step) higher or lower than the above letters represent. This necessity is met by the

SIGNS OF ELEVATION AND DEPRESSION

§ 11. A sign is used in music which, when placed before a note, indicates a sound a *half tone* (half step) *higher* than the letter upon which the note is written would otherwise represent. This is called a **SHARP**, \sharp .

§ 12. A sign is used in music which, when placed before a note, indicates a sound *half tone* (half step) *lower* than the letter upon which the note is written would otherwise represent. This is called a **FLAT**, \flat .

§ 13. A sign is used in music which will counteract the influence of either of the above. This is called a **NATURAL**, \natural .

§ 1. Example of the \sharp , \flat , and \natural .

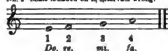


§ 14. By the aid of these signs any change of interval can be made, and all the faults above alluded to, corrected.

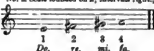
Process.—Scale on E—E to F half step. E is now ONE, F is TWO. Wrong, because from ONE to TWO a step is required. Insert \sharp before F and the sound is no longer that of F, but F \sharp (F sharp) a sound a half step higher than F. Now from E to F \sharp (ONE to TWO) is a step—right.
Again—from TWO to THREE must be a step, but from F \sharp (which was taken in place of F) in G is but a half step. Question: "What shall be done?" Answer, insert \flat before G, introducing the sound of a half step higher than F. From THREE to FOUR a half step is required, and from G \flat (3) to A (4) is a half step—right.

ILLUSTRATION No. 4.

No. 1. Scale founded on E, intervals wrong.



No. 2. Scale founded on E, intervals right.



Now.—Let the pupils complete the transposition or construction of this scale, according to the process given above, and transpose also into G, D, A, F, &c. Music slates or music paper will be convenient for this purpose, while some will be willing to go to the black board (which should always be on hand for illustration), and transpose the scale before they class. It will be well to let this study follow some half hour's class practice in singing.

SUCCESSION OF KEYS.

TRANSPPOSITION BY FIFTH.

§ 15. The different scales requiring sharps succeed each other regularly,

by taking FIVE (Sol) as ONE (Do) of the next scale, and in each succeeding transposition an additional sharp will be required, to preserve the proper order of intervals, (steps, and half steps,) viz :

{ Step, step, half step, step, step, step, half step. }

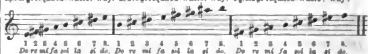
§ 2.

EXAMPLE

Key of C, no sharp required—Why? Key of G, one sharp (\sharp) required—Where? Why? D, two sharps ($\sharp\sharp$) required—Where? Why? A, three sharps ($\sharp\sharp\sharp$) required—Where? Why?



E, four sharps ($\sharp\sharp\sharp\sharp$) required—Where? Why? B, five sharps ($\sharp\sharp\sharp\sharp\sharp$) required—Where? Why? F \sharp , six sharps ($\sharp\sharp\sharp\sharp\sharp\sharp$) required—Where? Why?

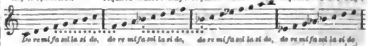


TRANSPPOSITION BY FOURTH.

§ 16. The different scales requiring flats succeed each other regularly by taking FOUR, (Fa) as ONE (Do) of the next scale, and in each succeeding transposition an additional flat will be required to preserve the proper order of intervals.

§ 3.

Key of C, natural. Key of F, one flat (\flat) required—Where? Why? Key of Bb, two flats ($\flat\flat$) required—Where? Why? Key of Eb, three flats ($\flat\flat\flat$) required—Where? Why?



Key of Ab, four flats ($\flat\flat\flat\flat$) required—Where? Why? Key of Db, five flats ($\flat\flat\flat\flat\flat$) required—Where? Why? Key of Gb, six flats ($\flat\flat\flat\flat\flat\flat$) required—Where? Why?



SIGNATURE.

§ 17. The sharps and flats required in these different scales, are placed at the beginning of the staff, immediately after the clef, (instead of before each note, as above,) and are called the **SIGNATURE** (sign) of the key.

EXAMPLE



§ 18. The letter on which the scale is formed, (that which is taken as ONE) is termed the **KEY NOTE**, or simply the **KEY**.

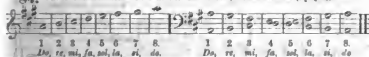
19. We recognize the **KEY** of a piece of music by its **SIGNATURE** or sign, for example:

	is the Signature of G.		is the Signature of F.
	" " " D.		" " " Bb.
	" " " A.		" " " Eb.
	" " " E.		" " " Ab.
	" " " B.		" " " Db.
	" " " F#.		" " " Gb.

NOTE.—Pupils should commit these signatures to memory.

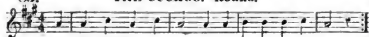
KEY OF A.

84. THIRD TRANSPOSITION BY SHARPS. SIGNATURE, THREE SHARPS (F#, C#, G#)

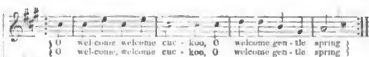


85.

THE CUCKOO.—Round.



Do, re, mi, &c.
 { The cheer-ful day is dawn-ing, I hear the cuc-koo sing,
 { To ush-er in the morn-ing, And wel-come gen-tle spring; }



86.

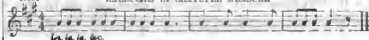


87.



88.

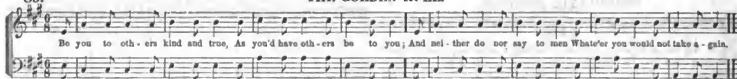
EXERCISES IN SEXTUPLE MEASURE



THE SINGING CLASS

89.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

90. *Allergo.*

UNIVERSAL CHORUS. Praise. 7's, 6's, and 7's. (76 76 77 77).

1. { Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord, In the heights of glo - ry; } { Praise him for his migh - ty deeds, }
 { Hosts of heaven! with one ac - cord, Shout the joy - ful sto - ry; } { Praise ye him, whose grace ex - ceeds } All that heaven in songs concedes; Worlds of bliss! his praise record.

2. { Praise him with the trumpet's tongue, Far and wide resounding; } { Praise him with the sweet-toned lyre; }
 { Praise him with the harp well strung, While your hearts are bounding; } { Let his praise the lute in - spire; } Praise him in a mighty choir;— Let his praise be loud - ly sung.

3. { Praise him with the vi - ol's string, Waking joy - ous feeling; } { Let the cymbals ring his praise, }
 { While the vault of glo - ry rings With the organ's pealing; } { Wake the cla - rion's grandest lays, } Praise the Lord through endless days;— Lo! his praise creation sings.

91.

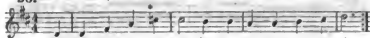
THIS WORLD IS NOT SO BAD.

D. C.

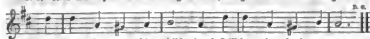
1. This world is not so bad a world As some would like to make it; } For if we scold and fret all day, From dew - y morn till e - ven, }
 Tho' wheth - er good or wheth - er bad, De - pends on how we take it; } D. C. This world will ne'er af - ford a man A fore - taste here of hea - ven. } D. C.

1. This world in truth's as good a world As e'er was known to a - ny, }
 Who have not seen an - oth - er yet, And there are ve - ry ca - ny, } And if the men, and wo - men, too, Have plen - ty of em - ploy - ment, }
 D. C. They sure - ly must be hard to please Who can - not find en - joy - ment. } D. C.

96. SONG, INTRODUCING FLAT SEVEN AND SHARP FOUR.



1. *Do, A Lin - den tree is grow - ing, Close by a mountain stream;*
I've dreamed be-neath its sha - dow, Full many a plea-sant dream;
D. C. And ma - ny a wi - thered gar - land, Hangs 'mid its branches green.



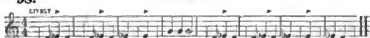
The names I carved in child - hood, Still in its bark are seen;

97. SHARP TWO.



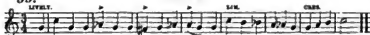
Brooklet dawning, Gently going, Onward, downward, far away.
 Silver waving, Green banks leaving, Gloweth then to evening ray.

98. FLAT THREE.



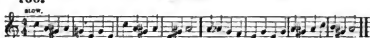
Me, me, me, See the mistle the valley filling.
 Rome, ye shepherds: up and labor, Rise and feel the sun's warm beam, Remembrance of the tranquil stream.

99. FLAT SIX.



La, sol, sol, la, la, sol, do, si, sa, la, la, sol.
 My nest 'tis the home, In the valley I see, I live there so happy, So happy and free.

100. SHARP FIVE.



Slow.
 Fare ye well my little cottage. Farewell, brothers, sisters dear,
 Truest friends must often sever, Often drop the parting tear.

† The flat seven is here introduced by removing the sharp.

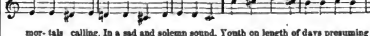
101. SHARP SIX, FLAT TWO AND SHARP TWO.



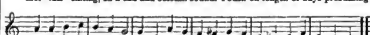
102. Autumn Song.



See the leaves around us falling, Dry and withered to the ground, Thus to thoughtless



mor - tale calling, In a sad and solemn sound. Youth on length of days presuming



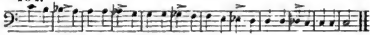
Who the paths of pleasure tread, View us late in beauty blooming,
 Numbered now among the dead

103.



Do, di, re, re, mi, fa, sol, si, la, li, si, si, si, do.

104.



Do, si, re, la, le, sol, re, fa, me, re, re, do.

105.



114. Exercises with rests.

FIRST TENOR.
Mi, ah, mi, mi, da,

VIOLA.
Re, da, re

BASS.

115.

"CALL JOHN."—Singing Class Glee.

John! John! John! John! John! O John! O John, O John, can you tell us?

Call John! John! Louder, louder, louder, louder, louder! John! John! John! John!

John! John! John! John! O John!

Call John! John! John! John! Well, well, what d'ye want of John, O John! Tell you

O John! O John! Can you tell us? Can you tell us? Can you tell us? Tell us how, how to sing this song.

O John! Can you tell us? Can you tell us? Can you tell us? Tell us how, how to sing this song.

what? John! John! John! Tell you what? Tell you what? Tell you what? How to what? sing what? How to sing this

[illegible]

DIATONIC INTERVALS.

§ 1. Intervals are always reckoned from the lower tone upwards, unless otherwise expressed.

§ 2. Two tones being the same pitch, are said to be in UNISON.

MAJOR AND MINOR INTERVALS •

6 3. Seconds.

1. A second consisting of a *half-step* is a **MINOR SECOND**.

2. A second consisting of a *step*, is a **MAJOR SECOND**.

64. *Thirds.*

1. A third consisting of a *step* and a *half-step*, is MINOR.

2. A third consisting of *two steps*, is **MAJOR**.

65. *Fourth.*

1. A fourth consisting of *two steps*, and *one half-step*, is a PERFECT FOURTH.

2. A fourth consisting of *three steps*, is a **SHARP FOURTH**.

6 G. *Fishes.*

1. A Fifth consisting of *two steps and two half-steps*, is a **FLAT FIFTH**

2. A fifth consisting of *three steps* and a *half-step*, is a PERFECT FIFTH.

67. Sixths.

1. A sixth consisting of *three steps* and *two half-steps*, is MINOR.

2. A sixth consisting of *four steps* and a *half-step*, is MAJOR.

§ 8. *Sevenths.*

1. A seventh consisting of *four steps* and *two half-steps*, is a **FLAT SEVENTH**.

2. A seventh consisting of *five steps and one half-step*, is a **SHARP SEVENTH**.

§ 9. *Octave.* An Octave consists of five steps and two half steps.

NOTE.—In addition to the intervals already mentioned, there are others arising out of the chromatic scale, but as they properly belong to the study of harmony, further notice of them is omitted in this work.

MINOR SECTION.

TO BE INTRODUCED WHEREVER REQUIRED.

MINOR SCALE.

§ 1. In addition to the Diatonic Scale as explained in Lesson VI, there is another diatonic scale, differing from that in respect to its intervals, called the **MINOR SCALE**. The former scale is called **MAJOR**.

§ 2. There are two forms of the **MINOR SCALE** in use. We distinguish them from each other by the terms **FIRST FORM** and **SECOND FORM** of the Minor Scale.

§ 3. In both forms of the Minor Scale the intervals differ from those of the Major.

§ 4. The chief difference (to the ear) between the Major and the Minor Scale is in the **third**; that of the Major being composed of two steps (two tones), while that of the Minor is only a step and half (tone and half). See Minor Scales below.

NOTE.—Those who have made themselves familiar with the intervals of the Major Scale will readily understand the difference between that and the Minor now to be presented.

§ 5. In the first form of the Minor Scale the intervals are not the same in descending as in ascending.

117. MINOR SCALE—FIRST FORM.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
La, si, do, re, mi, fa, si, la la, si, fa, re, do, si, la.

NOTE.—Let pupils examine the above by the intervals of letters, and then give the form or order of intervals, ascending and descending.

118. MINOR SCALE—SECOND FORM.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
La, si, do, re, mi, fa, si, la la, si, fa, mi, re, do, si, la.

NOTE.—Pupils examine and name the order of intervals in second form of the Minor scale. Question: Wherein do the two minor scales differ from each other? What is the order of intervals in the first form? Second form? Wherein do the Minor Scales differ from the Major? Examine and compare.

§ 6. The Minor Scale commences on the numeral 6, syllable *la*, of the Major—6 (*la*), of the Major is taken as 1 of the Minor but the syllable (*la*) is retained. See scales above

§ When the Major and Minor Scales have the same signature, they are said to be related. Thus the key of C major is the relative major to A minor; and the key of A minor is the relative minor to C major.

§ 8. The relative minor to any major key is found a sixth above it, or is based upon its sixth; and the relative major to any minor key is found a third above it, or is based upon its third.*

§ 9. The letters and syllables correspond in the major and its relative minor. Thus, the syllable *do*, is applied to C in both cases, although it is one in the major, and three in the minor scale, &c.

119. EXERCISES.

La, do, si, la, si, si, la, si, do, la, si, si, mi, mi, do, la, do, re, do, si, do, la, si, la.

La, mi, fa, mi, mi, re, do, re, mi, mi, la.

120. FIRE BELLS.—Round.

The bells for fire, Ring one by one, All run, run, run, run, run.

121. EXERCISE IN TWO PARTS.

The bells for fire, Ring one by one, All run, run, run, run, run.

122. Four parts.

Ye na-tions of the earth, Ex-alt the heavenly King; With
mel-o-dy and mirth, Jo-ho-vah's praise sing.

* See the tones, Cantata, 200; Wolvorn, 65; Gaba, 201; Cedar, 218; Ira, 76; Faguetville, 226.

KEY OF P.
SUMMER DAYS.—Glee.

123.

124.

SHED NOT A TEAR.

[illegible]

127.

A FARMER'S LIFE.—Glee.

1. A farmer's life's the life for me; I own I love it dearly, And ev'ry sea-son, full of glee, I take its la-bor cheerly, To plough or sow, to reap or mow, Or

2. The lawyer leads a harras'd life, Much like the hunted otter, And 'tween his own and other's strife, He's always in hot water, For foe or friend, a cause defend, How-

La, la, la, la. 3. The Doctor's styed a gentleman, But this I hold but hamming, For like a tavern waiting man, To ev'ry call he's "coming", Now, here, now there must he prepare, Or

in the barn to thrash *str.* All's one to me, I plainly see, 'Twill bring me health and cash *str.* A farmer's life the life for me, I own I love it dearly, And ev'ry season full of glee, I take its labor cheerly.

ever wrong must be, *str.* In reason's spite Maintain its right, And dearly earn his fee, *str.* A farmer's life's the life for me, I own I love it dearly, And ev'ry season full of glee, I take its labor cheerly.

starve, *str.* by denying; Like death himself, Unhappy elf, He lives by other's dying. A farmer's life the life for me, I own I love it dearly, And ev'ry season full of glee, I take its labor cheerly.

128.

OUR COUNTRY HOME.

1. Soft and sweet the zephyrs sigh, Zephyrs sigh, zephyrs sigh, Nenth a calm and placid sky, Nenth a placid sky. All our senses now regaling, Sweetest fragrance now exhaling, All along the path we tread.

*Long the path we tread.

2. Glad I hear the chirping song, Chirping song, chirping song. Raised by spring-birds happy throng, Spring-birds happy throng. At the daisy morning breaking, Sweetest songs the birds are making, First to tell of spring's bright day, Tell of spring's bright day

* Tenor may sing all the while on First (solo).

THE SHAWM.

Very Joyous and spirited.

CORINNA. L. M.

1. Awake, my soul! in joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise; He Justly claims a song from me; His loving-kindness, O how free! His loving-kindness, O how free!

2. He saw me ruined by the fall, Yet loved me notwithstanding all; He saved me from my lost estate; His loving-kindness, O how great! His loving-kindness, O how great!

Andante.

QUIETUDE. L. M.

1. How blest the righteous when he dies,—When sinks a weary soul to rest! How mildly beam the closing eyes! How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2. So fades a summer cloud away; So sinks a gale when storms are o'er; So gently shuts the eye of day; So dies a wave along the shore.

3. A lowly quiet reigns around,—A calm which life nor death destroys; Nothing disturbs that peace profound, Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

SHAWM.

TWILIGHT HYMN. L. M.

MASTERS

1. Great God, to thee my evening song With hum-ble gra-ti-tude I raise; O let thy mer-cy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with live-ly praise.

2. My days, unrelon-ed as they pass, And eve-ry gout-ly roll-ing hour, Are mon-u-ments of wondrous grace, And wit-ness to thy love and power.

3. And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart, Too oft re-gardless of thy love, Un-grate-ful can from thee de-part, And fond of tri-ble, rain-ly rue.

ANTIGUA. L. M.

The King of saints, how fair his face, A-dorn'd with ma-jes-ty and grace! He comes with bless-ings from a-bove, And wins the na-tions to his love.

Moderate.

EMLEN. L. M.

G. F. H.

1. Great God, at-tend, while Zi-on sings The joy that from thy presence springs: To spend one day with thee on earth Ex-ceeds a thou-sand days of mirth.

2. Might I en-joy the meanest place With in thy house, O God of grace, Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r, Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3. God is our sun—he makes our day; God is our shield—he guards our way From all th' assaults of hell and sin; From foes with-out and foes with-in.

NOBLESBORO'. L. M. Double.

1. Lord! what a heaven of saving grace Shines thro' the beauties of thy face; }
 And lights our passions to a flame! (*Omit.*) } Lord! how we love thy charming name! When I can say—my God is mine—When I can feel thy glories ^{hallow,}

2 While such a scene of sacred joys Our raptured eyes and souls employ, }
 Here we could sit, and gaze a-way (*Omit.*) } A long and ev - er - last - ing day. Well, we shall quickly pass the night, To the fair coasts of perfect light;

ALMA. L. M.

I tread the world beneath my feet, And all that earth calls good or great.

Sweet peace of conscience heav'nly guest, }
 Come fix thy dwelling in my breast, } Dispel my doubts, my fears control, And heal the anguish of my ^{soul.}

When shall our joyful senses rove, O'er the dear object of our love.

RETREAT. L. M.

From ev - ry storm-y wind that blows, From every swell-ing tide of woes, There is : a calm, a sure re-treat, 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy seat.

1. Zi - on, awake ! thy strength renew, Put on thy robes of beauteous hue; Church of our God arise and shine, Bright with the beams of truth divine! 2 Soon shall thy radiance stream a - far, Wide as the heathen na-tions are, Gentiles and kings thy light shall view, All shall admire and love thee too, All shall ad-mire and love thee too.

stream a - far, Wide as the heathen na-tions are, Gentiles and kings thy light shall view, All shall admire and love thee too, All shall ad-mire and love thee too.

Legato, softly, with

MENDELSSOHN. L. M.

W. B. B. From the X. Y. Chorale, by permission.

1. Why sinks my weak de-sponding mind, Why heaves my heart with anx - ious care; Can sovereign good - ness be un-kind, Am I not safe if God is nigh?
2 He holds all na - ture in his hand; That gra-cious hand on which I live, Both life and time and death command, And has im - mor - tal joys to give.
3. 'Tis he sup - ports this faint-ing frame On him a - lone my hopes re - cluse, The wondrous glo - ries of his name, How wide they spread, how bright they shine.
4. For-give my doubts, O gracious Lord, And ease the sor - rows of my breast; Speak to my heart the heal-ing word, That thou art mine, and I am blest.

EAST NEW YORK. L. M.

HAUSTING. 87

1. My God, how end - less is thy love! Thy gifts are eve - ry eve - ning new; And morning - mer - cies from a - love, Gently dis - til, like ear - ly dew.

2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great guardian of my sleep - ing hours! Thy sovereign word restores the light, And quickens all my drow - sy powers.

3. I yield my powers to thy com - mand; To thee I con - se - crate my days; Per - pet - ual bless - ings from thy hand, Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Spurred.

ARNHEIM. L. M.

S. HOLYOKE.

1. All ye bright ar - mies of the skies, Go wor - ship where the Sav - ior lies; An - gels and kings be - fore him bow, Those gods on high and gods be - low.

With fervor.

EMO. L. M.

L. B. WOODBURY. From the *Doctrines*, by permission.

1. Sweet peace of conscience, heavenly guest! Come, fix thy mansion in my breast, Dispel my doubts, my fears control, And heal the anguish of my soul.

2. Come, smiling hope! and joy sin - cere! Come, make your constant dwelling here; Still let your presence cheer my heart, Nor sin compel you to de - part.

3. Thou God of hope and peace divine! Oh! make these sacred pleasures mine; Forgive my sins, my fears remove, And send the to -kens of thy love.

HURON. L. M.

1. Thee will I love, O Lord! my strength, My rock, my tower, my high do - fence; Thy mighty arm shall be my trust, For I have found sal - va - tion thence.

2. Death, and the ter - rors of the grave, Stood round me with their dis - mal shade; While floods of high tempta - tion rose, And made my sink - ing soul a - fraid.

3. In my dis - tress, I called my God, When I could scarce be - lieve him mine; He bowed his ear to my com - plaint; Then did his grace ap - pear di - vine.

WINCHESTER. L. M.

DR. CROFT.

My soul, thy great Cre - a - tor praise; When clothed in his co - les - tal rays, He in full ma - jes - ty ap - pears, And like a robe his glo - ry wears.

Gently.

HEAVENLY PEACE. L. M.

†

1. Sweet peace of conscience, heavenly guest! Come, fix thy mansion in my breast, Dis - pel my doubts, my fears con - trol, And heal the an - guish of my soul.

2. Come, stilling hope, and joy sin - cere! Come, make your constant dwelling here; Still let your presence cheer my heart, Nor sin compel you to de - part.

3. Thou God of hope and peace di - vine! O, make these sa - cred pleasures mine! For - give my sins, my fears re - move, And send the to - kens of thy love.

PARBAR. L. M. Double.

From Modern Psalmist.

311

1. Far from my tho'ts, vain world, be gone; Let my re-ligious hours a-lone;
Pain would my eyes my Sav-ior see; I wait a vis-it, Lord, from thee.

2. Oh! warm my heart with holy fire, And kindle there a pure de-sire: Come

3. [First Jesus, what do-ll-cious fare! How sweet thy enter-tainments are!]
Nev-er did an-gels taste a-bore, Redeeming grace and dy-ing love.

4. Hail, great Immanuel, all di-vine! In thee thy Fa-ther's glories shine; Thy

ANDELUSIA. L. M.

Arranged from the German.

ma-cred Spirit from a-bore, And fill my soul with heavenly love.

1. Come hither, all ye wea-ry souls, Ye heavy la-den sinners, come, I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

glorious name shall be a-dored, And every tongue confess thee Lord.

2. They shall find rest, that learn of me; I'm of a meek and low-ly mind; But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

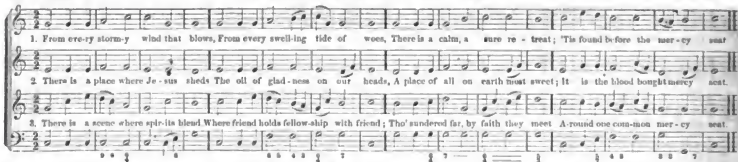
PARAN. L. M.

F. KÜHLER, From the Best Acad. Coll.

From morning dawn to eve-ning close, On thee, O Lord, our hopes re-pose; To thy great name, with joy, we'll raise Tri-umphant songs of grateful praise.

GARLAND. L. M.

W. H. H.



1. From ere-ry storm-y wind that blows, From every swell-ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure re - treat; 'Tis found be-fore the mer-cy seat.

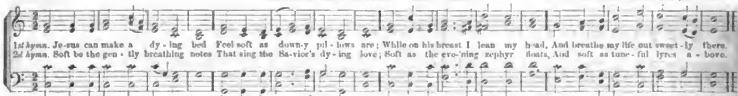
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads, A place of all on earth most sweet; It is the blood bought mer-cy seat.

3. There is a scene where spir-its blend Where friend holds fel-low-ship with friend; Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet A round one com-mon mer-cy seat.

Geddy.

ZEPHYR. L. M.

W. H. H. From the Psalmist, by permission.



1st hymn. Je - sus can make a dy - ing bed Feel soft as down-y pil - lows are; While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweet-ly there.

2d hymn. Soft be the gen - tly breath-ing notes That sing the Sa-vior's dy - ing love; Soft as the eve-ning zephyr floats, And soft as tune-ful lyres a - bove.

Con Spirto Marcato

HAMUL. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



1. A - rise! a - rise! with joy sur-vey The glory of the lat-ter day; Al-read-y is the dawn be-gun Which marks at hand a rising sun—Which marks at hand a rising sun.

2. 'Behold the way!' ye heralds, cry: Spare not, but lift your voices high. Con-vey the sound from pole to pole, Glad tid-ings to the cap-tive soul, Glad tid-ings to the cap-tive soul.

RETARD.

1. O happy saints, who dwell in light, And walk with Jesus, clothed in white! Safe landed on that peaceful shore, Where pilgrims meet to part no more. Where pilgrims meet, &c.

2. Released from sorrow, toil, and strife, And welcomed to an endless life. Their souls have now begun to prove The height and depth of Jesus' love The height and depth, &c.

3. There gazing on his beauteous face, They tell the wonders of his grace. And while they sing with rapture sweet, They bow adoring at his feet, They bow adoring at his feet.

In a gentle, subdued manner.

MALVERN. L. M.

LEWELL MASON.

God is the re - fuge of his saints, When storms of sharp dis - tress in - vade; Ere we can of - fer our complaints, Behold him pres - ent with his aid.

Mazette.

ELMINGTON. L. M.

†

1. Great God, whose un - l - ver - sal sway The known and un-known worlds o - bey, Now give the kingdom to thy Son; Extend his power, ex alt his throne.

2. As rain on meadows new - ly mown, So shall he send his in - fluence down; His grace, on fainting souls, dis - tils Like heavenly dew on thirs - ty hills.

3. The ben - then lands, that lie be - neath The shades of o - ver - spreading death, Re - vive at his first dawning light; And des - erts blo - som at the sight.

GOOD. L. M.

1. Lord, shed a beam of heav'nly day To melt this stub-born stone a-way; And thaw, with rays of love di-vine, This heart, this fro-sen heart of mine.

2. The rock can rend; the earth can quake; The sea can roar; the mountains shake; Of feel-ing all things show some sign; But this un-^{der}-stand-ing heart of mine.

3. To hear the sor-rows thou hast sent, What but an ad-a-mant would melt? Goodness and wrath in vain com-bine To move this sto-pid heart of mine.

Spirited.

MENDON. L. M.

1. Loud swell the peal-ing or-gan's notes, Breathe forth your soul in raptures high; Praise ye the Lord, with harp and voice, Join the full cho-rus of the sky.

With boldness and energy but not too fast.

TRELL. L. M.

1. Awake, our souls, a-way, our fears, Let ev-ery trembling thought be-gone; Awake, and run the heavenly race, And put a cheer-ful cour-age on.

2. True, 'tis a strait and thorny road, And mor-tal Spir-its tire and faint; But they for-get the might-y God, Who feeds the strength of ev-ry saint.
Sing the small notes

3. From Thee, the o-ver-flow-ing spring, Our souls shall drink a full supply; While those who trust their native strength, Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
Trills and Run sing the small notes in this line.

Sweet is the day of sa-cred rest, No mor-tal care shall seize my breast ; O may my heart in tune be found, like David's harp, Like David's harp of solemn sound.

O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound.

Sweet is the day of sa-cred rest, No mor-tal care shall seize my breast ; O may heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound, Like David's harp of solemn sound.

O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of sol - emn sound, Like Da - vid's harp of solemn sound.

The above will be found an excellent tune for singing school practice.

Chanting style.

EVENING HYMN. L. M.

TALLIA.

1. Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light ; Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Be - neath the shad - ow of thy wings.

Allegro Moderato.

WOBBURN. L. M.

Popular American tune. J. KIMBALL.

1. Firm was my health, my day was bright ; And I presumed 't would ne'er be night ; Fond - ly I said with in . . . my heart,—" Plea-sure and peace shall ne'er de - part."

2. But I for - got thine arm was strong, Which made my mountain stand so long ; Soon as thy face be - gan . . . to hide, My health was gone, my com - forts died.

ANDRE. L. M.

1. Sweet harp of Judah, shall thy sound No more be heard on earthly ground ! No mortal raise the lay again, That rung through Judah's sainted reign, That rung, &c.

2. No; for to higher worlds belong The wonders of thy sacred song; Thy prophet-bards might sweep thy chords, Thy glorious burthen was the Lord's, Thy glorious burthen, &c.

3. Yet, harp of Judah ! rung thy strain, And woke thy glories not in vain; Yet, tho' in dust thy frame be hurled, Thy spirit rules a wider world, Thy spirit rules a wider world.

Andante Larghetto.

BOWEN. L. M.

From HAYDN.

Up to the fields where an - gels lie, And liv - ing wa - ters gen - tly roll, Pain would my thoughts ascend on high, But sin hangs hea - vy on my soul.

Allegro. Very animated and vigorous.

MORAY. L. M.

From SILCHER.

1. 'Tis by the faith of joys to come We walk through deserts dark as night; Till we ar - rive at heaven, our home, Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2. The want of sight she well sup - plies; She makes the pearl - y gates ap - pear; Far in - to dis - tant worlds she pries, And brings e - ter - nal glo - ries near.

3. With joy we tread the des - ert through, While faith inspires a heavenly ray, Tho' li - ons roar, and tem - pests blow, And rocks and dan - gers fill the way.

BAVA. L. M.

From the German Psalter, 1802. Harmony by HAYENAL. 45

1. Great Sun of righteousness! a - rise; Bless the dark world with heavenly light; The gos - pel makes the sim - ple wise, Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

2. Thy no - blest won - ders here we view, In souls renewed and sins forgiven: Lord! cleanse my sins, my soul re - new, And make thy word my guide to heaven.

* Arranged in popular rhythmical form for this work. See note to Ambrose, p. 61.

PORTUGAL. L. M.

T. THORLEY.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing, To show thy love by morn - tag light, And talk of all thy truth at night.

Allegro Moderato.

RITHMAH. L. M.

1ST ENDING - for the organ.

2D ENDING - for the other organs.

1. Sa - vior, when night in - volves the skies, My soul, adoring, turns to thee—Thee, self-abased in mortal guise, And wrapt in shades of death for me.

2. On thee my waking raptures dwell, When crimson gleams the east adorns; Thee, Victor of the grave and hell, Ours . . . Thee, Source of life's eternal morn.

3. When noon her throne in light arrays, To thee my soul triumphant springs! Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze, Ours . . . Thee, Lord of lords, and King of kings

CASTINE. L. M.



1. Sweet is the work my God, my King, To praise thy name give thanks and sing; To show thy love by morning light And talk of all thy truth at night, And talk of all thy, &c.

2. Sweet is the day of sa-cred rest; No mortal care shall fill my breast; O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp, of solemn sound. Like David's harp, of solemn sound.

3. My heart shall triumph in the Lord, And bless his works and bless his word: His works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep his counsels, how divine! How deep, &c.

Chanting style.

STERLING. L. M.

HARRISON

1. O come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our al-migh-ty King! For we our voices high should raise, When our sal-va-tion's rock we praise.

Slow and gentle.

LEE. L. M.

1. Deep in our hearts let us re-cord The deep-er sor-rows of our Lord; Be-hold, the ris-ing bil-lows roll, To o-ver-whelm his ho-ly soul.

2. Yet, gracious God, thy power and love Have made the curse a bless-ing prove; Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son Atoned for sins that we had done.

3. O, for his sake our guilt for-give, And let the mourn-ing sin-ner live: The Lord will hear us in his name, Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

1. "Come hither, all ye wea-ry souls, Ye hea-vy-la-den sin-ners, come; I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heavenly home."

2. Je-sus, we come at thy command, With faith, and hope, and hum-ble zeal; Re-sign our spir-its to thy hand. To mould and guide us at thy will

Majestic and solemn.

MONMOUTH. L. M. Or P. M.

LUTHER.

In robes of judgment, lo, he comes! Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tomb; Before him burns devouring fire, The mountains melt, the seas retire, The mountains melt, &c.
As P.M. Great God! what do I see and hear! The end of things created!

The judge of man I see ap-pear, On clouds of glo-ry seated! Beneath his cross I view the day When heaven and earth shall pass away, And thus prepare to meet him.

Cantabile.

MADISON. L. M.

†

1. Re-turn, my soul, and sweet-ly rest On thy Al-might-y Fa-ther's breast; The boun-ties of his grace a-dore, And count his wond'rous mer-cies o'er.

2. What shall I ren-der to the Lord? Or how his matchless grace record! To him my grate-ful voice I'll raise, And pour H-ba-tions to his praise.

PRISCILLA. L. M.

1. My heart is fixed on thee, my God, Thy sacred truth I'll spread a-broad; My soul shall rest on thee a - lone, And make thy lov - ing kind - ness known.

2. A - wake my glo - ry— wake my lyre, To songs of praise my tongue inspire, With morning's earliest dawn a - rise, And swell your mu - sic to the skies.

WINDHAM. L. M.

READ.

1 'Twas on that dark, that doleful night, When powers of earth and hell a - rose A - gainst the Son of God's de - light, And friends betrayed him to his foes.

in a gentle and solemn manner.

RICHFORD. L. M.

From the Psalter.

1. Swift as . . de - clin - ing shadows pass, Our days in quick suc - ces - sion fly; And trans - ient as . . the with - ring grass, A - mid our youth - ful hopes we die.

2. But thou, our Sav - ior, shalt co - dure, Thy years un - changed e - ter - nal Lord! Thy grace thro' ev - ry age . . is sure, And firm the prom - ise of . . thy word.

MANNING. L. M., or 6 lines.

39

1. The heav'n's de-clare thy glo-ry, Lord! in eve-ry star thy wisdom shines; But, when our eyes be-hold thy word, We read thy name in fair-er lines.

2. The roll-ing sun, and chang-ing light, And nights and days thy power confess; But the blest vol-ume thou hast writ, Re-veals thy just-ice and thy grace.

3. Sun, moon, and stars con-vey thy praise Bound the whole earth, and nev-er stand; So, when thy truth be-gan its race, It touch'd and glanc'd on eve-ry land.

• By repeating the last two lines.

Allegretto.

MORIAH. L. M.

L. MASON

1. Ye mighty rulers of the land, Give praise and glory to the Lord; And while before his throne ye stand, His great and powerful acts record, His great and powerful acts record.

Moderate, with strength.

ASHRIEL. L. M.

W. B. H.

1. High in the heavens, eternal God! Thy goodness in full glory abides; Thy truth shall break thro' every cloud, That veils or darkens thy designs, That veils or darkens, &c.

2. For ever firm thy justice stands, As mountains their foundations keep; Wide are the wonders of thy hands, Thy judgments are a mighty deep, Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3. My God, how excellent thy grace, Whence all our hope, our comfort springs! The sons of Adam, in distress, Fly to the shadow of thy wings, Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

Author unknown.

Doxology No. 1. Be thou, O God, ex - alt - ed high; And as thy glo - ry fills the sky. No let it be on earth displayed, Till thou art here, as there o - beyed.

Doxology No. 2. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here be - low; Praise him a - bove, ye heav - en - ly host, Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

Doxology No. 3. To God the Fa - ther, God the Son, And God the Spi - rit, three in one. He hon - or, praise, and glo - ry given, By all on earth, and all in heav - en.

* This arrangement is nearly the same as that found in the oldest books. We prefer it to any we have seen. Another arrangement slightly different from this, in the key of A, will perhaps be preferred by many.

Allegretto.

SHELEM. L. M.

From NETHANIEL.

Je - ho - vah reigns, his throne is high, His robes are light and ma - jes - ty; His glo - ry shines with beams so bright, No mor - tal can sus - tain the sight.

Moderately.

ATTERBURY. L. M. Double.

HASTINGS.

Fast flow, my tears! the cause is great, This trib - ute claims an injured friend; }
 One whom I long pur - sued with hate While he would love me to the end: } When jus - tice frowned a - bove my head, And death its terrors round me spread,
 O. C. He in - ter - posed, the wounds he bore, And bade me live to die no more.

1. Awake, our souls, away, our fears, Let ev'ry trembling tho't be gone; Awake, and run, . . . the heav'nly race, . . . And put a cheerful courage on.

2. True, 'tis a straight and thorny road, And mortal spirits tire and faint; But they forget . . . the mighty God, . . . Who feeds the strength . . . of ev'ry saint.

3. The mighty God, whose matchless pow'r, Is ever new, and ever young; And firm en-dures, . . . while endless years . . . Their ev-er-last-ing cir-cles run.

SEASONS. L. M.

PLEVEL.

1. The flow'ry spring, at God's com-mand, Perfumes the air and paints the land; The sum-mer rays with vig-or shine, To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

Sings and animated.

MASARDIS. L. M.

*

1. Now for a tune of lov-ly praise To great Je-hovah's equal Son; Awake my voice in heavenly lays, And tell the wonders he hath done, And tell the wonders he hath done.

2. Sing how he left the worlds of light, And those bright robes he wore above; How swift and joyful was his flight On wings of everlasting love, On wings of ev-er-last-ing love.

3. Deep in the shades of gloomy death, Th' almighty Captive prisoner lay;—Th' almighty Captive left the earth, And rose to ev-er-last-ing day.

HALLOCK. L. M.

MARTINEAU

1. My God, per-mit me not to be A stranger to my-self and thee; A-midst a thousand thoughts I rove, For-get-ful of my high-est love.

2. Why should my pas-sions mix with earth, And thus de-base my heavenly birth? Why should I cleave to things be-low, And let my God, my Sav-ior, go?

3. Call me a-way from flesh and sense; One sovereign word can draw me thence; I would o-bey the voice di-vine, And all in-fe-rior joys re-sign.

MEROE. L. M.

W. B. B.

1. Je-sus, and shall it ev-er be— A mor-tal man ashamed of thee! Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' end-less days!

Andante Moderato.

Good

PAPHOS. L. M.

1. The Lord, the God of glo-ry, reigns, In robes of ma-jes-ty ar-rayed; His rule Om-ni-p-o-tence sus-tains, And guides the world's his hands have made.

2. Ere rolling worlds began to move, Or ere the heavens were stretched abroad, Thine awful throne was fixed above; From ever-last-ing thou art God.

3. The swelling floods tumultuous rise—Aloud the an-gry tem-pests roar, Lift their proud billows to the skies, And foam and lash the trembling shore.

MARINA. L. M. Double.

1. How pleasant how divinely fair, O Lord of hosts thy dwellings are ! My flesh would rest in thine abode. }
 With long desire my spirit fain to meet th'assemblies of thy saints. } My panting heart cries out for God, } My God my King, why should I be So far from all my joys and thee.

2. Blest are the saints who dwell on high, Around thy throne above the sky ; } Blest are the souls who find a place } learn thy praise,
 Thy brightest glories shine above And all their work is praise and love. } Within the temple of thy grace ; } There they behold thy gentler rays, And seek thy face, and

ROLLAND. L. M.

How pleasant, how divinely fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are ; With long desire my spirit fain to meet th'assembly of thy saints, To meet th'assembly of thy saints.

Spirited.

ARO. L. M.

Arranged from GLAEFF,
 RETAED in Best Places of the Hymn.

1. Up to the fields where an-gels lie, And liv-ing wa-ters gen-tly roll, Fain would my thoughts ascend on high, But sin hangs hea-vy on my soul.

2. O, might I once mount up and see The glo-ries of th'e-ter-nal skies, How vain a thing this world would be ! How empty all its fleet-ing joys.

ORONO. L. M. Double.

Melody by T. COOKE.

1. Oh! happy day, that fixed my choice On thee my Savior and my God! Oh! happy land, that seals my vows Let cheerful anthems fill the house, While to his altar now I move.
Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad. To him who merits all my love!

Andante, dolce ma marcato.

EL-PARAN. L. M.

J. A. F. SHULTZ.
DEM.

1. An - oth - er six day's work is done, A - noth - er Sab-bath is be - gun: Re - turn, my soul, en - joy the rest; Im - prove the day thy God hath blest.

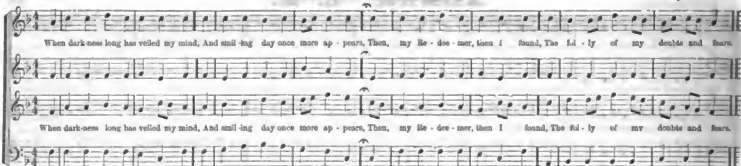
Andante.

PRENTISS. L. M.

R.

1. O Lord, thy heavenly grace im-part, And fix my frail, in - con-stant heart; Henceforth my chief de - sire shall be To ded - i - cate my - self to thee.
2. What-e'er pursuits my time employ, One thought shall fill my heart with joy; That si - lent, se - cret thought shall be, That all my hopes are fixed on thee.
3. Thy glo - rious eye per - vad - eth space; Thy pres - ence, Lord, fills ere - ry place; And where-so - e'er my lot may be, Still shall my spir - it cleave to thee.

DELTA. L. M.

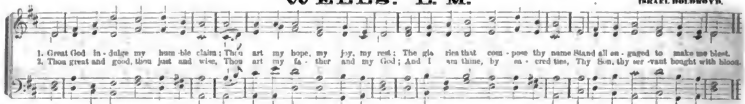



When dark-ness long has veiled my mind, And smiling day once more ap - pears, Then, my Re - dee - mer, then I found, The fa - thy of my doubts and fears.

When dark-ness long has veiled my mind, And smiling day once more ap - pears, Then, my Re - dee - mer, then I found, The fa - thy of my doubts and fears.

WELLS. L. M.

ISRAEL HOLDBOYD.



1. Great God in - dulse my hum - ble claim; Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest: The gla - rias that com - pose thy name Stand all en - gaged to make me blest.

2. Thou great and good, thou just and wise, Thou art my fa - ther and my God; And I am thine, by as - cred ties, Thy Son, thy ser - vant bought with blood.

Allegro.

ARAD. L. M.



1. Af - flict - ed saint, to Christ draw near; Thy Sa - viour's gra - cious prom - ises hear; His faith - ful word de - clares to thee That as thy days thy strength shall be.

2. Let not thy heart despond, and say "How shall I stand the try - ing day?" He has en - gaged, by firm de - cree, That as thy days thy strength shall be.

3. Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong; And if the con - flict should be long, Thy Lord will make the tempt - er flee; For as thy days thy strength shall be.

PAER. L. M.

* 57

1. Thou great in-struct-or, lest I stray, O teach my err-ing feet thy way! Thy truth, with ev-er fresh du-light, Shall guide my doubt-ful steps a-right.

2. How oft my heart's af-fec-tions yield, And wan-der o'er the world's wide field! My rov-ing pas-sions, Lord, re-claim, U-nite them all to fear thy name.

Spurred.

TRURO. L. M.

DR. BURNET.

1. Now to the Lord a no-bis song: A-wake, my soul, a-wake, my tongue; Ho-san-na to th'et-er-nal name, And all his bound-less love pro-claims.

JAD. L. M.

*

1. When strangers stand, and hear me tell What beauties in my Savior dwell, Where he is gone they fain would know, That they might seek and love him too, That they might seek and love him too.

2. My best be-loved keeps his throne On hills of light, in worlds unknown; But he descends, and shows his face, In the young gardens grace.

1. O may my spir-it dai-ly rise, On wings of faith above the skies; Till death shall make my last re-move, To dwell for ev-er with my Love, To dwell for ev-er with my love.

INVITATION. L. M.

J. KIMBALL. Popular American Tunes.

Come, my be-lov-ed, haste a-way, Cut short the hours of thy de-lay; Fly like a youthful hart or roe, O-ver the hills where spices grow.

Come, my be-lov-ed, haste a-way, Cut short the hours of thy de-lay; Fly like a youthful hart or roe, O-ver the hills where spices grow. Fly like a

Come, my be-lov-ed, haste a-way, Cut short the hours of thy de-lay; Fly like a youthful hart or roe, O-ver the hills where spices grow. Fly like a youth-ful hart or

Fly like a youthful hart . . . or roe, O-ver the hills where spices grow, O-ver the hills . . . where spi-ces grow.

Fly like a youthful hart or roe, O-ver the hills where spices grow, O-ver the hills . . . where spi-ces grow.

youthful hart or roe, O-ver the hills where spices grow, Fly like a youth-ful hart . . . or roe, O-ver the hills . . . where spi-ces grow.

roe, O-ver the hills where spi-ces grow, Fly like, &c.

Smooth and gentle.

ORFORD. L. M. Or 6 lines.*

From the Choir.

When to his tem-ple God des-cends, He holds com-mu-nion with his friends; His grace and glo-ry there dis-plays, And shines with bright but friend-ly rays.

* By repeating the first two lines

Moderate.

GOLDSBORO. L. M.

59

1. Soft be the gent-ly breath-ing notes That sing the riv-er's dy-ing love; Soft as the eve-ning sep-a-rat-ion, And soft as tune-ful lyres a-bore.

2. Soft as the morn-ing dews de-scend, While war-bling birds ex-ult-ing soar, So soft to our al-migh-ty Friend Be ere-ry sigh our bo-nans pour.

3. Pure as the sun's en-liv-en-ing ray, That scat-ter life and joy a-broad; Pure as the lu-cid orb of day, That wide pro-claims its Mak-er, God.

Rather slow.

ASHWELL. L. M.

2. When we, our wes-ried limbs to rest, Set down by proud En-phra-tes' stream, We wept with dole-ful thoughts oppressed, And Zi-on was our mournful theme.

Moderately Joyous, Sprightly.

SORO. L. M.

A. F.

1. Blest are the men whose hearts do move And melt with sym-pa-thy and love; From Christ, the Lord, shall they ob-tain Like sym-pa-thy and love . . . a gain.

2. Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean From the de-fil-ing power of sin; With end-less pleasure, they shall see A God of spot-less puri-ty. A God of spot-less pu-ri-ty.

3. Blest are the men of peaceful life, Who quench the coals of grow-ing strife; They shall be called the heirs of tri-um-- The sons of God, the God of peace.

PROSPECT HILL. L. M.

Arranged from a Quartetto of BERTHOUD.

1. Lord! 'tis a pleas-ant thing to stand In gar-dene plant-ed by thy hand; Let me with-in thy courts be seen, Like a young ce - - dar, fresh and green.

2. There grow thy saints in faith and love, Blest with thine in - fluence from a-bove; Not Leb - a - non with all its trees, Yields such a come - ly sight as these.

3. La - den with fruits of age, they show, The Lord is ho - ly, just and true: None who at-tend his gates shall find A God un-faith - ful, or unkind.

TRANQUILLITY. L. M.

Arranged from an English tune.

My opening eyes with rap-ture see The dawn of thy re-tur-n-ing day; My thoughts, O God as-cend to thee, While thus my ear - ly vows I pay.

Maestoso. Marcato. Bold and Spirited.

STARK. L. M.

1. Arm of the Lord, awake, a wake; Put on thy strength, the nations shake; Now let the world, adoring, see Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee, Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2. Say to the heathen, from thy throne, "I am Je - ho - vah, God a - lone; Thy voice their i - dois shall confound, And cast their altars to the ground, And cast their altars to the ground.

3. Let Zion's time of fa - vor come; O, bring the tribes of Is-ra-el home; Soon may our wondering eyes behold Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold, Gentiles and Jews in Je - sus' fold.

AMBROSE. L. M.

Arranged for solo voice. 61

1. My soul, inspired with un - cred love, God's ho - ly name for ev - er bless; Of all his fa - vors mindful prove, And still thy grate - ful thanks ex - press.

Cre - a - tor al - me si - de - rum, Mi - ter na - lux - ere - den - ti - um, Chris - te Re - demp - tor om - ni - um, Ex - au - di pre - ces sup - pli - cum.

Note—This beautiful specimen of ancient melody and harmony—being one of the oldest church tunes extant—we have taken the liberty to put in a Rhythmic form that is popular in this country, and that will, we believe make this tune more extensively useful in the American churches—Eza.

NAZARETH. L. M.

WEBER.

1. When at this dis - tance, Lord, we trace The va - rious glo - ries of thy face, What transport pours o'er all our breast, And charms our cares . . . and woes to rest!

Moderato e legato. With strong emphasis.

LORAY. L. M.

From C. M. VON WEBER.

1. Oh! that I could for - ev - er dwell, De - light - ed, at the Sav - ior's feet, Be - hold the form I love so well, And all his ten - der words re - peal.

2. The world shut out from all my soul, And heaven brought in with all its bliss;—Oh! is there aught from pole to pole, One mo - ment, to com - pare with this?

3. This is the hap - py life I prize,— A life of pen - i - ten - tial love; When most my fid - el - ties I des - pise, And raise my high - est thoughts a - bove.

ZEPHON. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gos - pel ar - mor on; March to the gates of end - less Joy, Where Je - sus thy great Cap - tain's

2. There shall I wear . . . a star - ry crown, And triumph in . . . al - might - y grace; While all the ar - mies of the skies Join in my glo - rious Le - der's

TRIANGLE.

Gently - m. p. throughout.

SHAPLEY. L. M.

W. B. B.

gone, Where Je - sus thy great Cap - tain's gone.

praise, Join in my glo - - - - rious Leader's praise.

1. How blest the righteous when he dies! When sinks a weary soul to rest! How mildly beams the closing eyes! How gently heaves th' ex - piring breath.

In repeating, the Treble and Tenor may change parts.

Flow.

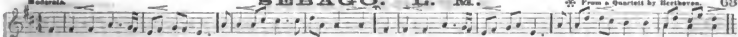
CAPTIVITY. L. M.

1. When we saw war - ried limbs to rest, Sat down by proud En - pla - te's stream, We wept - with dole - ful thoughts oppressed - And Zi - on was our mournful theme.

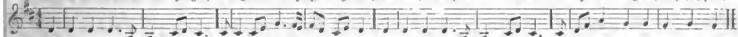
Moderato

SEBAGO. L. M.

* From a Quartet by Heerthoven. 68



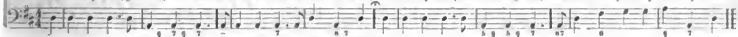
1. There seems a voice in eve - ry gale, A tongue in eve - ry open - ing flower, Which tells, O Lord, the won - drous tale Of thy in - dulgence, love, and power.



2. The birds, that rise on quiv - ering wing, Appear to hymn their mak - er's praise, And all the min - gling sounds of spring To thee a general an - them raise.

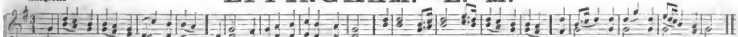


3. And shall my voice, great God, a - lone Be mute 'midst Nature's loud ac - claim, Nor let my heart, with answering tone, Breathe forth in praise thy ho - ly name?

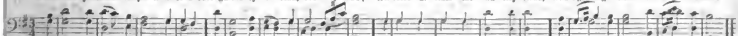


Allegretto

EFFINGHAM. L. M.



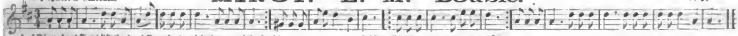
The Lord proclaims his power a - loud Through eve - ry o - cean, eve - ry land; His voice di - vides the wa - tery cloud, And lightnings blaze at his command.



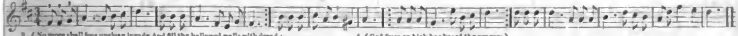
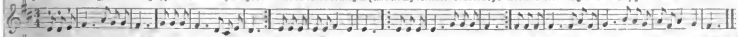
Very spirited. Marcato.

MINOT. L. M. Double.

A. F.



1. { Triumphant Zion! lift thy head From dust and darkness, and the dead! } 2. { Put all thy beauteous garments on, }
 { The' humbled long, awake at length, (O'er -) And gird thee with the Sa - vi - or's strength! } { And let thy exultance be known; } Decked in the robes of righteousness, Thy glories shall the world confound.



3. { No more shall hell's unclean invade And fill thy hallowed walls with dread; } 4. { God from on high has heard thy prayer; }
 { No more shall hell's insulting host (O'er -) Their victory and thy sorrows boast. } { His hand thy ruin shall repair. } Nor will thy watchful monarch cease To guard thee in eternal peace.



1. Happy the man, whose cautious feet, Flun the broad way that sinners go; Who hates the place where athletes meet, And fears to talk as scoffers do, And fears to talk as scoffers do.

2. He loves t'employ the morning light Among the statutes of the Lord, And spends the wakeful hours of night, With pleasure pondering o'er the word, With pleasure pondering o'er the word.

3. He, like a plant by gentle streams, Shall flourish in immortal green; And heaven will shine, with kindest beams, On every work his hands begin, On every work his hands begin.

SLADE. L. M.

From Handel & Haydn Coll.

Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing; To show thy love by morn - ing light, And talk of all thy truth at night.

WAITE. L. M.

1. My God, my King, thy va - rious praise Shall fill the rem - nant of my days; Thy grace em - ploy my humble tongue, Till death and glory raise the song.

2. The wings of eve - ry hour shall bear Some thankful trib - ute to thine ear; And eve - ry set - tling man shall see, New works of du - ty done for thee.

3. Thy work with boundless glo - ry shine, And speak thy ma - je - sty di - vine; Let eve - ry realm with joy proclaim The sound and hon - or of thy name.

STETSON. L. M.

2. 65

1. In vain my roving tho'ts would find A portion worthy of the mind; On earth my soul can never rest, For earth can never make me blest, For earth can never make me blest.

2. Can lasting happiness be found Where seasons roll their hasty round, And days and hours, with rapid flight, Sweep cares and pleasures out of sight, Sweep cares and pleasures out of sight.

3. Arise, my tho'ts; my heart arise; Leave this vain world and seek the skies; There perfect joys for ever last, When seasons, days, and hours are past, When seasons, days, and hours are past.

ELLENTHORPE. L. M.

LINLEY.

Now be my heart in-spired to sing The glo-ri-a of my Sav-ior King, Je-sus the Lord; how heavenly fair His form! how bright his beau-ties are!

Moderately joyous.

LEROY. L. M.

1. He that hath made his re-fuge God, Shall find a most se-cure a-bode; Shall walk all day be-neath his shade, And there, at night, shall rest his head.

2. Then will I say,—“My God! thy power Shall be my for-ress and my tower; I, who am armed of fee-ble dust, Make thine al-migh-ty arm my trust.”

3. Thrice hap-py man! thy Mak-er's care Shall keep thee from the fol-ler's snare,—Sa-lan, the fol-ler, who be-trays Un-guarded souls a thou-sand ways.

ANSON. L. M.

mp *Tran a time prominent tone*

1. Meet is the man, whose ten-der care He-likes the poor in their dis-tress; Whose pit-y wipes the wid-ow's tear, Whose hand sus-tains the fa-therless.

2. His heart contrives for their re- lief More good than his own hand can do; He, in the time of gen-eral grief, Shall find the Lord with pit-y too.

3. Or, if he lan-guish on his bed, God will pro-nounce his sins for-given; Will save from death his sink-ing head, Or take his will-ing soul to heaven.

WHITELAND. L. M.

From the Handel and Haydn Coll.

SECOND TRAIL *ALMA*

Great God, to thee my eve-ning song, With hum-ble grat-i-tude I raise; O let thy mer-cy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with live-ly praise.

With expression.

BLAISDELL. L. M.

G. F. H.

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of Glo-ry died; My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.

2. For-bid it, Lord! that I should boast, Save in the death of Chris-my God; All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to his blood.

3. See from his head, his hands, his feet, Sor-row and love flow min-gled down! Did e'er such love and sor-row meet? Or thorns em-pose so rich a crown?

SWANVILLE. L. M. Double.

1. The heav'n declare thy glories, Lord! In eve-ry star thy wi-dom shines;
But when our eyes be-hold thy word, We read thy name in fairer hues.

2. The rolling sun, the changeful light, And nights and days thy power con-fess: But the blood re-sume thou hast

3. Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise, Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So, when thy truth be-gan its race, It touch'd and glanc'd at every land.

4. Nor shall thy spread-ing gos-pel rest, Till thro' the world thy truth has run, Till Christ has all the na-tions

unity. L. M.

1. Then I whom my soul ad-mires a - bove | Tell me, dear Sleep-er, let me know—
All earth-ly joy, and earth-ly love.

2. Where do thy sweetest pas-sions grow?

3. To see the light, or feel the sun, To see the light, or feel the sun.

AUGUSTA. L. M.

1. Come hither, all ye wea-ry souls, Ye hea-ry la-den sin-ners, come! I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heavenly home.

MIGDOL. L. M.

L. MASON. From *Carmina Sacra*, by permission.

1. Soon may the last glad song a - rise, Thro' all the mil - lions of the skies, That song of tri-umph which re - cords That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2. Let thrones, and powers, and kingdom, be O - be - dient, might - y God, to thee! And o - ver land, and stream, and main, Now wave the scept - re of thy reign.

3. O let that glo - rious an - them swell; Let host to host the tri - umph tell, That not one reb - el heart re - mains, But o - ver all the Sav - iour reigns.

Spirited.

PARK STREET. L. M.

Vento.

1. Hark! how the cho - ral song of heaven swells full of peace and joy above; Hark! how they strike their golden harps, And raise the tuneful notes of love, And raise the tuneful notes of love.

NUNDA. L. M. Double.

L. MASON. From the *National Psalmist*, by permission.

1. How vain is all be - neath the skies! How transient ev - ry earth - ly bliss; The evening cloud the morning dew, How slender all the kin - dest ties That bind us to a world like this! The with'ring grass, the fading flow'r, Of earthly hopes are emblems true, — The glory of a pass - ing hour.

2. Yet though earth's fairest blossoms die, And all be - neath the skies is vain, Then let the hope of joys to come, There is a land where sorrow lies Be - yond the reach of care and pain. Drive! our cares and chase our fears; If God be ours, we're travelling home, Though passing through a vale of tears.

MARION. L. M.

L. MARSON. 69.

2. A spacious dawn! thy rising ray With joy we view, and hail the day: Great Sun of Righteousness, arise! And fill the world with glad surprise, And fill the world with glad surprise.

1. Arise! arise! with joy survey The glo-ry of the lat-ter day: Al-read-y is the dawn be-gun Which marks at hand a rising sun—Which marks at hand a rising sun.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

Author unknown.

Be thou, O God! ex-alt-ed high; And as thy glo-ry fills the sky; So let it be on earth displayed, Till thou art here as there o-be-yed.
To God the Fa-ther, God the Son, And God the Spir-it, three in one, Be hon-our, praise, and glo-ry given, By all on earth and all in heaven.

NOTTINGHAM. L. M.

SECOND PRIZE.

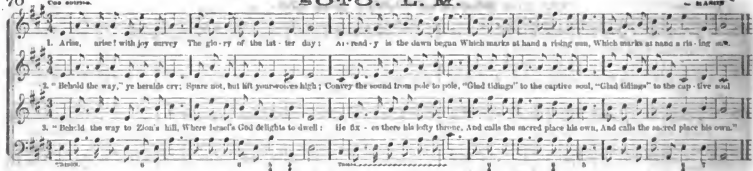
1. Give thanks to God, he reigns above; Kind are his thoughts, his name is love; His mercy ages past have known, And ages long to come shall own, And ages long to come shall own.

2. He feeds and clothes us all the way; He guides our foot-steps lest we stray; He guards us with a powerful hand, And brings us to the heavenly land, And bring us to the heavenly land.

3. Oh let the saints with joy record The truth and goodness of the Lord! How great his works! how kind his ways. Let every tongue pronounce his praise, Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

SOTO. L. M.

HARRIS.



1. Arise, arise! with joy survey The glo-ry of the lat-ter day: Al-ready is the dawn begun Which marks at hand a rising sun, Which marks at hand a ris-ing sun.

2. "Behold the way," ye heralds cry: Spare not, but lift yourselves high; Convey the sound from pole to pole, "Glad tidings" to the captive soul, "Glad tidings" to the cap-tive soul.

3. "Behold the way to Zion's hill, Where Israel's God delights to dwell: He fix-es there his lofty throne, And calls the sacred place his own, And calls the sacred place his own."

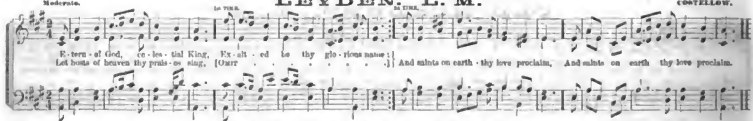
Moderato.

In Time.

LEYDEN. L. M.

In Time.

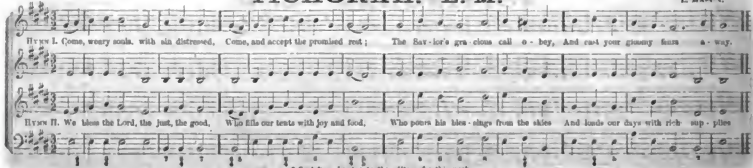
CONTELOW.



E-tern-al God, ex-les-tial King, Ex-alt-ed to thy glo-rious name; And saints on earth-ly love proclaim, And saints on earth-ly love proclaim.

TICHORAH. L. M.

L. HAYDN.*



HYMN I. Come, weary souls, with sin distressed, Come, and accept the promised rest; The Sav-ior's gra-cious call o-boy, And cast your gloomy fears a-way.

HYMN II. We bless the Lord, the just, the good, Who fills our tents with joy and food, Who pours his bles-sings from the skies And lends our days with rich sup-plies.

* Sent from London to the editors, for this work.

WESTERN CHANT. L. M.

1. Ye Christian heralds—go, proclaim Sal - va - tion in Im - man - uel's name! To distant climes the tid - ings bear, And plant the rose of Sharon there, And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With holy zeal your hearts in - spire, Bid rag - ing winds their fu - ry cease, And calm the sa - vage breast to peace, And calm the sa - vage breast to peace.

APPLETON. L. M. Chant.

DR. BOYCE.

O come, loud an - thems let us sing, Loud thanks to our al - migh - ty King! For we our vo - ce high should raise, When our sal - va - tion's Rock we praise.

Allegretto.

WINGATE. L. M.

Arranged from HAYDN.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing; To show thy love by morn - ing light, And talk of all thy truth at night.

2. Sweet is the day of an - ced rest; No mortal care shall seize my breast; O, may my heart in tune be found, Like Da - vid's harp, of sol - emn sound.

3. My heart shall tri - umph in the Lord, And bless his works, and bless his word, His works of grace, how bright they shine, How deep his coun - sels, how di - vine!

CANANDAIGUA. L. M.

From the "Satanstoe"

1. Our Lord is ri - sen from the dead, Our Je - sus is gone up on high : The powers of hell are captive led, Dragg'd to the portals of the sky, Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2. There his tri - umphal chariot waits, And angels chant the solemn lay. Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates! Ye everlasting doors, give way! Ye ev - er - lasting doors, give way!

DANVERS. L. M.

L. HAYDN. From Boston Acad. Coll.

1. A - wake, my tongue, thy trib - ute bring, To him who gave thee power to sing : Praise him, who is all praise a - love, The source of wis - dom and of love.

Andante. With gentle and easy flow.

WESSEN. L. M. Double.

From Cantata Landis by permission.

1. { Come, wea - ry souls with sin oppress'd, Oh come! accept the promised rest ; } Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load, Oh come, and bow be - fore your God.
 { The Sav - iour's gracious call o - bey, And cast your gloomy fears a - way. }

n. c. Di - vine com - pas - sion, might - y love, Will all the pain - ful load re - move.

SEBECK. L. M.

73

ALTO. TENOR.

1. My God, my King! thy va-rious praise In all the remnant of my days; Thy grace en-ter my hum-ble tongue, Till death and glo-ry raise the song.

2. The wings of eve-ry hour shall bear Some thankful trib-ute to thine ear; And eve-ry set-ting sun shall see New works of do-ty, done for thee.

2. Thy works with sovereign glo-ry shine, And speak thy ma-jes-ty di-vine; Let eve-ry realm, with joy, pro-claim Thy sound and hon-our of thy name.

STONEFIELD. L. M.

STANLEY.

1. God of the seas, thine aw-ful voice, Bids all the roll-ing waves re-joice; And one soft word of thy com-mand, Can sink them si-lent on the sand.

ALLISON. L. M.

From National Psalmist, by permission. Arranged from CH. H. RINK.

1. Blessed be the Lord, the God of love, Who showers his blessings from a-bove; The rock on which the right-eous trust. The hope and sav-ior of the just.

2. He to his saints re-demption gives, The weak and hum-ble he re-lieves; Sup-ported by his grace we stand, For life and death are in his hand.

COMPLAINT. L. M.

PARMENTER. Popular American Song.

Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray, Nor let our sun go down at noon; Thy years are one eternal day. And must thy children die so soon? Thy years are one eternal day. Thy years are one eternal day.

Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray, Nor let our sun go down at noon; Thy years are one eternal day. Thy years are one eternal day.

Thy years are one eternal day. And must thy children die so soon.

Allegretto.

GREENWICH. L. M. Double.

REED.

And must thy children die so soon? Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I, To mourn, and murmur, and repine, To see the wicked, placed on high, In pride and robes of honor shine.

And must thy children die so soon? Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I, To mourn, and murmur, and repine, To see the wicked placed on high, In pride and robes of honor shine.

But O, their end, their dreadful end, Thy sanctuary taught me so; On slippery rocks I see them stand, And fiery billows roll be - low.

But O, their end, their dreadful end, Thy sanctuary taught me so; On slippery rocks I see them stand, And fiery billows roll be - low.

But O, their end, their dreadful end, Thy sanctuary taught me so; On slippery rocks I see them stand, And fiery billows roll be - low.

But O, their end, their dreadful end, Thy sanctuary taught me so; On slippery rocks I see them stand, And fiery billows roll be - low.

Note.—The above "Old Centinelian" are great favorites with many singers.

1. Be still, my heart; these anxious cares To thee are bur - den, thorns, and snarls; They cast dis - hon - or on thy Lord, And con - tra - dict his gra - cious word.

2. Bro't safe - ly by his hand thus far, Why wilt thou now give place to fear? How canst thou want if he pro - vide, Or lose thy way with such a Guide?

3. Did ev - er trou - ble yet be - fall, And he re - fuse to bear thy call? And has he not his promise passed That thou shalt o - ver - come at last?

SHOEL. L. M.

From the Handel and Haydn Collection. Altered from SHOEL.

Now shall the trem - bling mourner come, And bind his sheaves, and bear them home; The voice, long broke with sighs shall sing, Till heaven with hal - le - lu - jah sing.

ETHAN. L. M. Double.

{ Though sorrows rise, and dangers roll In waves of darkness o'er my soul; } { Though conscience fiercest of my foes, } Yet, even in nature's utmost ill, I love thee, Lord; I love thee still.

{ Though friends are false, and love decays, And few and e - vil are my days; } { Swells with remem - ber'd guilt my woe, }

{ Though Sinai's curse, in thunder drowns, Fresh o'er my unprotected head, } { Till nature, shrieking in the strife, } { Though every thought has power to kill, I love thee, Lord; I love thee }
{ And memory points, with busy pain, To grace and mercy given in vain, } { Would fly to hell, t' escape from life. } { still. }

SHELTER. L. M. 6 lines.

1. As, pant-ing in the su-try ocean, the hart de-sires the cool-ing stream,
 (so in thy pres-ence, Lord, I see; So longs my soul, O God for thee; A-thirst to taste thy liv-ing grace, And see thy glo-ry face to face.

2. But ris-ing griefs dis-tress my soul, And tears on tears suc-ced-ive roll;
 For many an e-vil voice is near, To chide my woe and mock my far; And si-lent mem'-ry weeps a-lone O'er hours of peace and glad-ness flown.

* Or L. M. by omitting the repeat.

Moderato.

BRENTFORD. L. M. Or 6 lines.*

Lord, when my thoughts delighted rove, A-mid the won-ders of thy love, Sweet hope re-vives my droop-ing heart, And bids in-trod-ing fears de-part.

* By repeating the first two lines.

Tenderly.

IRA. L. M.

*

1. Spare us, O Lord, a-loud we cry, Nor let our sun go down at noon; Thy years are one e-ter-nal day, And must thy chil-dren die so soon? And must thy children die so soon?

2. Yet, in the midst of death and grief, This thought our sorrow should assuage; "Our Father and our Savior live; Christ is the same in eve-ry age, Christ is the same in every age."

1. Triumphant 74 - on, lift thy head From dust, and darkness, and the dead! Thine' humbled long, awake at length, And gird thee with a Savior's strength, And gird thee with a Savior's strength.

2. Put all thy beauteous garments on, And let thy ex - cellence be known; Des'nd in the robes of righteousness, Thy glories shall the world con - fess, Thy glories shall the world con - fess.

* Or six lines, by repeating first two lines.

Moderato.

DRESDEN. L. M. Double.

1. Pre - serve me, Lord, in time of need, For suc - cor to thy throne I flee;
a. c. My praise can nev - er make thee blest, Nor add new glo - ries to thy name.

2. Oft have my heart and tongue con - fessed How emp - ty and how poor I am:

Steady time.

WILTON. L. M.

1. Come, dear - est Lord, and bless this day! Come, hear our thoughts from earth a - way! Now let our no - blest plea - sures rise, With ar - ... dor, to their na - ... tive skies.

Originally composed for Montgomery's hymn, "There is a calm for those who weep."

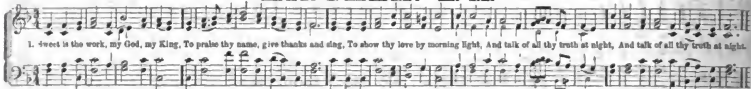


1. Sweet is the scene when Christians die; When ho - ly souls re - tire to rest: How mild - ly beams the clos - ing eye, How gent - ly heaves th' ex - pir - ing breast.

2. So fades a sun - ny cloud a - way; So sinks the gale when storms are o'er; So gent - ly shuts the eye of day; So dies a wave a - long the shore.

* Adapted to that hymn by repeating the last line, "Low in the ground."

HINGHAM. L. M.



1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing, To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth at night, And talk of all thy truth at night.

OHIO. L. M.

T. B. HAYSON.



1. How blest the sa - cred tie that binds In sweet com - mu - nion kin - dred minds! How swift the heav - en - ly course they run, Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one.

2. To each, the soul of each how dear! What ten - der love! what ho - ly fear! How does the gen - erous flame with - en Re - fine from earth, and cleanse from sin.

3. Their streaming eyes to - geth - er flow For hu - man guilt, and hu - man woe; Their ar - dent prayers to - geth - er rise, Like ming - ling flames in sac - ri - fice.

1. Blest is the man, for ev - er blest, Whose guilt is pardoned by his God; Whose sin with sor - row are con - fessed, And cov - ered with his Sav - lor's blood

2. From guilt his heart and lips are free; His hum - ble joy, his ho - ly fear, With deep re - pen - tance well a - groe, And join to prove his faith sin - cere.

3. How glo - rious is that right - eous - ness That hides and can - cels all his sin! While a bright ex - i - dence of grace Thro' his whole life ap - pears and shines.

Moderato.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

1. The heavens de - clare thy glo - ry, Lord, In ev - ry star thy wis - dom shines; But when our eyes be - hold thy word, We read thy name in fair - er lines

Spirited.

RISDON. L. M. Double.*

Arranged from a German tune by L. MASON.

Oh! render thanks to God above, The fountain of eternal love; Whose mercy firm thro' ages past, Has stood and shall for ever last. 2. Who can his mighty deeds express, Not only vast, but numberless? What mortal eloquence can raise His tribute of im - mor - tal [praise?]

Extend to me that favor, Lord! Thine to thy chosen doth afford; When thou return'st to set them free, Let thy salvation visit me. 4. Oh! render thanks to God above, The fountain of eternal love; Whose mercy firm thro' ages past, Has stood, and shall for ev - er [last.]

1. God, in his earth-ly tem-ple, lays Foun-da-tion for his heavenly praise; He likes the tents of Ja-cob well; But still in Zi-on loves to dwell.

2. His mer-cy vis-its eve-ry house, That pay their night and morning-vows, But makes a more de-light-ful stay, Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3. What glo-ries were describ'd of old! What wonders are of Zi-on told! Thou cit-y of our God be-low! Thy fame shall Tyre and E-gypt know.

* Sent from London, to the editors of this work.

Spirited.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON.

Lord, when thou didst ascend on high, Ten thousand an-gels fill'd the sky; Those heavenly guards a-round thee wait, Like chariots that attend thy state.

Slowly.

RUMA. L. M. or 6 lines.*

L. MASON.

1. The praise of Zi-on waits for thee, My God, and praise becomes thy house; There shall thy saints thy glo-ry see, And there perform their pub-lic vows.

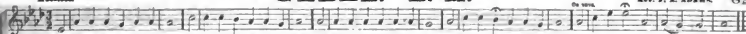
2. O Thou, whose mer-cy bends the skies, To save when hum-ble sin-ners pray! All hands to thee shall lift their eyes, And eve-ry yield-ing heart o-bey.

3. Best is the man whom thou shalt choose, And give him kind ac-cess to thee; Give him a place with-in thy house, To taste thy love di-vine-ly free.

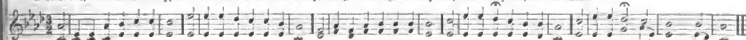
* By repeating the first two lines

GEHAL. L. M.

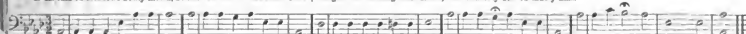
REV. F. A. ADAMS.



1. Great God, whose universal sway, The known and unknown worlds obey, Now give the kingdom to thy Son; Extend his power, exalt his throne.

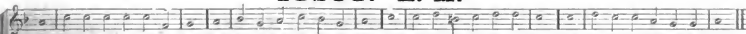


2. As rain on meadows newly mown, So shall he send his influence down; His grace on fainting souls distils, Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

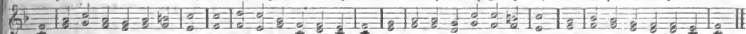


The pause in the last line is intended only for the first stanza of this hymn.

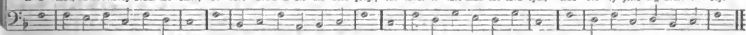
IOSCO. L. M.



1. The praise of Zi - on waits for thee, Great God, and praise becomes thy house; There shall thy saints thy glo - ry see, And there per - form their pub - lic vows.



2. O thou, whose mer - cy bends the skies, To save when hum - ble sin - ners pray; All lands to thee shall lift their eyes, And eve - ry yield - ing heart o - bey.



* This tune is said to have been composed by JOHN HYEN, born in Bohemia, 1573, and burnt as a Martyr, July 6, 1618.

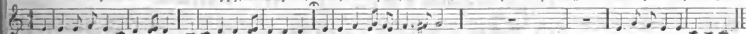
Allegretto.

ZORAH. L. M.

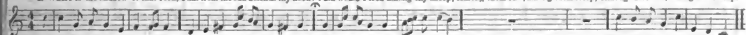
W. H. H.



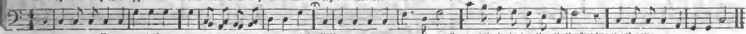
1. Thou whom my soul admires above All earthly joy, and earthly love, Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know, Where do thy sweetest pastures grow? Where do thy sweetest pastures grow?



2. Where is the shadow of that rock, That from the sun defends thy flock? Fain would I feed among thy sheep, Among them rest, among them sleep, Among them rest, among them sleep.



3. Why should thy bride appear like one That turns aside to paths unknown? My constant feet would never rove, Would nev - er seek an - other love, Would never seek an - other love.



If, on account of some verses commencing on an unaccented syllable, it is necessary to use the small note at the beginning, these are the first two eighth notes.

NEW MARCH. L. M. Double.

1 Let Zi - on praise the migh - ty God, And make his hon - or known a - broad; For sweet the joy - our songs to raise; And glo - rious is the work of praise.

2 The chang - ing sea - sons he or - dains, The ear - ly and the lat - er rains; The flakes of snow, the wool, he sends, And thus the springing corn de - fends.

3 He bids the south - ern breez - es blow; The ice dis - solves, the wa - ters flow; But he hath no - bler ways and ways, To call his peo - ple to his praise.

CRISO

2 Our chil - dren are so - cure and blest; Our shores have peace, our cit - ies rest; He feeds our sons with fin - est wheat, And adds his bless - ing to their meat.

4 With bon - ry frost he strews the ground; His hail de - scends with clat - tering sound; Where is the man so vain - ly bold, As dare de - fy his dread - ful cold.

6 To all our land his laws are shown, His gos - pel through the na - tion known: He hath not thus re - vealed his word To eve - ry land.—Praise ye the Lord!

CRISO

Not too fast.

PALESTRINA. L. M. 6 lines.

At 120. TO FINE.

1. Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive tone hath taught the rocks the notes of woe; And let thy tears for - get to flow; Be - hold, the pre - cious palm is found,
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan, (Our p. a. To still thy pain, to heal thy wound)

SARENA. L. M. Double, or 6 lines.*

Melody by CHAMBER 83

Now let our mourn-ful songs re-cord, The dy-ing sor-rows of our Lord:
When he com-plained in tears and blood, As one for-sak-en of his God: The Jews be-held him thus for-lorn, And shook their heads, and laughed in scorn;
U. C. - He re- cord-eth-ers from the grave, Now let him try him-self to save."

* By omitting the repeat.

AMES. L. M.

From the Carmina Sacra, by permission.

God, in his earth-ly tem-ple, lays Poun-dations for his heav-ly praise; He likens the tents of Ja-cob well, But still in Zi-on loves to dwell.

With strong emotion.

*but from***BEECH GROVE. L. M.**

*

1. Thou, whom my soul ad-mires a-bove All earth-ly joy, and earth-ly love— Tell me, dear Shep-herd! let me know Where do thy sweet-est pas-tures grow?
2. Where is the shad-ow of that rock, That from the sun de-fends thy flock? Fals would I feed a-mong thy sheep, A-mong them rest, a-mong them sleep.

ERROLL, L. M.

FIRST SWEEP. Stay and turn, with the 3d ending. SECOND SWEEP.

1. O that I could for ever dwell, Delighted at the Sav-ior's feet; Be-hold the form I love so well, And all his ten-der words repeat, And all his ten-der words repeat.

Cres. *Cres.* *Cres.*

3. The world shut out from all my soul, And heaven brought in with all its bliss; O, is there aught, from pole to pole, One moment to compare with this, One moment to compare with this?

4. This is the hid-den life I prize, A life of pen-i-ten-tial love; When most my follies I despise, And raise my highest thoughts above, And raise my highest thoughts above.

En pose Adagio.

LIMEHOUSE, L. M.

HERBARD.

"In mem-ry of your dy-ing Friend, Do this," he said, "till time shall end; Meet at my ta-ble, and re-cord The love of your de-part-ed Lord."

ARBA, L. M.

1. My dear Re-deem-er and my Lord, I read my du-ty in thy word; But in thy life the law ap-pears, Drawn out in try-ing char-ac-ters.

2. Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal, Such de-vot-ion to thy Fa-ther's will, Such love, and seek-ing so di-vine, I would transcribe, and make thine mine.

3. Cold mountains and the mid-night air Wit-nessed the fervor of thy prayer; The de-vot-thy tempt-a-tions knew, Thy ear felt and thy vic-tory too.

ATHOL. L. M.

1. Once on the raging seas I rode, The storm was loud, the night was dark ; The ocean yawned and rudely blew The wind that tossed my foundering bark. The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

p *Cres.* *Cres.* *Cres.* *Dim.*

2. Deep horror then my vi-tals froze ; Death struck & I ceased the tide to stem ; When suddenly a star a-rose, It was the star of Beth-le-hem, It was the Star of Beth-le-hem.

Spirited.

MILLWOOD. L. M.

The Star, the Star of Beth-le-hem.

3. Now safely moored, my perils o'er, I'll sing, first in night's diadem, For ev-er and for ev-er-more, The Star, the Star of Bethlehem, The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.

The Star, the Star of Beth-le-hem.

ADAGIO, e sempre piano,

GERMANY. L. M.

BEETHOVEN. From the Handel and Haydn Coll.

Soft-ly the shade of eve-n'ing falls, Sprink-ling the earth with dew-y tears ; While na-ture's voice to slum-ber calls. And si-lence reigns a-mid the spheres.

1. How plea-sant, how di-vine-ly fair, O Lord of hosts thy dwell-ings are! With long de-sire my spirit faints, To meet th'as-sen-blem of thy saints. 2. My flesh would rest in thine a-bode; My pant-ing heart cries out for God;

3. Most are the saints who sit on high, A-round the throne of ma-jes-ty; Thy bright-est glo-ries shine a-bove, And all their work is praise and love. 4. Most are the souls who find a place, With-in the tem-ple of thy grace;

My God! my King! why should I be So far from all my joys and thee! My God! my King! why should I be So far from all my joys and thee?

There they be-hold thy gen-ter rays, And seek thy face, and learn thy praise; There they be-hold thy gen-ter rays, And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

HEBRON. L. M.

L. MASON, 1880.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far his power pro-logs my days; And ev-ry eve-ning shall make known Some fresh me-mo-rial of his grace.

Allegretto.

REPOSE. L. M., Or L. M. 6 lines. W. H. H. From the Chorale, by permission. 87

1. From every stormy wind that blows, From every swelling tide of woes, There is a calm, a sure retreat; 'Tis found beneath the mercy seat, There is a calm, a sure retreat, 'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.

2. There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads—A place of all on earth most sweet; It is the blood-bought mercy seat, A place of all on earth most sweet, It is the blood-bought mercy seat.

3. There is a place where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Tho' sunder'd far, by faith they meet Around one common mercy seat, Tho' sunder'd far, by faith they meet Around one common mercy seat.

Legato e Piano.

WARD. L. M.

Arranged from a Scotch tune, by L. MASON.

1. There is a stream, whose gentle flow Supplies the cit - ies of our God; Life, love, and joy still glid - ing through, And wa - tering our di - vine a - bode.

OPORTO. L. M.

*

1. Now to the Lord a no - ble song! A - wake, my soul! a - wake, my tongue! Ho - san - na to th'e - ter - nal name, And all his boundless love pro - claims.

2. See where it shines in Je - sus' face,— The brightest im - age of his grace! God, in the per - son of his Son, Has all his mightiest works out - done.

3. Grace!—'Tis a sweet, a charming theme; My thoughts re - joice at Je - sus' name: Ye an - gels! dwell up - on the sound; Ye heav'n's re - flect it to the ground.

1. The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And feed me with a sheep - herd's care; My noon-day walks he shall at - tend,
His pres - ence shall my wants sup - ply, And guard me with a watch - ful eye;

2. When in the sol - ity fields I faint, Or on the thirst - y moon - tain pant, Where peaceful riv - ers, soft and slow,
To fer - tile vales, and dew - y meads, My wea - ry, wandering steps he leads,

And all my mid - night hours do - feed, My noon-day walks he shall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours do - feed.

A - mid the ver - dant land - scape flow, Where peaceful riv - ers, soft and slow, A - mid the ver - dant land - scape flow

LUTON. L. M.

SINGERS.

With all my powers of heart and tongue I'll praise my Mak - er in my song; Angels shall hear the notes I raise, Ap - prove the song, and join the praise.

OAKDALE. L. M



ROSEDALE. L. M. c. r. n. 89

{ O that I could for-ev- er dwell, Delight-ed, at the Sav-ior's feet; }
Behold the form I love so well, (Om- it) And all his tender words repeat.

{ Great God, to thee my evening song, With humble gratitude I raise }
O let thy mer-cy tune my tongue, (Om- it)

MYERS. L. M.

P. JEWELL, Jr.

And fill my heart with live-ly praises.

1. { Come hither, all ye wea-ry souls, Ye heav-y la-den sin-ners, come; } And raise you to my heav-enly home.
I'll give you rest from all your toils, (Om- it)

2. { They shall find rest that learn of me; I'm of a meek and low-ly mind; } And pride is rest-less as the wind.
But pas-sion rages like the sea, (Om- it)

OAKDALE. L. M. No. 2. For Men's voices.



2. The world shut out from all my soul, And heaven brought in with all its bliss;— O, is there aught, from pole to pole, One mo-ment to com- pare with this?

RINK. L. M.

Arranged from CH. H. RINK, by L. MASON.

1. Thine earth - ly Sab - baths, Lord, we love; But there's a nobler rest a - bove; To that our longing souls as - pire, With cheerful hope and strong de - sire.

2. No more fa - tigue, no more dis - tress, Nor sin nor death shall reach the place; No groans shall mingle with the songs, Which warble from im - mor - tal tongues.

3. No rude a - larms of ra - ging foes, No cares to break the long re - pose; No midnight shade, no cloud - ed sun, But as - cred, high, e - ter - nal noon.

Allegretto.

AVILLA. L. M.

H. K. G.

1. Come hi-ther all ye weary souls, Ye heavy la - den sin - ners come, I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heavenly home.

SURREY. L. M.

COSTELLO.

1. Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love; But there's a nobler rest above; To that our longing souls aspire, With cheer - ful hope and strong de - sire, With cheer - ful hope and strong de - sire.

2. No more fatigue, no more distress. Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place; No groans shall mingle with the songs, Which warble from immortal tongues, Which warble from im - mor - tal tongues.

3. No rude alarms of raging foes, No cares to break the long repose; No midnight shade, no clouded sun, But as - cred, high, e - ter - nal noon, But as - cred, high, e - ter - nal noon.

ADRA. L. M.

A. N. B. 91

1. Thus far my God hath led me on, And made his truth and mer-cy known; My hopes and fears al-ter-nate rise, And com-forts mingle with my sighs.

2. Through this wide wilderness I roam, Far dis-tant from my blissful home; Lord, let thy pres-ence be my stay, And guard me in this dan-gerous way.

HOFFMEIN. L. M. Arranged by L. MARON.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Slow and gentle.

Arranged by L. MARON.

Sweet peace of conscience hear'stly guest, Come fix thy mansion in my breast;
Dispel my doubts, my fears control, (OMIT) And heal the anguish of my soul.

L | Happy the man whose cautious feet Shun the broad way that sinners go;
Who hates the place where atheists meet, (OMIT) And fears to talk as scoffers do.

PORTLAND. L. M.

G. F. R.

1. Gent-ly, my Sav-ior! let me down, To slumber in the arms of death; I rest my soul on thee a-lone, I'en till my last ex-plir-ing breath.

2. Soon will the storm of life be o'er, And I shall en-ter end-less rest; There I shall live to sin no more, And bless thy name, for-ev-er blest.

LIMA. L. M.

C. F. A.

1. What va-ri-ous hin-drances we meet, In com-ing to a mer-cy seat! Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer, But wish-es to be oft-en there.

2. Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw; Prayer climbs the lad-der Ja-cob saw; Gives ex-er-cise to faith and love; Brings eve-ry bless-ing from a-bove.

Tenderly.

REST. L. M.

W. B. B.

1. A-sleep in Je-sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev-er wakes to weep; A calm and un-dis-turbed re- pose, Un-broken by the last of foes.

2. A-sleep in Je-sus! O, how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet! With ho-ly com-fid-ence to sing, That death hath lost his venom'd sting.

Smooth and flowing.

DUMBARTON. L. M.

W. B. B. From the Mendelssohn Coll., by permission

1. Je-sus, where'er thy peo-ple meet, There they be-hold thy soft-cy seat; Where'er they seek thee, thou art found, And eve-ry place is hallowed ground.

2. For thou, with-in no walls con-fined, In-ha-bit-est the hum-ble mind; Such ev-er bring thee, where they come, And go-ing, take thee to their home.

3. Dear Shep-herd of thy cho-sen few, Thy far-mer mer-cies here re-new; Here, to our wait-ing hearts proclaim The sweet-nom of thy sav-ing name.

CHARITY SONG. L. M.

W. B. B. 93

1. Blest is the man, whose ten-der care Re-leases the poor in their dis-tress; Whose pit-y wipes the wid-ow's tear, Whose hand supports the ta-ther-less.

2. His heart contrives for their re-lief, More good than his own hand can do; He, in the time of gene-ral grief, Shall find the Lord has pit-y too.
3. Or, if he lan-guish on his bed, God will pronounce his sins forgiven; Will save from death his sink-ing head, Or take his will-ing soul to heaven.

UPTON. L. M.

H. & H. Society's Coll.

Him, O my soul, the liv-ing God, Call home thy thoughts that rove a-broad; Let all the powers with-in me join In work and wor-ship so di-vine.

NAVAH. L. M. (Quartett).

HAYDN. From the Creation.

1. As showers on meadows newly mown, Our God shall send his Spirit down; Eternal Source of grace divine, What soul-refreshing drops are thine, What soul-refreshing drops are thine!

2. That heavenly influence let us find In ho-ly al-lence of the mind, While every grace maintains its bloom, Diffusing wide its rich perfume, Diffus-ing wide its rich perfume.

3. Nor let these blessings be confined To us, but poured on all mankind, Till earth's rude wastes in verdure rise, And Eden's beauty greet our eyes, And E-den's beauty greet our eyes.

MELITA. L. M. Quartett.I. B. WOODBURY. From the *Dalcroze*.

1. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for weary pilgrims found; They soft-ly lie, and sweet-ly sleep, Low in the ground, Low in the ground.

2. The storm that sweeps the wintry sky No more disturbs their deep repose, Than summer eve-ning's lat-est sigh, That shuts the rose, That shuts the rose,

Then traveler in the vale of tears, To realms of ever-lasting light, Thro' time's dark wil-der-ness of years, (Omn.) Pursue thy flight

SECOND EXTERNA.

** Or 8's & 4's peculiar.*

Voice & piano.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

1. See, yon - the pa-tience smile on pain, See, dy-ing hope re-vive a-gain; Hope wipes the tear from sor-row's eye, While faith points up-ward to the sky.

Gently.

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

W. B. R.

1. 'Tis midnight—and, on Ol-ive's brow, The star is dimm'd that late-ly shone; 'Tis midnight—in the gar-den now The suf-fering Sav-ior prays a-lone.

2. 'Tis midnight—and, from all re-moved, Im-man-nel wan-ties lone, with fears: For the dis-ci-ple that he loved Heeds not his Mas-ter's grief and tears.

3. 'Tis midnight—and, for oth-er's guilt, The man of sor-rows weeps in bound; Yet he, who hath in an-guish knelt, Is not for-sak-en by his God.

1. To thee, most Ho - ly and most High! To thee we bring our thankful praise; Thy works declare thy name is high, Thy works of won - der and of grace

2. Let hangt - y sin - ners sink their pride; Nor lift so high their scornful head; But lay their foolish thoughts a - side, And own the powers that God hath made.

THE PASSING BELL. L. M.

OR as the bell with so - lemn toll, Speaks the de - part - ure of a soul, Let each one ask him - self, "Am I Prepared, should I be called to die?"

BLOOMFIELD CHANT. L. M.

1. Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim Sal - vation in Immanuel's name; To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the rose of Sharon there, And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With holy zeal your hearts inspire, Bid raging winds their fury cease, And calm the savage breast to peace, And calm the savage breast to peace.

3. And when our labors all are o'er, Then shall we meet to part no more—Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall, And crown the Savior Lord of all, And crown the Savior Lord of all.

BEETHOVEN. L. M.

Arranged from BEETHOVEN

1. In sleep's re-rene ob-liv-ion laid, I safe-ly passed the mi-lent night: A-gain I see the break-ing shade, I drink a-gain the morn-ing light.

2. New born, I bless the wak-ing hour, Once more, with awe, re-joice to be: My run-a-cious soul re-sumes her power, And springs, my guar-dian God, to thee!

3. Oh 'guide me thro' the va-rious maze, My doubt-ful feet may this day tread; And spread thy shield's protect-ing blaze, Where dan-gers press a-round my head.

QUITO. L. M.

Who is this stran-ger in dis-tress, That trav-els through this wilder-ness? Op-pressed with sor-row and with sin, On her be-lov-ed Lord she leans, On her be-lov-ed Lord she leans.

ROSENBERG. L. M.

1. My God! ac-cept my ear-ly vows, Like morn-ing-in-cense in thy house: And let my night-ly wor-ship rise, Sweet as the eve-ning sac-ri-fice.

2. Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord! From ev-ery rash and heed-less word; Nor let my feet in-close to tread The gull-ty path, where sin-ners lead.

3. Oh! may the right-eous, when I stray, Re-trieve, and re-serve my wan-dering way; Their gen-tle words, like oint-ment shed, Shall nev-er bruise, but cheer my load.

Moderato.

REDOM. L. M.

Arranged from BEETHOVEN by E. IVFA, JR. 19

1. Come, gracious Spl - rit, heavenly Dove, With light and com - fort from a - bove; Be thou our guardian, thou our guide, O'er eve - ry thought and step pre - side.

2. The light of truth to us dis - play, And make us know and choose the way; Plant ho - ly fear in eve - ry heart, That we from God may ne'er de - part.

3. Lead us to ho - li - ness—the road, That we must take to dwell with God; Lead us to Christ, the liv - ing way, Nor let us from his pre - cepts stray.

Allegro.

ROTHWELL. L. M.

Awake the trumpet's in - f - ty sound, To spread your sacred pleasure round; Awake each voice, and strike each string, And to the solemn organ sing, And to the sol - emn organ sing.

LOVING KINDNESS. L. M.

1. Awake, my soul, to joyful lays, And sing the great Redeemer's praise; He justly claims a song from me: His loving kindness, O, how free! His loving kindness, loving kindness, His loving kindness, etc.

2. He saw me ruin'd in the fall, Yet loved me notwithstanding all; He saved me from my lost estate, His loving kindness, O, how great! His loving kindness, loving kindness, His loving kindness, O, how etc.

3. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud, He near my soul has always stood, His loving kindness, O, how good! His loving kindness, etc.

SHAW.

(7)

GOSNER. C. M. (Reciting Tune.)

1. O praise the Lord, and thou, my soul, For - ev - er bless his name: His wondrous love from age to age, My con - stant praise shall claim.

2. The God that dwells in Zi - on dwell, Is our e - ter - nal King: From age to age his reign en - dures; Let all his praise be sing.

Basso.

Andantino.

BROWN. C. M.

From the Psalms.

I love to steal a - while a - way From ev - ry cumbering care, And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful prayer

LEROE. C. M.

W. J. WETMORE M. D.*

1. Dear re - fuge of my wea - ry soul! On thee, when sor - rows rise, On thee, when waves of trou - ble roll, My - faint - ing hope re - lies.

2. To thee I tell each ris - ing grief, For thou a - lone canst heal; Thy word can bring a sweet re - lief, For ev - ry pain I feel.

3. But Oh! when gloomy doubts pre - vail, I fear to call thee mine; The springs of com - fort seem to fail, And all my hopes de - cline.

* Author of "My Mountain Home" etc

KERNON. C. M. Double.

{ When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies, } Should earth against my soul engage, And fiery darts be huried, Then I can smile at Satan's rage, Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And
 { I'll bid farewell to every fear, And wipe my weeping eyes. } Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage, Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And

Allegretto. Con Energia.

AUBURN. C. M. From the Psalter. By permission.

1. Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince, Ride with majestic sway ; Thy terror shall strike thro' thy foes, And make the world obey.
 face a frowning world, And face a frowning world.
 2. Thy throne, O God, for-ev - er stands, Thy word of grace shall prove A peaceful scepter in thy hands, To rule thy saints by love.

HEBER. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

Thou Bar - for calls, let eve - ry ear, At - tend the heav'n - ly sound ; Ye doubt - ing souls, dis - miss your fear, Hope smiles re - viv - ing round.

PIETY. C. M. Or C. P. M.

CLARE

1. Happy is he who fears the Lord, And follows his commands, And follows his commands; Who lends the poor without reward, Who lends the poor without reward, Or gives with liberal hands.

2. As pity dwells within his breast, To all the sons of need, To all the sons of need; So God shall answer his re-quest, So God shall answer his re-quest, With bless-ings on his need.

3. In times of danger and distress, Some beams of light shall shine, Some beams of light shall shine, To show the world his righteousness, To show the world his righteousness, And give him peace divine.

With energy.

HENRY. C. M.

A. B. FORD—By permission.

1. 'Tis by thy strength the moun-tains stand, God of e - ter - nal power; The sea grows calm at thy com-mand, And tem - pests cease to roar.

Very spirited.

LINDENVILLE. C. M.

*

1. Sing, all ye ran-somed of the Lord, Your great De-liv-er-er sing: Ye pil-grims! now be Zi-on bound, Be joy-ful in your King, Be joy-ful in your King.

2. See the fair way his hand hath made,—How peace-ful and how plain! The sim-plest trav-eler need not err, Nor seek the path in vain, Nor seek the path in vain.

3. A hand di-vine shall lead you on, Thro' all the bliss-ful road; Till to the sa-cred mount you rise, And see your smiling God, And see your smil-ing God.

HONOLULU. C. M. Double or Single.*

HASTINGS. 101

1. While thee I seek, protecting Power, Be my vain wishes stilled, And may this consecrated hour With better hopes be filled. Thy love the power of thought bestowed, To thee my thoughts would soar;

2. In each event of life, how clear Thy ruling hand I see! Each blessing to my soul more dear, Because conferred by thee. In every joy that crowns my days, In every pain I bear,

3. When gladness wings my favored hour, Thy love my breast shall fill; Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower, My soul shall meet thy will. My lifted eye, without a tear, The gathering storm shall see;

* Single, by singing the first half of the tune only.

MICAH. C. M.

CREATOREX.

Thy mercy o'er my life has shined, That mercy I adore.

1. O that I knew the secret place Where I might find my God! I'd spread my wants before his face, And pour my woes abroad.

2. I'd tell him how my sin a - rise, What sorrows I sustain; How grace decays, and comfort dies, And leave my heart in pain.

3. Arise, my soul! from deep distress, And banish every fear; He calls thee to his throne of grace, To spread thy sorrows there.

LANESBORO'. C. M. Or 8's & 6's.

English.

As C. M. Earls, my God, without de - lay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirst - y spir - it faints a - way, My thirst - y spir - it faints a - way, With - out thy cheer - ing grace.

As 6's & 6's. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wanderers given; There is a joy for souls distressed, A balm for ev - ery wound - ed breast; 'Tis found a - lone in heav - en

LIVONIA. C. M.

Arise, ye peo - ple! and adore, Ex - ult - ing strike the chord; Let all the earth from shore to shore, Confess th'almighty Lord, Confess th'almighty Lord.

A - rise, ye peo - ple! and adore, Ex - ult - ing strike the chord; Let all the earth from shore to shore, Confess th'almighty Lord, Confess th'almighty Lord.

Arise, ye peo - ple! and adore, Ex - ult - ing strike the chord; Let all the earth from shore to shore. Confess th'almighty Lord.

NAHANT. C. M.

Confess th'almighty Lord.

There is an hour of hallowed peace, For those with cares oppressed; When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease, And all be hushed to rest.

Confess th'almighty Lord.

There is an hour of hallowed peace, When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease, And all be hushed to rest.

Allegretto.

CONWAY. C. M.

1. Come, let us join our cheer - ful songs, With an - gels round the throne; Ten thou - sand thou - sand are their tongues, Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

LINSLEY. C. M. Double.

W. R. B. From the Choralist, by permission. 103

1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my delights; The glo-ry of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights. 2. In darkest shades if thou appear,

3. The opening heavens around me shine With beams of sacred bliss, While Je-sus shows his heart is mine, And whispers I am his. 4. My soul would leave this heavy clay,

LEMNOS. C. M.

Allegro con spirito. From Carmen Sacra by permission.

My dawning is be-gun; Thou art my soul's bright morning star, And thou my ris-ing sun.

At that trans-port-ing word; Run up with joy the shining way, Tem-ple my dear-est Lord.

1. O all ye saints, in God re-joice,

2. Oh, en-ter ye his courts with praise,

To him your thanks belong; To him your thanks belong; In strains of gladness, raise your voice, In loud and joyful song, In loud and joyful song, In loud and joy-ful song.

His thanks to all proclaim; His love to all proclaim; To God the song of triumph raise, And magni-fy his name, And magni-fy his name, And mag-ni-fy his name.

The second ending may be omitted.
 1. When the worn spir - it wants re - pose, And sighs her God to seek, How sweet to hail the eve - ning close, (Only . . .) That ends the wea - ry week.
FIN. *FIN.*

2. Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease; Yet, while they gently roll, Breathe, heav'nly Spir - it, source of peace, A Sab - bath o'er my soul, A Sab - bath o'er my soul.
FIN. *FIN.*

The second ending may be omitted.

Allegro vigoroso.

ZERAH. C. M.

L. WASON.

1. To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is given: Him shall the tribes of earth obey, Him all the hosts of heaven, Him shall the tribes of earth obey, Him all the hosts of heaven.

Spirited.

JUDAH. C. M.

From the Boston Academy's Collection, by permission.

1. Joy to the world—the Lord is come!—Let earth receive her king; Let every heart pre-pare him room. And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and na - ture sing.
 And heaven and nature sing. . . .

2. Joy to the world—the Savior reigns; Let men their songs employ; While fields and floods—rocks, hills and plains Repeat the sounding joy— Repeat the sound-ing joy.

Chorus *Chorus*

1. Ye trembling souls, dismiss your fears, Be mercy all your theme; Mercy, which like a river, flows In one perpetual stream. Mercy, which like a river flows In one perpetual stream.

2. Fear not the powers of earth and hell, Those powers will God restrain; His arm shall all their rage repel, And make their efforts vain, His arm shall all their rage repel, And make their efforts vain.

3. Fear not the want of outward good; For his he will provide, Grant them supplies of daily food, And all they need be-side, Grants them supplies of daily food, And all they need be-side.

COVENTRY. C. M.

1. O, could our thoughts and wish - es fly A - bove these gloom-y shades, To those bright worlds be - yond the sky, Which sor - row ne'er in - vades.

2. O then, on faith's sub - lim - est wing, Our ar - dent souls shall rise, To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring, Im - mor - tal in the skies.

Allegro, Con Spirito.

GAHAR. C. M.

From the Modern Psalmist.

1. Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose breath our souls inspired; Loud and more loud the an - thems raise, With grateful ar - - dor fired, With grateful ar - - dor fired.

2. Lift up to God the voice of praise, For hope's transporting ray, Which lights thro' dark-est shades of death To realms of end - less day, To realms of end - less day.

MERTON. C. M.

B. R. OLIVER.

1. Ye gl - den lamps of heav'n! fare - well, With all your fee - ble light; Fare-well, thou ev - er - chang - ing moon! Pale em - press of the night.

2. And thou, re - ful - gent orb of day! In bright - er flames ar - rayed, - My soul, that springs be - yond thy sphere, No more de - mands thy aid.

3. Ye stars are but the shin - ing dust Of my di - vine a - bode; The pave - ment of those heav - en - ly courts, Where I shall see my God.

Moderato.

CHIMES. C. M.

L. MARSH.

1. With joy we hail the sa - cred day, Which God has called his own; With joy the summons we o - bey, To wor - ship at his throne. Halle-lujah! halle-lujah! halle-lujah!

Cheerful.

CHILO. C. M.

E. IVES, Jr.

1. How smil - ing wakes the ver - dant year, Ar - rayed in vel - vet green; How glad the cir - cling fields ap - pear, That bound the bloom - ing scene.

2. And hark! from yon me - lo - dious grove, The festh - ered war - blers break, And in - to notes of joy and love, The col - o - red a - wake.

3. O let me join th'aspir - ing lay, That gives my Mak - er praise; And swell the song more loud than they, And let - tier peaks - as raise.

ABBEYVILLE. C. M.

4. 7. 107

1. Come ye that know and fear th Lord, And raise your soul above ; Let every heart and voice accord, To sing that—God is love, To sing that God is love. God is love.

2. This precious truth his word declares, And all his mercies prove ; While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, appears, To show that God is love, To show that God is love. God is love.

3. Be-hold his lov-ing-kindness waits, For those who from him rove, And calls of mercy reach their hearts, To teach them God is love, To teach them God is love. God is love.

Waltz tempo.
SOLO or CHORUS

JUDEA. C. M.

MARLOW. C. M.

1. O praise the Lord with one consent, And magnify his name ;
Let all the servants of the (Omni) Lord His worthy praise proclaim.

1. Let all the lands, with shouts of joy, To God their voices raise ;
(Sing psalms to honor of his name, (Omni) And spread his glorious praise.

Modesto.

AMESVILLE. C. M.

*

1. O could our thoughts and wishes fly, A-bove these gloomy shades, To those bright worlds beyond the sky, Which sor-row ne'er in-vades, Which sor-row ne'er in-vades.

2. There joys, unseen by mortal eye, Or reason's fee-ble ray, In-er-er-bloom-ing pros-pect rise, Ex-posed to no de-cay, Ex-posed to no de-cay.

SHERWOOD. C. M.

HASTINGS.

1. U - nite my rev - ing thoughts, u - nite, In si - lence soft and sweet; And thou, my soul, sit gent - ly down At thy great sov' - reign's foot.

2. Je - ho - vah's aw - ful voice is heard, Yet glad - ly I at - tend; For lo! the ev - er - last - ing God Pro - claims him - self my friend.

3. Har - monious ac - cents to my soul, The sounds of peace con - vey; The tem - pest at his word sub - sides, And winds and seas o - bey.

ROCHESTER. C. M.

English.

God, my sup - port - er and my hope, My help for ev - er near, Thine arm of mer - cy hold me up, When sink - ing in dis - pair.

*Quick.***HARVEY'S CHANT. C. M.**

May and here. GUBA.

1. With reverence let the saints appear, And bow before the Lord; His high commands with reverence hear, And tremble at his word, And tremble at his word.

2. How ter - ri - ble the glori - es be! How bright thine armies shine? Where is the power that vies with thee? Or truth compared with thine? Or truth compared with thine?

3. The northern pole, and southern, rest, On thy support - ing hand; Darkness and day, from east to west, Move round at thy command, Move round at thy command.

BLOOMFIELD. C. M.

1. When verdure clothes the fer - tile vale, And blossoms deck the spray, And fragrance breathes in eve - ry gale, How sweet the ver - nal day!

2. Hark! how the feather'd warb - lers sing! Th' na - ture's cheer - ful voice; Soft mu - sic hails the love - ly spring, And woods and fields re - joice.

3. O God of na - ture and of grace, Thy heav - en - ly gifts im - part; Then shall my me - di - ta - tion trace Spring, blooming in my heart.

NICHOLS. C. M.

Sing, all ye ran - som - ed of the Lord, Your great Deliverer sing; Ye pilgrims, now for Zi - on bound, Be joy - ful in your King, Be joy - ful in your King.

PITTSFIELD. C. M.

1. Arise, ye people, and adore, Ex - ult - ing strikes the chord; Let all the earth from shore to shore, Confess th'almighty Lord, Confess th'almighty Lord.

2. Glad shouts aloud, wide - echoing round, Th'ascending God pro - claim; Th'angelic choir respond the sound, And shake creation's frame, And shake creation's frame.

3. They sing of death and hell o'erthrown in that tri - umph - ant hour; And God exalts his con - qu'ring Son To his right hand of pow'r, To his right hand of pow'r.

ROGERS. C. M.

From *Cantata Loda* by permission.

1. Yes, there are joys that can - not die, With God laid up in store! Treasures, be-yond the chang - ing sky, More rich than gold - - on ore.

2. To that bright world my soul as-pires, With rap - turous de-light! O for the Spir - it's quick - ening power, To speed me in my flight.

Cheerful

JORDAN. C. M. Double.

BILLINGS

1. There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints immor - tal reign; }
In - di - vidual day ex - cludes the night, (Ours) } And plea-sures ban-ish pain. There ev - er - last-ing spring a - bides, And nev - er-withering flow-ers;

See next page.

Very spirited and Joyous. Marcato.

JEDDO. C. M.

1. A - wake, my soul stretch eve-ry nerve, And press with vigor on; A heavenly race demands thy zeal, A bright im-mor-tal crown, A bright im-mor - tal crown.

2. A cloud of wit-nesses a - round Hold thee in full sur-vey; Forget the steps al-read-y trod, And onward urge thy way, And onward urge thy way.

3. 'Tis God's all - an - i - mat - ing voice That calls thee from on high; 'Tis his own hand presents the prize To thine up-lift - ed eye, To thine up-lift - ed eye.

1. Why is my heart so far from thee, My God my chief de-light? Why are my thoughts no more by day With thee, no more by night?

2. Why should my fool-ish pas-sions rove? Where can such sweet-ness be, As I have tast-ed in thy love, As I have found in thee?

PETERBORO. C. M.

Death, like a nar-row sea, divides That heavenly land from ours.

1. Once more, my soul, the rising day Salutes thy waking eyes: Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay To Him who rules the skies.

Joyous and cheerful.

CEDARVILLE. C. M. Double.



(Oh, could our th'is-ant wishes fly, Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky, Which sorrow ne'er invades.)

2. There, joys unseen by mortal eyes, Or reason's feeble ray, In ever-blooming prospect rise, In ever-blooming prospect rise, Exposed to no decay.

1. Lord, send a beam of light di-vine, To guide our upward aim!
With one reviving look of thine, Our languid hearts inflame.

4. Oh then, on faith's sublimest wing, Our ardent souls shall rise, To those bright scenes where pleasures spring, To those bright scenes where pleasures spring, Immortal in the skies.

PARMA. C. M. Double.

1. Be-hold the glo-rie of the Lamb, Amidst his Father's throne; Pre-pare new honors for his name, Pre-pare new honors for his name, And songs be-fare unknown.

2. These are the prayers of all the saints, And these the hymns they raise; Je-sus is kind to our complaints, Je-sus is kind to our complaints, He loves to hear our praise.

2. Let el-ders worship at his feet, The church adore around, With vials full of odors sweet, With vials full of odors sweet, And harps of sweeter sound, And harps of sweeter sound.

4. Now to the Lamb, that once was slain, Be endless blessings paid; Salvation, glory, joy remain, Salvation, glory, joy remain For ev-er on thy head, For ev-er on thy head.

Gently.

NEVIN. C. M.

1. Be-hold thy wait-ing ser-vant, Lord, De-vot-ed to thy fear; Re-mem-ber and con-firm thy word, For all my hopes are there, all my hopes are there.

2. Hast thou not sent sal-va-tion down, And prom-ised quick-en-ing grace? Does not my heart ad-dress thy throne? And yet thy love de-lays.

3. Mine eyes for thy sal-va-tion fall; O, hear thy ser-vant up; Nor let the scoff-ing lips pre-vail, That dare re-proach my hope.

BRADBURY. C. M. Double.

HASTINGS. 113
D. C.

Cheerful.

DUET. Alternate male and female voices.

1. Let Zi-on's watchmen all a-wake, And take th'a-larm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God, Their aw-ful charge re-ceive.

2. 'Tis not a cause of small im-port The pas-sor's care de-mands;
D. C.

But what might fill an an-gel's heart, It fills a Sav-ior's hands.

DUET. Alternate male and female voices.

D. C.

D. C.

ST. MARTINS. C. M.

TANSUR.

O thou, to whom all crea-tures bow, With in this earth-ly frame, Thro' all the world, how great art thou! How glo-rious is thy name!

Chanting style.

LA MIRA. C. M.

*

1. I love to steal a-while a-way, From eve-ry cumbering care, And spend the hours of set-ting day, In hum-ble, grate-ful prayer.

2. I love, in sol-i-tude to shed The pen-i-ten-tial tear; And all his prom-is-es to plead, When none but God is near.

3. I love to think on mer-cies past, And fu-ture good im-plore; My cares and sor-rows all to cast, On him whom I a-dore.

MASON'S CHANT. C. M.

1. O for a thousand tongues to sing My dear Redeemer's praise— The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace.

2. My gracious Master and my God, Assist me to proclaim, To spread through all the earth a-broad The honors of thy name.

3. Jesus! the name that calms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease; 'Tis music in the sinner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

DEVIZES. C. M.

TUCKER.

Come, let us join our cheerful songs, With angels round the throne; Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one, But all their joys are one.

Legato.

HASTINGSVILLE. C. M.

*

1. O that the Lord would guide my ways To keep his statutes still; O that my God would grant me grace To know and do his will! To know and do his will!

2. O send thy Spirit down, to write Thy law up on my heart; Nor let my tongue indulge deceit, Nor act the liar's part, Nor act the liar's part.

3. From folly turn away my eyes; Let no corrupt design, Nor covetous desire, arise Within this soul of mine. Within this soul of mine.

1. I saw one hang-ing on a tree, In ag-o-nies and blood; He fixed his lan-guid eyes on me, As near his cross I stood.

2. Oh! nev-er, till my lat-est breath, Shall I for-got that look; It seemed to charge me with his death, Though not a word he spoke

4. My conscience felt and owned the guilt, It plunged me in des-pair; I saw my sine-bis-wood had split, And helped to nail him there.

MEAR. C. M.

Oh, 'twas a joy-fal sound to hear Our tribes de-vout-ly say, "Up, Is-ra-el, to the tem-ple haste, And keep your fes-tal day."

GAULOS. C. M. Double.

Arranged from Beethoven.

1. The Lord himself, the mighty Lord, Vouchsafes to be my guide; The shepherd, by whose constant care My wants are all supplied. 2. In tender grace he makes me feed, And gently there repose;

3. Then leads me to cool shades, and where Refreshing water flows, Then leads me to cool shades, and where Refreshing water flows.

OHIO CITY. C. M. Double.

SOLO OR SEMI-CHORUS.

CHORUS.

1. { On Jer - dan's stor - my banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye }
To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie. } 2. O the trans - port - ing, rap - turous scene, That ris - es to my sight!

SOLO OR SEMI-CHORUS. CHORUS.

3. { O'er all those wide, ex - tend - ed plains, Shines one e - ter - nal day; }
There God the Son for ev - er reigns, And seat - less night a - way. } 4. No chill - ing winds, nor pois' - nous breath Can reach that health - ful shore :

Sweet fields, ar - rayed in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light, Sweet fields, ar - rayed in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light.

Sick - ness and sor - row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more, Sick - ness and sor - row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.

Slow.

ST. ANNS. C. M.

DR. CROFT.

Hail, ac - cred truth! whose pierce - ing rays Dis - pel the shades of night, Dif - fus - ing o'er the men - tal world The heal - ing beams of light

SHERBURNE. C. M.

Old American Tune, J. REARD, 117

1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around, And glory shone around, The
The angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around, And glo - - - ry shone around; The angel
1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around, And glory shone around; The angel of the Lord came down, And
The angel of the Lord came down, And glo - - - ry shone around, And glo - - - ry shone around; The angel of the

VISION. C. M.

R. E. MANN.

angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around.
of the Lord came down, And glory shone around.
glo - ry shone around, And glo - ry shone around.
Lord came down, And glory shone around.

1. How shall the young secure their hearts, And guard their lives from sin? Thy word the choicest rules imparts To keep the conscience clean.
2. Then, - the sun, a heav'nly light, That guides us all the day, And, through the dangers of the night, A lamp to lead our way.
3. Thy precepts make us truly wise; We hate the sinner's road; We hate our own vain thoughts that rise, But love thy law, O God.

TALLIS. C. M.

TALLIS.

CHANT, OLD OR NEW-VERSE. CHORUS. OLD OR NEW-VERSE. PROSE.

1. O all ye na - tions praise the Lord, Each with a dif - ferent tongue; In eve - ry lan - guage learn his word, And let his name be sung.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

From HANDEL. 113

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive their King; Let ev-ry heart prepare him room, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing,

WARWICK. C. M.

STANLEY.

And heaven and nature sing. Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice ascend-ing high; To thee will I di-rect my prayer. To thee lift up mine eye.

BRATTLE STREET. C. M. Double.

PLEVELL.
D. C. F.

1. While thee I seek, protecting Power, Be my vain wishes stilled; And may this consecrated hour With better hopes be filled, Thy love the power of thought bestowed, To thee my thoughts would soar;
a. c. Thy mercy o'er my life has sowed; That mercy I adore.
Fine. B. C. F.

CHRISTMAS. C. M

Attributed to HANDEL.

A - wake, my soul, stretch every nerve, And press with vi- gor on; A heavenly race demands thy soul, And an im-mor-tal crown, And an im-mor-tal crown.

This hymn may be varied.

In time of fear, when trouble's near, I look to thine a-bode; Tho' helpers fail and foes prevail, I'll put my trust in God, I'll put my trust in God.

Not too fast.

DEDHAM. C. M.

GARDNER.

Sweet was the time, when first I felt The Sav-ior's par-d'ning blood, Ap-plied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.

ALBANY. C. M.

From the Chorus.

1. Sweet was the time, when first I felt The Sav-ior's par-d'ning blood, Ap-plied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.

2. Soon as the morn the light re-vealed, His prais-es tuned my tongue; And when the eve-n'g shades prevailed, His love was all my song.

3. In prayer my soul drew near the Lord, And saw his glo-ry shine; And when I read his ho-ly word, I called each pro-p'ness mine.

Moderato.

IBERIA. C. M.

191

1. And now an - other week begins, This day we call the Lord's; This day he rose, who bore our sins, For so his word re - cords, For so his word re - cords.

2. Hark, how the angels sweetly sing! Their voices fill the sky; They hail their great victorious King, And welcome him on high, And welcome him on high.

3. We'll catch the note of suf - fy praise; May we their rapture feel; Our thankful songs with theirs we raise, And em - u - late their zeal, And em - u - late their zeal.

Allegretto - Spirited.

IRONTON. C. M.

Hail, mighty Savior! thee we hail! High on thy throne above; Till heart and flesh to - geth - er fail, We'll sing thy matchless love, We'll sing thy matchless love.

Hail, mighty Savior! thee we hail! High on thy throne above; Till heart and flesh to - geth - er fail, We'll sing thy matchless love, We'll sing thy matchless love.

CORONATION. C. M.

O. HOLDEN.

All hail the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di - a - dem And crown him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal di - a - dem And crown him Lord of all.

TABERNAACLE CHANT. C. M.

C. M.

May not be.

C. M.



1. When, as returns this solemn day, Man comes to meet his God, What rites, what honors shall he pay? How spread his praise abroad? How spread his praise abroad?

2. From marble-domes and gilded spires, Shall clouds of incense rise? And gems, and gold, and garlands deck The costly sac-ri-see? The costly sac-ri-see?

3. Vain, sinful man! creature's Lord Thine offerings well may spare; But give thy heart, and thou shalt find, That God will hear thy prayer, That God will hear thy prayer.

Firm.

SWANWICK. C. M.

LUCAS.

A-rise, ye peo-ple, and a-dore; Ex-alt-ing strike the chord; Let all the earth, from shore to shore, Con-fess th'al-mighty Lord, Con-fess th'al-mighty Lord.

BOWDOIN SQUARE. C. M.

Arranged from VOGLER, by SUMNER HILL.

Larghetto.

Treble and Tenor may be inverted.

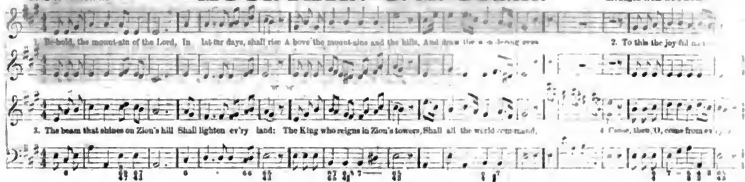
1. Hap-py is he who fears the Lord, And fol-lows his com-mands; Who lends the poor with-out re-ward, Or gives with lib'-ral hands.

2. As pl-ty dwells with-in his breast To all the sons of need, So God shall an-swer his re-quest With ben-sings on his seed.

Allegretto con spirito

MOUNTAIN. C. M. Double.

Arranged from NEWMAN



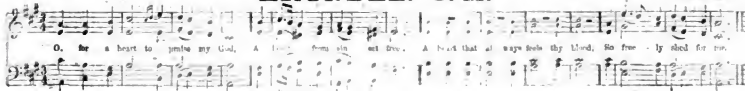
1. Be-hold, the mount-ain of the Lord, In lat-ter days, shall rise A-bove the mount-ains and the hills, And show the world a-fore-noon
2. To this the joy-ful host
3. The beam that shines on Zion's hill Shall lighten ev'ry land: The King who reigns in Zion's towers, Shall all the world com-mand,
4. Come, then, O, come from ev'ry



All tribes and tongues shall say: "Up to the hill of God," they say, "And to his house we'll go," "Up to the hill of God," they say, "And to his house we'll go."
"Up to the hill of God," they say,
To wor-ship at his shrine: And, walk-ing in the light of God, With ho-ly beauty shine: And, walk-ing in the light of God, With ho-ly beauty shine.

ARUNDEL. C. M.

C. WILLIAMS



O, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin-ner free. A heart that al-ways feels thy blood, So free-ly shed for me.

TABERNACLE CHANT. C. M.

1845.

May and tent.

.004.

1. When, as returns this solemn day, Man comes to meet his God. What rises, what honours shall he pay? How spread his praise abroad? How spread his praise abroad?

2. From marble domes and gilded spires, Shall clouds of incense rise? And gems, and gold, and garlands deck The costly sac-rifice? The costly sac-rifice?

3. Vain, sinful man! creation's Lord Thine offerings well may spare; Not give thy heart, and thou shalt find, That God will hear thy prayer, That God will hear thy prayer.

Firm.

SWANWICK. C. M.

LUCAS.

A - rise, ye peo - ple, and a - dore; Ex - ult - ing strike the chord; Let all the earth, from shore to shore, Con - fess th'al-mighty Lord, Con - fess th'al-mighty Lord.

BOWDOIN SQUARE. C. M. Arranged from YOUNG, by SUMNER HILL.

Treble and Tenor may be inverted.

Larghetto.

1.hap - py is he who fears the Lord, And fol - lows his com - mands; Who leads the poor with - out re - ward O - us with lib - eral hands.

in his breast To all the woes of need, So God shall an - swer his With his songs on his need.

MOUNTAIN. C. M. Double.

1. Be-hold, the mount-ain of the Lord, In lat-ter days, shall rise A bove the mount-ains and the hills, And draw the won-der-ing eyes.

2. To this the joy-ful na-tions round

3. The beams that shi-ne on Zion's hill Shall light-en ev'-ry land: The King who reigns in Zion's tow-ers, Shall all the world com-mand,

4. Come, then, O, come from ev'-ry land,

5. All tribes and tongues shall bow: "Up to the hill of God," they say, "And to his house we'll go," "Up to the hill of God," they say, "And to his house we'll go."

6. To wor-ship at his shrine: And, walk-ing in the light of God, With ho-ly beau-ty shi-ne: And, walk-ing in the light of God, With ho-ly beau-ty shi-ne.

ARUNDEL. C. M.

C. WILLIAMS.

O, Be a heart to poe-sie my God, A heart from sin set free: A heart that al-ways feels thy blood, So free-ly shed for me.

1. I love to steal a-while a-way From ev-ry care-b'ring care,
And spend the hours of set-ting day In hum-ble, grate-ful pray'r.

2. I love in sol-i-tude to shed The pen-sive, tear,
And all his prom-ises to plead Where none but God can hear.

3. I love to think on mer-cies past, And fu-ture good im-plore,—
And all my cares and sorrows cast On Him whom I a-dore.

4. I love by faith to take a view Of bright-er scenes in heav'n;
The prom-ise doth my strength re-new, While love by love is pow-er'd.

7 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

Moderato.

STEPHENS. C. M.

JONES

1. To our al-might-y Mak-er, God, New hon-ors be ad-dressed;
His great sal-va-tion shines a-broad, And makes the na-tions bleed.

Andante.

MELITA. C. M.

1. The Lord is good, the heav-en is king, He makes the earth his care;
Vis-its the pas-tures ev-ry spring, And bids the grass ap-pear, . . . And bids the grass ap-pear.

2. The times and seasons—days and years, Heaven, earth, and air are thine;
When clouds dis-till in fruit-ful show-ers, The au-thor is di-vine, . . . The au-thor is di-vine.

3. The soft-ened rid-ge of the field, Per-mits the corn to spring;
The val-leys rich pro-duc-tion yield, And all the la-bor-ers sing, . . . And all the la-bor-ers sing.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

SOL. OR ORGANIST. CHOIR. SOLO OR ORGANIST. DUET. CHOIR.

1. My Shep-herd will sup- ply my need, Je- ho- vah is his name; In pas- tures fresh he makes me feed, In pas- tures fresh he makes me feed, Be- side the liv- ing stream.

SOL. OR ORGANIST. CHOIR. SOLO OR ORGANIST. DUET. CHOIR.

2. He brings my wan-dering spir- it back, When I fore- sake his ways; And leads me, for his mer- cy's sake, And leads me, for his mer- cy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.

DE TA 1 2 3 4 DE TA 1 2 3 4

HAVEN. C. M.

HASTINGS.

FINAL

1. Earth's stormy night will soon be o'er, The rag- ing wind shall cease; The Christ- ian's bark will reach the shore Of heav- en's e- ter- nal peace.
2. 'Tis now the dis- tant rays ap- pear, To chase the gloom of night; The Sun of Righteousness is near, (CHORUS) And ter- rors take their flight.

Moderato.

COSMER. C. M. Double.

From Cantic Landis, by permission.

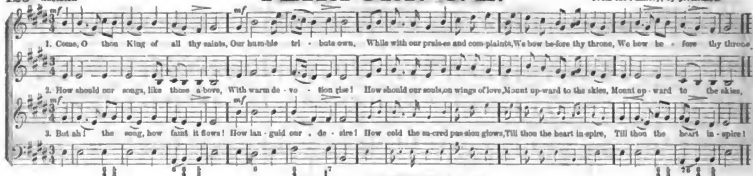
mf mp

1. A wake, ye saints, to praise your King, Your sweetest passions raise; Your pleas- ure, while you sing, In- creas- ing with the praise. 2. Great is the Lord, and works un- known Are his di- vine em- ploy; But still his saints are near his throne, His treas- ure and his joy.

Heav- en, earth, and sea con- fess his hand; He bids the vapors rise; 4. All power that gods or king- doms have claimed, Is found with him alone; But heathen gods shall no- er be named, Where our Je- ho- van is known.

Lightning and storm at his com- mand, Sweep thro' the sound- ing skies;

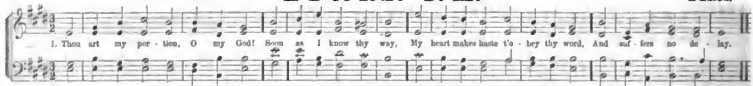
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FAIRPORT. C. M.*From the Psalter, by permission.*


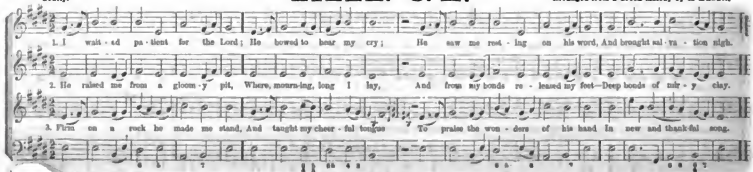
1. Come, O thou King of all thy saints, Our humble tri-bute own, While with our praises and complaints, We bow be-fore thy throne, We bow be-fore thy throne.

2. How should our songs, like those a-bove, With warm de-vo-tion rise! How should our souls, on wings of love, Mount up-ward to the skies, Mount up-ward to the skies.

3. But ah! the song, how faint it flows! How lan-guid our de-sire! How cold the sa-cred passion glows, Till thou the heart in-spire, Till thou the heart in-spire!

DOWN'S. C. M.**L. MASON,**


1. Thou art my por-tion, O my God! Soon as I know thy way, My heart makes haste t'o-ley thy word, And suf-fers no de-lay.

*Gently.***LILLA. C. M.***Arranged from a Greek melody by L. MASON.*


1. I wait-ed pa-tient for the Lord; He bowed to hear my cry; He saw me rest-ing on his word, And brought sal-va-tion nigh.

2. He raised me from a gloom-y pit, Where, mourn-ing, long I lay, And from my bonds re-leased my feet—Deep hoods of mir-y clay.

3. Firm on a rock he made me stand, And taught my cheer-ful tongue To praise the won-ders of his hand In new and thank-ful song.

TYRONE. C. M.

★ 127

1. How sweet, up - on this sa - cred day, The best of all the seven, To cast our earth - ly thoughts a - way, And think of God and heaven!

2. How sweet to be al - lowed to pray Our sins may be for - given, With fil - ial con - fi - dence to say, "Fa - ther, who art in heaven!"

3. How sweet the words of peace to hear From Him to whom 'tis given To wake the pen - i - ten - tial tear, And lead the way to heaven!

Allegro.

Finish these Verses and Alle, Barred One Power and Hum.

WAREHAM. C. M.

DR. ARNOLD.

1. Oh I praise the Lord with one consent, And mag - ni - fy his name; praise proclaim. Let all the ser - vants of the Lord His wor - thy praise proclaim.

FIRST TIME. SECOND TIME. THIRD.

Quick and chantlike.

MOUNT PISGAH. C. M.

S. F.

1. O, could I find, from day to day, A near - ness to my God, Then would my hours glide sweet a - way, While lean - ing on his word.

2. Lord, I de - sire with thee to live A - new from day to day, In joys the world can nev - er give, Nor er - er take a - way.

3. Blest Je - su, come, and rule my heart, And make me whol - ly thine, That I may nev - er more de - part, Nor grieve thy love di - vina.

PLEASANT RIDGE. C. M. Double.

German Melody.

Fine.

D. C.

Fine.

D. C.

1. Ye trem-bling souls, dis-miss your fears, Be mer-cy all your theme; Fear not the powers of earth and hell; Those powers will God re-strain;
 Mer-cy, which like a riv-er flows In one per-pet-ual stream. *Fine.* D. C.

D. C. His arm shall all their rage re-pol, And make their ef-forts vain. *Fine.* D. C.

CLARENDON. C. M.

TUCKER,

What shall I ren-der to my God, For all his kind-ness shown? My feet shall vis-it these a-bode, My songs ad-dress thy throne.

In Chanting style.

BROOME STREET CHANT. C. M.

*

1. When first from out cre-at-ing Will, Sys-tems in or-der sprang, Thro' Heaven's eternal arches high, The "first-made anthem" rang, The "first made anthem" rang.

2. And when to Ju-dah's low-ly plains The world's Re-deem-er came, From an-gel voices burst the notes, Glad tid-ings to pro-claim, Glad tid-ings to pro-claim.

EASTLAND. C. M.

W. R. H. From Psalms, by permission.

1. My Sheep-herd will sup- ply my need; Je- ho- vah is his name - in pas- - tures fresh he makes me feed, Be- side the liv- ing stream.

2. He brings my wan- d'ring spir- it back, When I for- sake his ways, And leads me, for his mer- cy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.

3. When I walk through the shades of death, Thy pre- sence is my stay; A word of thy sup- port - ing breath Drives all my fears a- way.

Andante con Grazia.

RIVERTON. C. M.

From Modern Psalms.

Thy cool Shi- lo- am's sha- dy rift How sweet the li- ly grows! How sweet the breath be- neath the hill Of Sha-ron's dew- y rose, Of Sha-ron's dew- y rose.

Slow, and in steady time.

RODER. C. M. Double.

LOWELL MASON.

1. I sing th' al- mighty power of God, That made the moon- tains rise, That spread the flow- ing seas a- broad, And built the loft- y skies. 2. I sing the wis- dom that or- dained The sun to rule the day; 3. The moon shines full at his com- mand, And all the stars o- bey.

1 The Lord him - self, the might - y Lord, Vouchsafes to be my guide; The sheep - herd, by whose con - stant care My wants are all sup - plied.
2 In ten - der grass he makes me feed, And grant - ly there re - pose; Then leads me to cool shades and where He - fresh - ing wa - ter flows.

HOWARD. C. M.

Mrs. CUTHBERT.

1 Lord, bear the voice of my com - plaint; Ac - cept my so - cret prayer; To thee a - lone, my King, my God, Will I for help re - pair.
2 Thou, in the morn, my voice shalt hear; And with the dawn - ing day, To thee de - vot - ly I'll look up, To thee de - vot - ly pray.

ST. JOHN'S. C. M.

English Tune.

1 Je - sus, with all thy saints a - bove, My tongue would bear her part, Would sound a - loud thy sav - ing love, And sing thy bleeding heart.
2 Blessed be the Lamb, my dear - est Lord, Who bought me with his blood, And quenched his Fa - ther's flam - ing sword, In his own vit - al flood.

Slow.

BANGOR. C. M.

RAVENSCROFT.

Hark! from the tombs a dole - ful sound, Mine ears at - tend the cry! Ye liv - ing men, come, view the ground, Where you must short - ly lie.

(1) may we stand before the Lamb, When earth and seas are fled, And hear the Judge pronounce our name With blessings on our head, With blessings on our head; And hear the Judge pronounce our name With blessings on our head.

YORK. C. M.

Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray, I am for - ev - er thine: I fear be - fore thee all the day, Nor would I dare to sin.

MESSER. C. M.

WILLIAM MAHON. Freshport, Oct. 25. 1852.

1. How shall the young se - cure their hearts, And guard their lives from sin? Thy word the choi - cest rules im - parts To keep the con - science clean.
 2. When once it en - ters to the mind, It spreads such light a - broad; The mean - est souls in - struc - tion find, And raise their thoughts to God.
 3. 'Tis like the sun, a heav - en - ly light, That guides us all the day; And through the dan - gers of the night, A lamp to lead our way.



1. My soul, how love - ly is the place To which thy God re - sorts! 'Tis heaven to see his an - gel face, Though in his earth - ly courts.

2. There the great mon - arch of the skies His sav - ing power dis - plays; And light breaks in up - on our eyes, With kind and quicken - ing rays;

3. With his rich gifts the heav - en - ly Dove De - scends and fills the place; While Christ re - veals his won - drous love, And sheds a - broad his grace.

Harmon.

HARBOROUGH. C. M. Special.

SHREDSOLE.

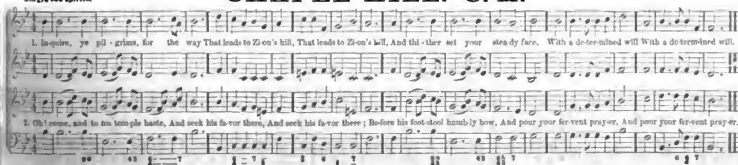


1. All hail the power of Je - su's name, Let an - gels pre - pare to fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.

* Appropriate also to the hymn "Let saints on earth their anthems raise."

Allgemeines spiritus.

CHAPEL HILL. C. M.



1. In - quire, ye pil - grims, for the way That leads to Zi - on's hill, That leads to Zi - on's hill, And thither set your steady face, With a de - ter - mined will With a de - ter - mined will.

2. Oh! come, and to his temple haste, And seek his fa - vor there, And seek his fa - vor there; Be - fore his foot - stool humbly bow, And pour your fer - vent pray - er, And pour your fer - vent pray - er.

DACY. C. M.

Arranged from D. C.

BOND. C. M. G. F. B.

The small notes in the soprano are to be sung only the second time.

1. Whom have we, Lord, in heav'n but thee, And whom on earth beside? Where else for succor can we flee, Or in whose strength confide?

2. Thou art our portion here be - low, Our promised bliss above; Ne'er may our souls an object know, So pre-cious as thy love.

3. When heart and flesh, O Lord, shall fail, Thou wilt our spirits cheer; Support us through life's thorny vale, And calm each anxious fear.

1. { Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'nly Dove,
Kin - dle a fire of an - cred love,

2. { Look! how we grow - el here be-low,
Our souls can nei - ther fly nor go,

SELAH. C. M.

*

With all thy quickening powers, } In these cold hearts of ours.
(OMIT

Fond of these tri - fling toys! } To reach e - ter - nal joys.
(OMIT

1. { The Lord of glory is my light, And my sal - va - tion too; } What all my fee can do.
God is my strength—nor will I fear (OMIT

2. { One priv - i - lege my heart de-sires,—Oh! grant me an a - bode, } The temple of my God.
A-mong the churches of thy saints,— (OMIT

Pianissimo.

FUNERAL THOUGHT. C. M.

J. SMITH.

1. Hark! from the tombs a mourn - ful sound, My ears at - tend the cry; "Ye liv - ing men, come view the ground Where you must short - ly lie."

1. To whom, my Sav-ior, shall I go, If I de-part from thee? My Guide through all this vale of woe, And more than all to me, And more than all to me.

2. The world re-ject thy gen-ile reign, And pay thy death with scorn; Oh, they could plait thy crown a-gain, And sharpen every thorn, And sharpen every thorn.
(THE GUESTS MAY BE LIMITED)

3. But I have felt thy dy-ing love Breathe gent-ly through my heart, To whis-per hope or joys a-bore, And can we ever part? And can we ev-er part?

BALERMA. C. M.

Scotch Melody.

O, hap-py is the man who hears In-struction's warn-ing voice, And who ce-lestial wis-dom makes His ear-ly on-ly choice.

Legato.

CHESTNUT STREET. C. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

1. To heaven I lift my wait-ing eyes, There all my hopes are laid; The Lord, who built the earth and skies, Is my per-pet-ual aid.

2. Their stand-fast feet shall nev-er fall, Whom he de-signs to keep; His ear at-tends their hum-ble cry, His eyes can nev-er sleep.

3. Is-ran, re-joice, and rest se-cure, Thy keep-er is the Lord; His wake-ful eyes em-ploy his power For thine e-ter-nal guard.

DALMATIA. C. M. Double.

From the Modern Psalter.

1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de-lights, The glo-ry of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights! 2. In darkest shades, if Thou ap-pear,

3. The opening heavens around me shine With beams of sa-cro-d liam, While Je-sus shows his mercy mine, And whis-pers, I am his! 4. My soul would leave this heavy clay

My dawning is be-gun; Thou art my soul's bright morning star, And thou my ris-ing sun, Thou art my soul's bright morning star, And thou my ris-ing sun.

At that transporting word, And run with joy the shining way, To meet my dearest Lord, And run with joy the shining way, To meet my dear-est Lord.

Gently.

RETIREMENT. C. M.

From the Chorahli, by W. E. B.

1. O that I knew the se-cret place Where I might find my God; I'd spread my wants be-fore his face, And pour my woes a-broad.

2. I'd tell him how my sins a-rise; What sor-rows I as-sain; How grace de-roys, and com-fort dies, And leave my heart in pain.

3. He knows what ar-gu-ments I'd take To wres-tle with my God; I'd plead for his own mer-cy's sake, And for my Sav-ior's blood.

ELIM. C. M.

CREATOREX. 137

1. Lord, when we bend be - fore thy throne, And our con - fes - sions pour, Oh! may we feel the sins we own, And hate what we de - plore.

2. Our con - trite spir - its pl - tying see, True pen - i - tence im - part; And let a heal - ing ray from thee, Beam hope on eve - ry heart.

3. When we dis - close our wants in prayer, Oh! let our wills re - sign; And not a thought our bos - om share Which is not whol - ly thine.

Moderato.

BURFORD. C. M.

PURCELL, 1696.

As on some lone - ly build - ing's top, The spar - row tells her moan, Far from the tents of joy and hope, I sit and grieve a - lone.

NORTHFIELD. C. M.

Popular American tune. J. INGALLS. Arranged.

How long, dear Savior, O how long Shall this bright hour delay?

Fly swifter round the wheel of time, And bring the wel - come day.

Fly swifter round the wheel of time, And bring the wel - come day.

How long, dear Savior, O how long Shall this bright hour delay;

Fly swifter round the wheel of time, And bring the welcome day, And bring the wel - come day.

Fly swifter round the wheel of time, Fly swifter round the wheel of time, And bring the wel - come day.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

CLARKE.

1. Sing to the Lord a new-made song, Who wond'rous deeds hath done; With his right hand and holy arm, The conquest he hath won, The conquest he hath won, The conquest he hath won.

Time: one Second to a Minute.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

HASTINGS.

Majestic sweetness sits enthroned Up on the Savior's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.

Chant.

PATMOS. C. M.

Gregories.

Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands, Ye tribes, of every tongue; His new-discovered grace demands A new and nobler song.

Andante.

CHINA. C. M.

SWAN.

Why do we mourn de-part-ing friends, Or shake at death's alarms? 'Tis but the voice that Je-sus sends To call them to his arms.

NOTTING HILL. C. M.

C. H. PIERDAY. 189

1. My shep-herd will sup-ply my need; Je-ho-vah is his name; In pas-tures fresh he makes me feed, Be-side the liv-ing stream.

2. He brings my wan-dering spir-it back When I for-makes his ways; And leads me, for his mer-cy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.

3. When I walk thro' the shades of death, Thy pre-sence is my stay; A word of thy sup-port-ing breath Drives all my fears a-way.

MEDFIELD. C. M.

W. MATHER.

1. Ear-ly, my God, with-out de-lay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirst-y spir-it faints a-way With-out thy cheer-ing grace.

GLASGOW. C. M.

Arranged.

1. Dear-est of all the names a-bove, My Je-sus and my God; Who can re-sist thy heavenly love, Or tri-um-phant with thy blood.

2. 'Tis by the mer-its of thy death The Fa-ther smiles a-gain; 'Tis by thine in-ter-ced-ing breath The Spir-it dwells with men.

3. Till God in-hu-man flesh I see, My thoughts no com-fort find; The ho-ly, just, and mer-ciful Three Are ter-rors to my mind.

CASTALIA. C. M.

MAY END HERE.

1. O, how I love thy ho-ly law! 'Tis dai-ly my de-light; And thence my med-i-ta-tions draw Di-vine ad-vice by night, Di-vine ad-vice by night.

2. My wak-ing eyes pre-vent the day, To med-i-tate thy word; My soul with long-ing melts a-way, To hear thy gos-pel, Lord. To hear thy gos-pel, Lord.

3. Thy heavenly words my heart en-gage, And well em-ploy my tongue; And, through my weary pil-grim-age, Yield me a heavenly song, Yield me a heavenly song.

1 6 8 7 6 6 8 7 1 6 8 7 1 6 8 7

Not too fast.

FOUNTAIN, or COWPER. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sin-ners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their gail-ty stains, Lose all their gail-ty stains.

HELENA. C. M.

1. O thou who dry'st the mourner's tear, How dark this world would be, If, pierced by sin and sor-rows here, We could not fly to thee!

2. The friends who in our sun-shine live, When win-ter comes are flown; And he who has but tears to give, Must weep those tears a-lone.

Not too Fast

VARINA. C. M. Double.

From ROBT and SWEETSER's coll. 1-11

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

2. There everlasting spring abides, And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.

1. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood, Stand open in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan rolled between.

2. But timorous mortals start and shrink To cross this narrow sea; And linger shivering on the brink, And fear to launch away.

Moderato

GENEVA. C. M.

JNO. COLE

When all thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys, Transport-ed with the view I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise.

Larghetto.

OLENA. C. M.

W. B. B.

1. By cool Si-lo-am's sha-dy rill How fair the lil-y grows! How sweet the breath, beneath the hill, Of Sha-ron's dew-y rose, Of Sharon's dewy rose.

2. Lo! such the child whose ear-ly feet The paths of peace have trod, Whose se-cret heart, with in-fluence sweet, Is up-ward drawn to God, Is upward drawn to God.

2. By cool Si-lo-am's sha-dy rill The lil-y must de-cay; The rose that blooms beneath the hill, Must short-ly fade away, Must shortly fade away.

CHARLOE. C. M. Double.

Arranged from a German Melody.

1. Behold the sure foundation stone, Which God in Zion lays, }
 To build our heavenly hopes upon, And his eternal praise. } 2. Chosen of God, to sinners dear; And saints adore his name; They trust their whole salvation here, Nor shall they suffer shame, Nor, &c.

3. The foolish builders, scrible and priest, Reject it with disdain; }
 Yet on this rock the church shall rest, And envy rage in vain. } 4. What tho' the gates of hell withstood! Yet must the building rise; 'Tis thine own work, almighty God! And wondrous in our eyes, And [wondrous, &c.]

Express, strong emphasis.

TRIBUNAL. C. M.

German Coll.

1. That aw - ful day will sure - ly come—Th' appointed hour makes haste— When I . . . must stand be - fore my Judge, And pass the ad - judi - cal.

In a gentle and flowing style.

IOLA. C. M.

B. G. MASON.

1. How shall the young se-cure their hearts, And guard their lives from sin? Thy word the choicest rules im parts, To keep the conscience clean, To keep the conscience clean.

2. 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light, That guides us all . . . the day; And thro' the dan-gers of the night, A lamp to lead our way, A lamp to lead our way.

REVERE. C. M. Double.

From an English tune.*

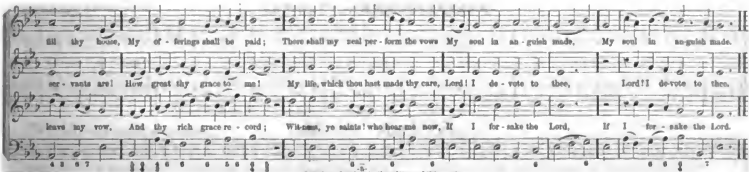
143



1. What shall I ren-der to my God, For all his kind-ness shown? My feet shall vis-it thine a-bode, My songs ad-dress thy throne. 2. A-mong the saints that

3. How much is mer-cy thy delight, Thou ev-er blessed God! How dear thy ser-vants in thy sight— How pre-cious is their blood! 4. How hap-py all thy

6. Now I am thine—for ev-er thine; Nor shall my pur-pose move; Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain, And bound me with thy love. 6. Here, in thy courts, I



fill thy house, My of-fer-ings shall be paid; There shall my zeal per-form the vows My soul in an-guish made, My soul in an-guish made.

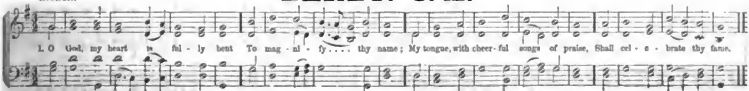
ser-vants are! How great thy grace to me! My life, which thou hast made thy care, Lord! I de-vote to thee, Lord! I de-vote to thee.

leave my vow, And thy rich grace re-cord; Wit-ness, ye saints! who hear me now, If I for-sake the Lord, If I for-sake the Lord.

* Sent from London to the editors of this work.

Moderato.

BARBY. C. M.



1. O God, my heart is fel-ly bent To mag-ni-fy... thy name; My tongue, with cheer-ful songs of praise, Shall cel-e-brate thy fame.

WILLOW-DALE, C. M. Double.

W. H. A. D. C.

Fine.

1. Earth's stormy night will soon be o'er, The Christian's bark will reach the shore;
The raging wind shall cease; Of heaven's eternal peace. *Fine.*

2. Even now the distant rays appear, To chase the gloom of night; *f. f.*

D. C. The Sun of Righteousness is near, And terrors take their flight. *Fine.*

D. C.

PHUVAH. C. M.

German Choral of the 17th Century.

Fine.

I love the Lord: he heard my cries, And pit - led ere - ry groan; Long as I live, when trou - bles rise, I'll has - ten to his throne.

• Or 7's, 6's, and 5's; by omitting the first note. † Or 6's, 6's and 4's; by using this, as in the Refrain, the last strain.

EVAN. C. M.

Arranged from Havergal by LOWELL MASON.

Fine.

1. In mer - cy, Lord, re - member me, Through all the hours of night; And grant to me most gra - cious - ly, The safe - guard of thy night.

2. With cheer - ful heart I close my eyes, Since thou wilt not re - move; Oh, in the morn - ing let me rise, Re - joic - ing in thy love!

3. Or, if this night should prove the last, And end my tran - sient days, Oh! take me to thy pro - mised rest, Where I may sing thy praise.

Quick and gentle.

ROSE OF SHARON. C. M. or 6 lines.

145

1. By cool Sil-lo-am's shady rill How fair the lil-y grows! How sweet the breath, beneath the hill, Of Sharon's dewy rose; How sweet the breath, beneath the hill, Of Sharon's dewy rose.

2. Lo! such the child whose early feet The paths of peace have trod, Whose secret heart, with innocence sweet, is upward drawn to God; Whose secret heart, with innocence sweet, is upward drawn to God.

3. By cool Sil-lo-am's shady rill The lil-y must decay; The rose that blooms beneath the hill, Must shortly fade away; The rose that blooms beneath the hill, Must shortly fade away.

Moderato.

LIVERPOOL. C. M.

Dr. WAINWRIGHT.

Oh, could I find, from day to day, A near-ness to my God! Then should my hours glide sweet a-way, While lean-ing on his word.

Quick.

NEWINGTON. C. M. Double.

Arranged from MILGROVE.

1. Fa-ther, how wide thy glo-ry shines! How high thy won-ders rise! Known through the earth by thou-sand signs, By thou-sand through the skies; 2. Those mighty cri- pro-claim thy power, Their mo-tions speak thy skill;

D. C. And, on the wings of eve-ry hour, We read thy pa-tience still.

BLAUM.

(10)

STARR. C. M.

1. Jesus, immortal King, arise; Avert thy rightful away; Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings, And distant lands obey.

2. Ride forth, victorious Conq'ror ride, Till all thy foes submit, And all the powers of hell resign Their trophies at thy feet.

3. Send forth thy word, and let it fly This spacious earth around, Till every soul beneath the sun Shall hear the joyful sound.

F. A. 6 6 3 7 6 6 3 3 7

WIRTH. C. M.

How sweet and heav'nly is the sight, When those that loveth thee

2. O may we feel each brother's sigh, And with him bear a part

3. Let love, in one delightful stream, Thro' every bosom flow

6 6 3 7 6 6 3 3 7

W. B. B. From the Chorist, by permission.

Moderate

DENNY. C. M.

In one an-o-ther's peace de-light, And thus fulfil his word.

May sorrows flow from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart.

Let a lion sweet, and dear co-term, In every action glow.

1 6 6 3 7 6 6 3 3 7

1. Soon as the morning rays ap-pear, I'll lift mine eyes above; My voice shall reach thy list'ning ear, And supplicate thy love.

2. Within thy house my voice shall rise Before thy mercy seat; There will I fix my steadfast eye, And worship at thy feet.

3. Thy righteousness, thy strength display, And my protection be; Teach me to know that only way, Which leads to heaven and thee.

1 6 6 3 7 6 6 3 3 7

EVENING SONG. C. M.

From the N. Y. Chorist, by permission.

1. Now con-do-ceed, Al-mighty King, To bless this in-sti-tue throng; And kindly lis-ten while we sing Our plea-sant evening song, Our plea-sant evening song.

1 6 6 3 7 6 6 3 3 7

SEDDO. C. M.

147

1. Lord! send thy word, and let it fly, Armed with thy Spir- it's power; Ten thousands shall con- fess its sway, And bless the sav- ing hour.

2. Be- neath the in- fluence of thy grace, The bar- ren wastes shall rise, With sud- den greens and fruits ar- rayed,— A blooming Par- - - - a - - - dise.

3. Peace, with her ol- ive crown, shall stretch Her wings from shore to shore; And earth, with all her mil- lions, shout,—Hosannas to the Lord.

ff

TRILL AND TENOR DOUBLED

Andante : piano.

HERMON. C. M.

L. MASON.

1. Oh! praise the Lord, for he is good, In him we rest . . ob- tain; His mer- cy has thro' a - gon stood, And ev - er shall re - main.

Legato—warm expression—strong emphasis.

SARDIS. C. M.

W. H. B.

1. To whom, my Sav- ing, shall I go, If I do - part from thee? My Guide through all this vale of woe, And more than all to me.

2. The world re- ject thy gen- tle reign, And pay thy death with scorn; Oh, they could plait thy crown a - gain, And sharp - en eve - ry thorn.

3. But I have felt thy dy - ing love Breathe gent - ly through my heart, To whis - per hope of joys a - bove; And can we ev - er part!

HARVILLE. C. M.

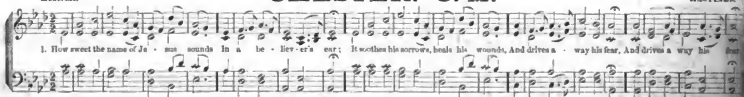


1. O Thou, who dryest the mourn-er's tear, How dark this world would be, If, when de-ceived and wound-ed here, We could not fly... to thee.

Moderato.

CHESTER. C. M.

HASTINGS.



1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev-er's ear; It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear, And drives a way his fear.

Flowing, graceful movement.

VANLUE. C. M.



1. Oh! that the Lord would guide my ways, To keep his sta - tutes still; Oh! that my God would grant me grace To know and do his will, To know and do his will.

2. Oh! send thy Spir - it down, to write thy law up - on my heart; Nor let my tongue in - dulse de - ceit, Or act the li - ar's part, Or act the li - ar's part.

3. From van - i - ty turn off my eyes; Let no cor - rupt de - sign, Nor cov - e - tous de - sires, a - rise Within this soul of mine, Within this soul of mine.

WILLOW. C. M. Double.

Arranged from PHANE ADT. 149

1. Majestic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow. 2. No mortal can with him compare,
2. He saw me plunged in deep distress, And drew to my relief; For me he bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief, And carried all my grief. 4. To him I owe my life and breath,
5. To heaven, the place of his abode, He brings my weary feet, Shows me the glories of my God, And makes my joys complete, And makes my joys complete. 6. Since from his bounty I receive

3 7 6 3 3 6 6 - 1 1 7 3 3 6 4 7 6 4 - 7 4 7 7 - 4 - 3

Among the sons of men; Fairer is he than all the fair Who fill the heavenly train, Fairer is he than all the fair Who fill the heavenly train,
And all the joys I have; He makes me tri-umph o-ver death, And saves me from the grave, He makes me triumph o-ver death, And saves me from the grave.
Such proofs of love di-vine, Had I a thou-sand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be thine, Lord, they should all be thine. Lord, they should all be thine.

3 3 6 4 1 4 - 1 7 6 4 3 7 4 3 7 4 7

SEPARATION. C. M. or 8's & 7's Peculiar.

8's & 7's Pec. When forc'd to part from those we love, If sure to meet in mor-row, We still a pang of an-guish prove, And feel a touch of sorrow
C. M. To thee, my Shepherd and my Lord, A grate-ful song I'll raise, O let the feeblest of thy flock At-tempt to speak thy praise

HUMMEL. C. M.

CHAR. SEURER.

1. A - wake, ye saints! to praise your King, Your sweetest passions raise; Your pi - ons plea - sure, while you sing, In - creas - ing with the praise.

2. Great is the Lord - and works un - known Are his di - vine em - ploy; But still his saints are near his throne, His trea - sure and his joy.

3. Heaven, earth, and sea con - fess his hand; He bids the va - pors rise; Light - ning and storms, at his com - mand, Sweep thro' the sound - ing skies.

Flowing.

JAZER. C. M.

W. B. R.

1. To thee, my Shep - herd and my Lord, A grate - ful song I raise; O let the fee - blest of thy flock At - tempt to speak thy praise.

Bold-Forte.

CORONAL. C. M.

HARTINGA.

1. All hail the power of Je - su's name, Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him—Lord of all, And crown him Lord of all.

2. Crown him—ye morn - ing stars of light!—Who formed this floating ball; Now hail the strength of Is - rael's might, And crown him—Lord of all.

3. Ye cho - sen seed of A - dam's race, Ye ransomed from the fall! Hail him, who saves you by his grace, And crown him—Lord of all, And crown him—Lord of all.

SOLIS. C. M. Double. (Quartett.)

Arranged from BELLINI 151

1. Dear Father! to thy mercy seat My soul for shelter flies; When storms and tempests rise. My cheerful hope can never die,
 'Tis here I find a safe retreat, (Omrr.) If thou my God! art near; Thy grace can raise my comforts high, And banish every fear.

2. My great Protector, and my Lord! Thy constant aid impart; Sustain my trembling heart. Oh! never let my soul remove From this divine retreat;
 Oh! let thy kind, thy gracious word (Omrr.) Still let me trust thy power and love, And dwell beneath thy feet.

BRADFORD. C. M.

HANDEL.

1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, And ev-er prays for me: A to-ken of his love he gives,— A pledge of lib-er-ty.

2. I find him lift-ing up my head; He brings sal-va-tion near; His pre-sence makes me free in-deed, And he, will soon ap-pear.

HEINRICH. C. M.

✱

1. How vain a thought is bliss be-low! 'Tis all an air-y dream; How emp-ty are the joys that flow On plea-sure's smil-ing stream!

2. Oh! let my no-bler wish-es soar Bey-ond those realms of night; In heav'n sub-stan-tial bliss ex-plore, And per-ma-nent do light.

ANSON. C. M.

From H. G. NISBET by L. MASON.

1. Sweet is the memory of thy grace, my God! my heavenly King! Let age to age thy righteous name, In sounds of glo-ry sing.

2. God reigns on high, but ne'er con-fines His goodness to the skies; Through the whole earth his bonn-ty shines, And ev-ry want sup-plies.

3. With long-ing eyes thy creatures wait On thee for dai-ly food; Thy lib-eral hand pro-vides their meat, And fills their mouth with good.

Large affr.

WICKLIFFE. C. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

O, Thou! whose ten-der mer-cy hears Con-tri-tion's hum-ble sigh, Whose hand, in-dul-gent, wipes the tears From sor-row's weep-ing eye.

Andante.

WILHELMINA. C. M.

H. B. DOWNES, Jr.

1. Come, Ho-ly Spi-rit, heav-en-ly Dove! With all thy quicken-ing pow-ers; Kin-dle a flame of sa-cred love. In these cold hearts of ours.

2. Look, how we grov-el here be-low, Fond of these tri-fling toys! Our souls can nei-ther fly nor go, To reach a - ter-nal joys.

3. In vain we tune our form-al songs, In vain we strive to rise; Ho-san-nas lan-guish on our tongues, And our de-vot-ion dies.

2. With pitying eyes the Prince of grace Beheld our helpless gird; He saw, and O—amazing love!—He flew to our re-lief, He saw and—O amazing love,— He flew to our re-lief.

With mournful expression.

OTTUMA. C. M. No. 1.

1. Plunged in a gulf of dark despair, We wretched sinners lay, Without one cheerful beam of hope, Or spark of glimmering day.

Spirited, hymns.

DELOS. C. M. No. 3.

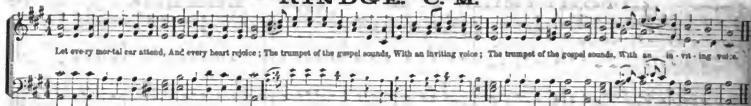
3. Down from the shining seats above, With joyful haste he fled, Entered the grave in mortal flesh, And dwelt among the dead, Entered the grave in mortal flesh, And dwelt among the dead.

4. O, for this love, let rocks and hills, Their lasting silence break, And all harmonious human tongues The Saviour's praises speak, And all harmonious human tongues The Saviour's praises speak.

5. Angels, amid our mighty joys; Strike all your harps of gold; But when you raise your highest notes, His love can ne'er be told, But when you raise your highest notes, His love can ne'er be told.

NOTE.—The three Tenors above are adapted to the desert hymn "Plunged in a gulf." When sung to this hymn, care should be taken that the varied expression required by the words, and suggested by the music, be given.

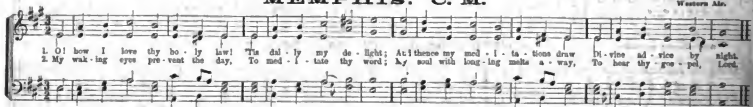
RINDGE. C. M.



Let every mortal ear attend, And every heart rejoice; The trumpet of the gospel sounds, With an inviting voice; The trumpet of the gospel sounds, With an in-va-ing voice.

MEMPHIS. C. M.

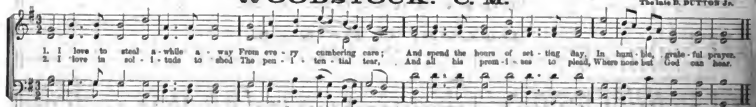
Western Air.



1. O! how I love thy bo-ly law! Thy dol-ly my de-light; At thence my med-i-ta-tions draw, Di-vine ad-vice by night.
2. My wak-ing eyes pre-vent the day, To med-i-tate thy word; My soul with long-ing melts a-way, To hear thy gos-pel, Lord.

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

The late B. BUTTS JR.

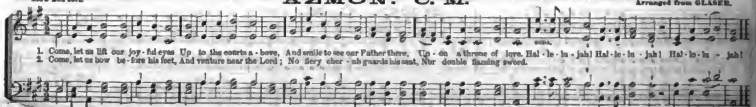


1. I love to steal a-while a-way From ev-ry cumbering care; And spend the hours of set-ting day, In hum-ble, grate-ful prayer.
2. I love in sol-i-tude to shed The pen-i-ten-tial tear, And all his prom-i-ses to plead, Where none but God can hear.

Slow and soft.

AZMON. C. M.

Arranged from GLÄSER.



1. Come, let us lift our joy-ful eyes Up to the courts a-bove, And smile to see our Father there, Up-on a throne of love. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!
2. Come, let us bow be-fore his feet, And venture near the Lord; No fiery cher-ub guards his seat, Nor double flaming sword.

Moderate

LITCHFIELD. C. M.

L. MASON.

LONDON. C. M. 156

1. Ye youth-ful hearts with vigor warm, In swelling crowds draw near; And turn from ev'ry mortal charm, A Savior's voice to hear.
2. The soul that longs to see his face, Is sure his love to gain; And those who early seek his grace, Shall never seek in vain.

1. Oh praise the Lord with one consent, And magnify his name;
2. For this our truest interest is, Glad hymns of praise to sing;

OBO. C. M.

W. B. H.

Let all the servants of the Lord His worthy praise proclaim.
And with loud songs to bless his name, A most delightful thing.

Great Shepherd of thy people, hear; Thy presence now display; We kneel within thy house of prayer; O give us hearts to pray.

DORCHESTER. C. M.

1. Fa-ther of mer-cies, in thy word What end-less glo-ry shines! For ev-er be thy name a-dored For these ce-less-ful lines!

REGO. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. With joy we need-ful take the grace Of our High Priest a-bove; His heart is made of ten-der-ness, His bowels melt with love.
2. Touch'd with a sym-pa-thy within, He knows our fee-ble frame; He knows what sore temptations mean, For he has felt the same.

My Sa-vior, my Al-mighty Friend, When I begin thy praise, Where will the growing numbers end, The numbers of thy grace?

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, Ut-

With spirit.

CLIFFORD. **CLARKE.**

tered, or unexpressed, The mo-tion of a hid-den fire That trembles in the breast.

This is the day the Lord hath made; He calls the hours his own; Let

heaven re-joice, let earth be glad, Let heaven re-joice, let earth be glad, And praise surround the throne, And praise sur-round the throne.

LUTZEN. C. M.

N. HERRMANN, 1841.

1. Let chil-dren hear the might-y deeds, Which God performed of old; Which in our younger years we saw, And which our fa-thers told.
2. His bids us make his glo-ries known, His works of power and grace; And we'll con-vey his won-ders down, Thro' ev'-ry ris-ing race.

MAY. S. M. Double.

* 157

"SWEET IS THE TIME OF SPRING." (Appropriate for Sabbath Schools.)

1. Sweet is the time of spring, When nature's charms ap-pear; The birds with cease-less pleas-ure sing, And hail the opening year: But sweeter far, the spring

2. Sweet is the dawn of day, When light just streaks the sky; When shades and dark-ness pass a-way, And morning's beams are high: But sweeter far, the dawn

3. Sweet is the ear-ly dew, Which gilds the moun-tain tops, And decks each plant and flower we view, With pear-ly glittering drops; But sweeter far, the scene

Of wis-dom and of grace, When chil-dren bless and praise their King, Who loves the youthful race; When children bless and praise their King, Who loves the youth-ful race.

Of pi-a-ty in youth; When doubt and darkness are withdrawn, Before the light of truth; When doubt and darkness are withdrawn, Be-fore the light of truth.

On Zi-on's ho-ly hill, When there the dew of youth is seen Its freshness to dis-till; When there the dew of youth is seen Its freshness to dis-till.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

L. SMITH.

Come, sound his praise a-broad And hymns of glo-ry sing; Je-ho-vah is the sov'-reign God, The u-ni-ver-sal King.

1. Mine eyes and my de-sire Are ev-er to the Lord; I love to plead his promised grace, And rest up-on his word, And rest up-on his word.

2. Turn, turn thee to my soul; Bring thy sal-vation near; When will thy hand re-lease my feet From ev-ry dead-ly snare, From ev-ry dead-ly snare.

3. When shall the sovereign grace Of my for-giv-ing God Re-store me from those dangerous ways My wan-dering feet have trod? My wandering feet have trod?

LITTLE MARLBOROUGH. S. M.

1. To God in whom I trust, I lift my heart and voice; O let me not be put to shame, Nor let my sun re-join.

Moderato. Con spirito.

LEONA. S. M.

*

1. "The Lord is risen indeed!"—Then is his work performed; The mighty cap-tive now is freed, And death, our foe, disarmed, And death, our foe, dis-arm-ed.

2. "The Lord is risen indeed!"—He lives to die no more; He lives, the sin-ner's cause to plead, Whose curse and shame he bore, Whose curse and shame he bore.

3. "The Lord is risen indeed!"—Then hell has lost his prey; With him is risen the ransom'd seed, To reign in end-less day, To reign in end-less day.

1. While my Redeemer's near, My Shepherd and my guide, I bid fare-well to every fear, My wants are all supplied.

2. To ever-fragrant meads, Where rich abundance grows, His gracious hand indulgent leads, And guards my sweet repose.

3. Dear Shepherd! if I stray, My wandering feet restore; And guard me with thy watchful eye, And let me rove no more.

1. My soul! be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a rise; And

2. Oh! watch, and fight, and pray;—The battle ne'er give o'er: Ho

3. Ne'er think the victory won, Nor lay thine armor down: Time

YOUNG. S. M.

W. R. B. From the Mendelssohn Collection, by permission.

hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.

new it bold-ly ev-'ry day, And help di-vine implore.

arduous work will not be done, Till thou ob-tain the crown.

1. Mine eyes and my desire Are ev-er to the Lord; I love to plead his prom-ised grace, And rest up-on his word.

2. Turn, turn thee to my soul, Bring thy sal-va-tion near; When will thy hand release my feet Out of the dead-ly snare.

3. When shall the sovereign grace Of my for-giv-ing God, Re-store me from those dangerous ways My wandering feet have trod?

BOYLSTON. S. M. L. MASON.

CLAPTON. S. M.

JONES.

his days are as the grass, Or like the morning flower, When blasting winds sweep o'er the field, It withers in an hour.

1. Thy name, Almighty Lord, shall sound thro' distant lands, Great is thy grace, and sure thy word, Thy truth for ever stands

TROAS. S. M.

L. HANSEN, from Boston Academy's Coll.

1. My son, know thou the Lord; Thy fa-ther's God o-bey; Seek his pro-tection care by night, His guar-dian hand by day.

2. Call while he may be found; O, seek him while he's near; Serve him with all thy heart and mind, And wor-ship him with fear.

3. If thou wilt seek his face, His ear will hear thy cry; Then shalt thou find his mer-cy sure, His grace for ev-er high.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

HANDEL.

1. My soul, re-peat his praise, Whose mer-cies are so great; Whose an-ger is so slow to rise, So rea-dy to a-bate.

HEZRON. S. M.

L. HANSEN.

1. While my Re-deem-er's near, My shep-herd and my guide, I bid fare-well to eve-ry fear; My wants are all sup-plied.

2. To ev-er fru-grant meads, Where rich a-lum-dance grows, His gra-cious hand in-dul-gent leads, And guards my sweet re-pose.

* If the half note here be sung, omit the quarter, and vice versa

No. 10-2 1880

LAMAR. S. M.

J. L. KENNEDY. 161

1. Sweet is the work, O Lord! Thy glo - rious name to sing; To praise and pray, to hear thy word, And grate - ful of - ferings bring.

2. Sweet - as the dawn - ing light, Thy bound - less love to tell; And, when ap - proach the shades of night, Still on the theme to dwell.

3. Sweet - on this day of rest, To join in heart and voice, With those who love and serve thee best, And in thy name re - joice.

In exact time,

MISHAL. S. M.

L. MARON.

1. Be-hold the left-y sky, Declares its Mak - er, God; And all the starry works on high, And all the star - ry works on high, Proclaim his power a-broad. Halle-lu - jah!

slow and soft, Cantabile.

DENNIS. S. M.

Arr. from H. G. NAGELL

1. How gen - tle God's com-mands! How kind his pre - cepts are! Come, cast your bar - dens on the Lord, And trust his con - stant care.

2. His coun - ty will pro - vide! His saints se - cure - ly dwell: That hand which bears ere - a - tion up, Shall guard his chil - dren well.

SHAW.

(11)

1. Where shall the man be found That fears t'of-fend his God, That loves the gos-pel's joy-ful sound, And trem-bles at the rod?

2. The Lord shall make him know The se-crets of his heart; The won-ders of his cove-nant show, And all his love im-part.

3. The deal-ings of his hand Are truth and mer-cy still; With such as to his cove-nant stand, And love to do his will.

OWEN. S. M.

J. E. SWEETSER, From Root and Sweetser's Collection.

Dear Sav-ior! we are thine By ev-er-last-ing bonds; Our names, our hearts, we would re-sign, Our hearts are in thy hand.

Moderato.

BOZRAH. S. M.

1. I lan-guish for a sight Of Him who reigns on high, Je-sus, my soul's su-preme de-light; For Him a-lone I sigh, For him a-lone I sigh.

2. O that I knew the place Where I might find my God, And make the arms of his em-brace My soul's secure a-bode! My soul's secure a-bode!

3. Near to his mer-cy seat, Where grace tri-umphant reigns, I'd come and worship at his feet, And tell him all my pains, And tell him all my pains.

NICONZA. S. M.

EASTON.

1. I love thy kingdom, Lord! The house of thine a-bode, The church our best re-deemer saved With his own precious blood.

2. I love thy church, O God! Her walls before thee stand, Dear as the ap-ple of thine eye, And graven on thy hand.

3. If e'er, to bless thy sons, My voice or hand do-ny, These hands let use-ful skill for-sake, This voice in silence die.

Arr. by T. B. MASON.

choice: Stand up and bless the Lord your God, With heart and soul and voice.

sons; Then be his love in Christ proclaim'd, With all our ransom'd pow'rs.

done; Stand up and bless his glorious name, Henceforth, forever more.

MONA. S. M. 163

1. Stand up, and bless the Lord, Ye peo-ple of his

2. God is our strength and song, And his sal-va-tion

3. Stand up, and bless the Lord, The Lord our God a-

PATOKA. S. M.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. To God, in whom I trust, I lift my heart and voice; Oh! let me not be put to shame, Nor let my foes rejoice.

2. Thy mercies and thy love, O Lord! recall to mind; And graciously continue still, As thou wast ever, kind.

3. Let all my youthful crimes Be blotted out by thee; And, Oh! for thy great goodness' sake, In mercy think on me.

PENTONVILLE. S. M.

LINLEY.

To bless thy cho-sen race, In mer-cy, Lord, in-cline; And came the bright-ness of thy face On all thy saints to shine.

ADELLO. S. M. Double.

W. TILLINGHAST.

1. Far as thy name is known The world declares thy praise; Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne, Their songs of honor raise.

2. With joy thy people stand On Zion's chosen hill, Proclaim the wonders of thy hand, And each of thy wondrous deeds of thy will.

3. Let strangers walk around The city where we dwell, Survey with care thine holy ground, And mark [the building well],

4. The order of thy house, The worship of thy court, The cheerful songs, the solemn vows, And make a fair record of thy power.

AYLESBURY. S. M.

D. GREEN.

1. I saw, be-yond the tomb, The aw-ful Judge ap-pear, Pre-pared to scan, with strict ac-count, The blessings wasted here.

MONON. S. M.

HASTINGS.

1. The Lord my Shep-herd is; I shall be well sup-plied; Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be-side?

2. He leads me to the place Where heav-en-ly pas-ture grows, Where liv-ing wa-ters gent-ly flow, And full sal-u-tion flows.

3. If e'er I go as-stray, He doth my soul re-claim; And guides me, in his own right way, For his most ho-ly name.

1. The Lord my Shepherd is; I shall be well sup-plied; Since he is mine, and I am his. What can I want be-side? What can I want be-moe?

2. He leads me to the place Where heavenly pasture grows, Where liv-ing wa-ters gently flow, And full sal-va-tion flows. And full sal-va-tion flows.

3. If e'er I go a-stray, He doth my soul re-claim, And guides me, in his own right way, For his most ho-ly name, For his most ho-ly name.

* The first part of this tune may be sung as a Soprano Solo with responsive Chorus as here printed, or in full harmony as indicated by the small notes. A pleasing variety may also be obtained by singing the different stanzas alternately in Solo and Chorus, or in Quartet and Chorus.

Moderato.

THATCHER. S. M.

From HANDEL.

Oh! bless the Lord, my soul! Let all with-in me join, And aid my tongue to bless his name, Whose fa-vors are di-vine.

Moderato

ARGO. S. M.

S. F.

1. While my De-ceiver's near, My Shepherd and my Guide, I bid fare-well to ev-ry fear; My wants are all supplied, My wants are all sup-plied.

2. To ev-er-fragrant meads, Where rich a-bundance grows, His gracious hand in-dol-gent leads, And guards my sweet re- pose, And guards my sweet re- pose.

LAEL. S. M.

HARTUNG.

1. Best be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.

2. Be-fore our Fa-ther's throne We pour our ar-dest prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our fears.

3. We share our mu-tual woes, Our mu-tual bur-dens bear; And of-ten for each oth-er flows The sym-pa-this-ing tear.

Allegretto-Moderato.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

STANLEY.

1. How per-fect is thy word! And all thy judg-ments just! For ev-er sure thy prom-ise, Lord, And we de-cure-ly trust.

Moderato.

BEDAN. S. M.

1. O cease, my wan-dering soul, On rest-less wings to roam; All this wide world, to ei-ther pole, All this wide world, to ei-ther pole, Has not for thee a home.

2. Be-hold the ark of God; Be-hold the o-pen door; O, haste to gain that dear a-bode, O, haste to gain that dear a-bode, And save, my soul, no more.

3. There safe thou shalt a-bide, There sweet shall be thy rest, And ere-ry longing sat-is-fied, And ere-ry longing sat-is-fied, With full sal-va-tion blest.

1. My Maker and my King, To thee my all I owe; Thy sov'reign bounty is the spring Whence all my blessings flow, Thy sov'reign love - ty is the spring Whence all my blessings flow.

2. The creature of thy hand, On thee alone I live; My God, thy benefits demand More praise than I can give, My God, thy be-ne-fits de-mand More praise than I can give.

3. Lord, what can I impart, When all is thine before? Thy love demands a thankful heart, The gift, alas! how poor! Thy love demands a thankful heart, The gift, a - las! how poor!

BISHOP. S. M.

1. Sure there's a right-eous God, Nor is re - li - gion vain; Though men of vice may boast a - loud, And men of grace com - plain.

Rather slow, and in exact time

MAZZAROTH. S. M.

From HANGING.

1. Be - hold! the morn-ing sun Be - gins his glo - rious way; His beams thro' all the na - tions run, And life and light con - vey, And life and light con - vey.

2. Hark, where the gos - pel comes, It spreads di - vi - ner light; It calls dead sinners from their tombs, And gives the blind their sight, And gives the blind their sight.

3. How per - fect is thy word! And all thy judg - ments just! For ev - er sure thy promise, Lord! And men se - cure - ly trust, And men se - cure - ly trust.

SHELTON. S. M.

an end to TERN *CHOR.*

1. My soul, repeat his praise, Whose mercies are so great; Whom an - ges to be slow to rise. So rea - dy to a - hile. A - men

2. His power subdues our sins, And his for - giv - ing love, Far as the east is from the west, Doth all our guilt remove. A - men.

3. High as the heav'ns are raised A - bove the ground we tread, So far the rich - es of his grace Our highest thoughts exceed. A - men.

WESTMINSTER. S. M.

Dr. HOYCE.

Not with our mor - tal eyes Have we be - held the Lord: Yet we re - joice to hear his name, And love him in his word.

SHAWMUT. S. M. Chant. L. MASON.

1. Thy name, almighty Lord, Shall sound thro' distant lands; Great is thy grace, and sure thy word: Thy truth [for ever stands.

SOLO AD LIB. *CHORUS* *SOLO AD LIB.* *CHORUS*

2. Far be thine honor spread, And long thy praise endure; Till morning light and evening shade Shall be ex - [changed no more

HOUGHTON. S. M.*Fine.**D. C.*

1. Jesus, who know'st full well The heart of every saint, Invites us, all our griefs to tell, D. C. To pray, and never faint.

Fine. *D. C.*

Fine. *D. C.*

1. He hears his gracious ear, We never plead in vain; Thine let us wait till he appear, D. C. And pray, and pray again.

Fine. *D. C.*

EUPATOR. S. M.

1. My few re - vol - ving years, How swift they glide a - way! How short the term of life ap - pears, When past, 'tis but a day.

2. A dark and cloud - y day, Made up of grief and sin; A host of dan - gerous foes with - out, And guilt and fear with in.

3. Lord, through an - o - ther year, If thou per - mit my day, With watch - ful care may I pur - sue, The true, the liv - ing way.

Allegro.

SCIOTO. S. M.

T. B. MASON.

1. I love the sons of grace, The heirs of bliss di - vine, Who walk in paths of righ - teous - ness, And fly from eve - ry 'sin.

2. They will my faults re - prove, When heed - less - ly I err: How do I prize their faith - ful love, Their kind and tend - er care.

3. They Je - sus' im - age bear; How love - ly is the sight! They shall at length with him ap - pear In ev - er - last - ing light.

Andante. Legato.

BELAH. S. M.

T. B. MASON.

1. How charm - ing is the place, Where my Re - deem - er God, Un - veils the glo - ries of his face, And sheds his love a - broad

2. Here, on the mer - cy seat, With ra - diant glo - ry crown'd, Our joy - ful eyes be - hold him sit, And smile on all a - round.

3. Give me, O Lord, a place, With - in thy best a - bode; A - mong the chil - dren of thy grace, The ser - vants of my God.

HONEYWELL. S. M.

R. B. A.

1. My Ma-ker and my King! To thee my all I owe; Thy sove-reign boun-ty is the spring Whence all my bless-ings flow.

2. The creature of thy hand, On thee a-lone I live; My God! thy be-ne-fits de-mand More praise than life can give.

3. Shall I with-hold thy due? And shall my pas-sions rove? Lord! form this wretched heart a-new, And fill it with thy love.

ST. BRIDES. S. M.

Dr. HOWARD.

And must this bod-y die, This mor-tal frame de-cay? And must these ac-tive limbs of mine Lie mould'ring in the clay?

LAMODE. S. M.

R. E. G.

1. Ye servants of the Lord! Each in his of-fice wait; With joy o-bey his heavenly word, With joy o-bey his heavenly word, And watch be-fore his gate.

2. Let all your lamps be bright, And trim the gold-en flame; Gird up your loins, as in his sight, Gird up your loins, as in his sight, For aw-ful is his name.

3. Watch—'tis your Lord's command; And while we speak, he's near; Mark the first sig-nal of his hand, Mark the first sig-nal of his hand, And read-y all ap-pear.

Moderato.

AIN. S. M.

From CORRELL. 171

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, And thus sur-round the throne.

3. The hill of Zi-on yields A thou-sand sa-cred sweets, Be-fore we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the gold-en streets.

2. Let those re-fuse to sing, Who nev-er knew our God: But chil-dren of the heavenly King May speak their joys a-broad.

4. Then let our songs a-bound, And eve-ry tear be dry; We're march-ing thro' im-man-nel's ground, To fair-er worlds on high.

Moderato.

BEVERLY. S. M.

From H. C. NÄGELL

1. Let songs of end-less praise From eve-ry na-tion rise; Let all the lands their tri-bute raise, To God who rules the skies.

ALANTHUS. S. M.

Arranged from S. P.

1. Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take; Loud, to the praise of love divine. Bid eve-ry string awake, Bid eve-ry string a-wake.

2. Though in a foreign land, We are not far from home; And nearer to our house above We every moment come. We every moment come.

His grace will to the end Stronger and brighter shine; Nor present things, nor things to come, Shall quench the spark divine, Shall quench the spark divine.

HAVERHILL.

L. Mason, 1829.

1. How gentle God's com-mands! How kind his precepts are; Come, cast your bur-dens on the Lord, And trust his constant care.

Andante.
SING CHORUS, OR SOLO

PAULOS. S. M.

FULL CHORUS.

1. How charming is the place Where my Redeemer God Un-veils the glo-ries of his face; And sheds his love a-broad. Halle-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah!

2. Here on the mer-ry seat, With radiant glo-ry crowned Our joy-ful eyes be-hold him sit, And smile on all a-round.

3. To him their prayers and cries Each contrite soul presents: And while he hears . . . their hum-ble sighs, He grants them all their wants. Halle-lo-jah! Halle-lu-jah!

LULU. S. M.

W. R. R.

1. I lift my soul to God; My trust is in his name: Let not my foes, that seek my blood, Still triumph in my shame.
 From early dawning light Till evening shades a-rise, For thy sal-va-tion, Lord, I wait, With ev-er-longing eyes.
 3. Re-mem-ber all thy grace, And lead me in thy truth; Forgive the sins of rip-er days, And fol-lies of my youth.

Moderato. REA. S. M. 173

1. O Lord! thy work re-vive In Zi-on's gloomy hour:
 2. Oh! let thy chosen few Awake to earnest prayer;
 3. Thy Spirit then will speak, Thro' lips of humble clay;

And let our dying gra-ves live, By thy re-storing power.
 Their solemn vows a-gain re-new, And walk in di-vi-nal fear.
 Till hearts of adamant shall break,—Till re-lics shall o-bey.

DENTON. S. M.

TAYLOR.

1. Not all the blood of beasts, On Jewish altars slain, Could give the guilty conscience peace, Or wash away the stain.
 2. But Christ, the heavenly Lamb, Took all our sins away; A sa-cri-fice of nobler name And richer blood than they.
 3. My faith would lay her hand On that dear head of thine, While like a pen-i-tent I stand, And there confess my sin.

CLAYTONVILLE. S. M.

W. R. R.

1. Come, Ho-ly Spl-rit, come With en-er-gy di-vine, And on this poor be-night-ed soul With beams of mer-cy shine.

ALBA. S. M. Double.



1. Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise! Welcome to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - jo - cing eyes! 2. The King himself comes near,

3. One day a - midst the place Where my dear God hath been, Is sweet - er than ten thousand days Of pleasur - a - ble sin. 4. My will - ing soul would stay,

And feasts his saints to-day; Here we may sit and see him here, And love and praise and pray, Here we may sit and see him here, And love and praise and pray.

In such a frame as this, And sit and sing her - self a - way To ev - er - last - ing bliss; And sit and sing her - self a - way To ev - er - last - ing bliss

DOVER. S. M.

English. MORNINGTON. S. M.

Great is the Lord our God, And let his praise be great; He makes the churches his abode, His most delightful seat.

The law by Moses came, But peace, and truth, and love,

1. The Lord my Shepherd is; I shall be well supplied; Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be- side?

2. He leads me to the place Where heavenly pasture grows; Where living waters gently pass, And full sal- vation flows.

3. If e'er I go a- stray, He doth my soul re- claim; And guides me in his own right way, For his most holy name.

Tutti

1. The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear;

2. Lord, keep us safe this night, Secure from all our fears;

3. And when we early rise, To view th' unweary'd sun,

B. E. JONES. From Temple Melodies.

Oh! may we ever keep in mind, The night of death draws near

May angels guard us while we sleep, Till morning light appears.

May we set out to win the prize, And after glo- ry run.

Cantabile.

BORTON. S. M.

E. F. F.

1. The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear; Oh! may we all remember well The night of death draws near. The night of death etc

2. We lay our garments by, Upon our beds to rest; No death will soon divide us all Of what we here possess, Of what we here possess.

3. Lord, keep us safe this night, Secure from all our fears, Beneath the pinions of thy love, Till morning light appears, Till morning light appears.

MORNINGTON.

Slow.

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

Western Tune.

Were brought by Christ, a nobler name, Descending from above.

O cease, my wandering soul, On restless wing to roam; All this wide world, to either pole, Has not for thee a home.

MARGATE. S. M.

1. Like sheep we went a-stray, And broke the fold of God, Each wandering in a dif-ferent way, But all the down-ward road.

2. How dread-ful was the hour When God our wanderings laid, And did at once his ven-geance pour, Up-on the shep-herd's head.

For the remainder of this hymn see tune - "Stowers" below.

Moderato.

SCHNEIDER. S. M.

W. H. H.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

1. O cease, my wandering soul On restless wings to roam; All this wide world, to ei-ther pole, Has not for thee a home. 1 Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take;

(Cp. for next page.)

Allegro.

ELMORE. S. M.

1. How glorious was the grace, When Christ sustained the stroke! His life and blood the Shepherd pays, A ransom for the flock. His life and blood the Shepherd pays, A ransom for the flock, A ransom, etc.

2. But God shall raise his head O'er all the sons of men, And let him see a numerous seed, To recompense his pain, And let him see a numerous seed, To recompense his pain, To recompense his pain.

3. "I'll give him," with the Lord, "A portion with the strong: He shall possess a large reward, And hold his banner long." He shall possess a large reward, And hold his banner long, And hold, etc.

ZARA. S. M.

T. B. MASON, 177

1. Our heav - en - ly Fa - ther calls, And Christ in - vites us near; With both our friend - ship shall be sweet, And our com - mu - nion dear.

2. God pi - ties all our griefs; He par - dons ev - ery day, Al - migh - ty to pro - tect our souls, And wise to guide our way.

3. How large his boun - ties are! What va - rious storms of good, Dif - fused from our Re - deem - er's hand, And pur - chased with his blood.

Arranged from a Gregorian Chant by L. MASON.

STATE STREET. S. M.

J. C. WOODMAN.

Loud to the praise of love di - vine, Bid ev - ery string a - wake.

1. How sweet the melting lay, Which breaks upon the ear, When at the hour of ris - ing day, Christians unite in prayer.

GERAR. S. M.

L. MASON.

1. Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one; Whose kind de - signs to serve and please, Through all their ac - tions run.

2. Blest is the pi - ous house Where real and friend - ship meet; Their songs of praise, their min - gled vows, Make their com - mu - nion sweet.

3. Thus, when on As - sen's head They poured the rich per - fume, The oil . . . down to . . . his rai - ment spread, And plea - sure filled the room.

SHAWM.

(12)

The hill of Zi-on yields A thousand sa-cred sweets. Be-fore we reach the heavenly fields, Before we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets.

Be-fore we reach the heavenly fields.

The hill of Zi-on yields A thousand sa-cred sweets, Be-fore we reach the heavenly fields, Before we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets.

Be-fore we reach the heavenly fields.

LISBON. S. M.

REAR

Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a rise; Welcome to this re-viving breast, And these rejoicing eyes; Welcome to this re-viving breast, And these rejoicing eyes.

ALVANO. S. M.

1. As-ton-ished and dis-tressed, I turn mine eyes with-in; My heart, with loads of guilt op-pressed, The seat of ev-ry sin.

2. What crowds of e-vil thoughts, What vile af-fec-tions there! Dis-trust, pre-sump-tion and ar-bit-rary pride, en-vy, slav-ish fear!

3. Al-migh-ty King of kings! These hate-ful sins sub-due; Dis-pel the dark-ness from my mind, And all my powers re-new.

1. Come we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.

2. The sor-rows of the mind Be ban-ish'd from the place; Re-li-gion nev-er was de-signed To make our plea-sures less.

3. Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God; But chil-dren of the heavenly King May speak their joys a-broad, May speak their joys a-broad.

1. And canst thou, sin-ner, slight The call of love di-vine? Shall God with ten-der-ness in-vite, And gain no thought of thine?

1. Sow in the morn thy seed; At eve hold not thy hand; To doubt and fear give thou no heed; Broadcast it o'er the land, Broadcast it o'er the land;—

2. And du-ly shall ap-pear, In ver-dure, bean-ly strength, The ten-der blade, the stock, the ear, And the full corn at length, And the full corn at length

3. Thou canst not toil in vain; Cold, heat, and moist, and dry, Shall fos-ter and ma-ture the grain, For gar-ner's in the sky, For gar-ners in the sky.

SOUTHARD. S. M.

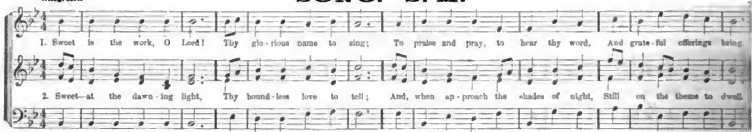
Arranged from a H. A. by R. of Providence. H. L.



1. I love thy king-dom, Lord! The house of thine a-bode; The church our blessed redemption saved With his own precious blood, With his own precious blood.

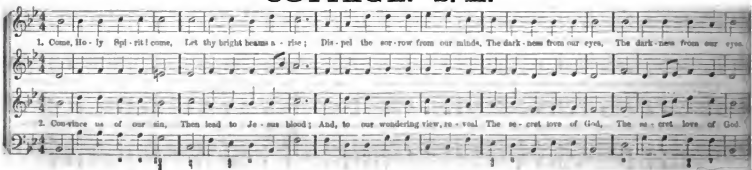
2. I love thy church, O God! Her walls be-fore thee stand, Dear as the ap-ple of thine eye, And graves on thy hand, And graves on thy hand.

Allegretto.

SONO. S. M.


1. Sweet is the work, O Lord! Thy glo-rious name to sing; To praise and pray, to bear thy word, And grate-ful offerings bring.

2. Sweet-at the dawn-ing light, Thy bound-less love to tell; And, when ap-proach the shades of night, Still on the theme to dwell.

COTTAGE. S. M.


1. Come, Ho-ly Spi-rit! come, Let thy bright beams a-rise; Dis-pel the sor-row from our minds, The dark-ness from our eyes, The dark-ness from our eyes.

2. Con-vince us of our sin, Then lead to Je-sus blood; And, to our wondering view, re-veal The se-cret love of God, The se-cret love of God.

1. The Lord my Shepherd is, I shall be well sup-plied: Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want be-side?

2. He leads me to the place, Where heavenly pas-ture grows, Where liv-ing wa-ters gently pass, And full sal-vation flows, And full sal-vation flows.

3. If e'er I go a-stray, He doth my soul re-claim; And guides me in his own right way, For his most ho-ly name, For his most ho-ly name.

INVERNESS. S. M.

L. MASON.

O cease, my wandering soul, On rest-less wing to roam; All the wide world, to ei-ther pole, Has not for thee a home.

CECIL. S. M.

*

1. Laborers of Christ, a-rise, And gird you for the toll; The dew of promise from the skies Al-read-y cheers the soil, Al-read-y cheers the soil.

2. Go where the sick re-cline, Where mourning hearts deplore; And where the sons of sor-row pine, Dis-pense your hal-lowed lore, Dis-pense your hal-lowed lore.

3. Urge, with a ten-der zeal, The erring child a-long Where peaceful con-gre-ga-tions kneel, And pi-ous teach-ers throng, And pi-ous teach-ers throng.

MERATA. S. M.

Slow Spirited

How heavy is the night That hangs upon our eyes; Till Christ, with his re - viv - ing light, O'er our dark souls a - rise! O'er our dark souls a - rise!

2. Our guilty spirits dread To meet the wrath of heaven; But in his right - eous - ness ar - rayed, We see our sins forgiven, We see our sins for - given.

3. Un - ho - ly and im - pure Are all our thoughts and ways; His hands in - fec - ted na - ture cure With sanc - ti - fy - ing grace, With sanc - ti - fy - ing grace.

OLNEY. S. M.

L. Mason, 1826.

WATCHMAN. S. M.

The Spi - rit in our hearts, is whispering sinner come, The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims To all his children, 'come.'

My God, my life, my love, To thee, to thee I call

See next Page.

Slow and soft.

GORTON. S. M.

Arranged from BEETHOVEN.

1. While my Redeem - er's near, My Shepherd and my guide, I bid fare - well to eve - ry fear; My wants are all sup - plied.

2. To ev - er fra - grant meads, Where rob - t - bundance grows, His gracious hand in - dul - gent leads, And guards my sweet re - pose.

3. Dear Shepherd, if I stray, My wand'ring feet re - store; And guard me with thy watch - ful eye, And let me rove no more.

ABRON. S. M.

183

1. *Blest Com- forter di- vine! Let rays of heavenly love, A- mid our gloom and darkness, shine, Amid our gloom and darkness, shine, To guide our souls a- bove.*
 2. *Draw, with thy still, small voice, From eve- ry sin- ful way; And bid the mourning saint re- joice, And bid the mourning saint re- joice, Though earth's joys de- cay.*
 3. *By thine in- spir- ing breath Make eve- ry cloud of care, And e'en the gloom- y vale of death, And e'en the gloomy vale of death, A smile of glo- ry wear.*

HEREFORD. S. M.

L. HAYDN, 1810.

I can - not live if thou re- move For thou art all in all.
 When overwhelmed with grief, My heart within me dies, Helpless and far from all relief, To heaven I lift my eyes.

MILLARD. S. M.

HASTINGS.

1. And must this bod- y die? This mort- al frame de- cay? And must these ac- tive limbs of mine Lay mouldering in the clay?
 2. God, my He- dem- er, lives, And, of- ten from the skies, Looks down and watch- es all my dust, Till he shall bid it rise.
 3. Ar- rayed in glo- rious grace, Shall these vile bod- ies shine; And eve- ry shape and eve- ry face, Look heav- en- ly and di- vine.

1. How charm-ing is the place... Where my Re-deem-er, God... Un-veils the glo-ries of his face, And sheds his love a-broad.

2. Here, on the mer-cy-seat... With ra-diant glo-ry crowned, Our joy-ful eyes be-hold h'm sit, And smile on all a-round.

mf

SANDUSKY, or IOWA. S. M.

Old popular Melody.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo-ri-fy, A nev-er-dy-ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

AHIRA. S. M.

GREAT POINT.

1. Be-hold! the day is come, The right-eous Judge is near; And sin-ners, trem-bling at their doom, Shall soon their sen-tence hear.

2. An-gels, in bright at-tire, Con-duct him through the skies, Dark-ness and tem-pests, smoke and fire, At-tend him as he flies.

3. How aw-ful is the sight! How loud the thun-ders roar! The sun for-bears to give his light, And stars are seen no more.

1. To God I lift mine eyes, From him is all my aid; } And earth and nature made: God is the tower To which I fly; His grace is nigh In eve - ry hour.
The God who built the skies, [OMIT . . .]

2. My feet shall never slide, And fall in fat - al snare; } De-fend me from my fears: Those wakeful eyes That nev - er sleep, Shall lo-ral keep When dan - gers rise.
Since God, my guard and guide, [OMIT . . .]

Glorious.

BETHESDA. H. M.

English.

{ Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleasant and how fair, } Thy earth-ly temples are To shine a - bove My heart as - pires, With warm de - sires, To see my God.
The dwellings of thy love, [OMIT . . .]

BEECHLAND. H. M.

*

1. The Lord my Shep - herd is, And he my soul will keep; } A - way with eve - ry anxious fear; I cannot want while he is near; I cannot want while he is near,
He knoweth who are his, And watcheth o'er his sleep; }

WINCHELL. H. M.

1. Where is my Sav-ior now, Whose smiles I once possessed? Till he return, I bow, By heav-y grief op-pressed; My days of happi-ness are gone, And I am left to weep a-lone, And I am left to weep a-lone.

2. Where can the mourner go, And tell his tale of grief; Ah, who can soothe his woe, And give him sweet relief? Earth cannot heal his wounded breast, Or give the troubled sin-ner rest, Or give the troubled sin-ner rest.

TRÉBLE & BASS

Joyous and bold.

TRIUMPH. H. M.

English.

Awake, our drowsy souls, And burst the slothful band; The wonders of this day Our noblest songs demand; Auspicious morn! thy blissful rays Bright seraphs hail, in songs of praise.

OPHEL. H. M.

T. B. MASON

1. Ye tribes of Adam, join With heaven, and earth, and sea, And offer notes divine To your Creator's praise, Ye ho-ly throng of an-gels bright, In worlds of light be-gin the song.

2. The shining worlds above In glorious order stand, Or in swift courses move By his supreme command. He spake the word and all their frame From nothing came To praise the Lord.

X

X

1. { To God I lift mine eyes, From him is all mine aid; } God is the tower To which I fly; His grace is nigh In ev - ry hour.
The God who built the skies, And earth and na - ture made;

2. { My feet shall nev - er slide, And fall in fa - tal snares; } Since God, my guard and guide, De - fend me from my fears: } Those woe - re - yes, that nev - er sleep, Shall is - radel keep, When dan - gers rise.

Allegro Moderato.

HARWICH. H. M.

1. Give thanks to God most high, The universal Lord; The sovereign King of kings: And be his grace adored. Thy mercy, Lord, shall still endure, And ever sure Abides thy word.

Supervised:

HARNO. H. M.

1. Blow ye the trumpet!—blow, The gladly solemn sound! Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bound,—The year of Ju - bi - lee is come; Re - turn, ye ran - somed sin - ners! home.

2. Exalt the Lamb of God,—The sin - a - ton - ing Lamb; Redemp - tion by his blood, Thro' all the world pro - claim: The year of ju - bi - lee is come; Re - turn, ye ran - somed sin - ners! home.

3. Ye slaves of sin and hell! Your lib - er - ty re - ceive; And safe in Je - sus dwell, And blest in Je - sus live: The year of ju - bi - lee is come; Re - turn, ye ran - somed sin - ners! home.

BASCOM. H. M.

1. Welcome, delightful morn, Thon day of sacred rest! I hail thy kind return; Lord, make these moments blest; From low delights and mortal toys, I soar to reach immortal joys.

2. Now may the King descend, And fill his throne of grace; Thy sceptre, Lord! extend, While saints address thy face: Let sinners feel thy quickening word, And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3. Descend, celestial Dove! With all thy quickening powers; Disclose a Savior's love, And bless the sacred hours; Then shall my soul new life obtain, Nor Sabbaths be bestowed in vain.

Allegro Moderato.

STOW. H. M.

1. Yes, the Redeemer rose, The Savior left the dead, And o'er our hellish foes, High raised his conquering head; In wild dismay The guards around, Fall to the ground, And sink away.

HENLEY. H. M., or H. P. M.

H. M. Upward I lift mine eyes, From God is all my aid; The God who built the skies, And earth and nature made: God is the tower To which I fly; His grace is nigh At every hour.

H. P. M. Come, heavenly peace of mind, I sigh for thy return, I seek but cannot find: The joys for which I mourn. Ah, where's the Savior now, Whose smiles I once possessed; Till he returns I bow, By heaviest grief oppressed. } My days of happiness are gone, And I am left to weep alone.

* By repeating the first strain.

DELPHOS. H. M.

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1. Hark! what celestial notes, What melody we hear! Soft on the morn it floats, And fills the ravished ear: The tuneful shell, The golden lyre, And vocal choir The con-cert swell.

2. Th' angelic hosts descend, With harmony divine; See, how from heaven they bend, And in full chorus join! "Fear not," say they, "Great joy we bring: Jesus your King, Is born to-day."

3. "He comes, from error's night, Your wandering feet to save; To realms of bliss and light, He lifts you from the grave: This glorious morn, Let all attend; Your matchless friend, Your Savior's born."

HADDAM. H. M.

English.

The Lord Je-ho-rah reigns; His throne is built on high;
The garments he as-sumes (OMIT - - - - -) Are light and ma-jes-ty; His glo-ries shine with beams so bright, No mor-tal eye can bear the sight.

ZIDON. H. M.

HASTINGS

1. Lord of the worlds above, How pleasant, and how fair, The dwellings of thy love, Thy earthly temples are! To thine a-bode My heart aspires, With warm desires To see my God.

2. Oh! happy souls who pray, Where God appoints to hear; Oh! happy men who pay Their constant service there; They praise thee still; And happy they Who love the way To Zi-on's hill.

3. They go from strength to strength, Through this dark vale of tears, Till each arrives at length, Till each in heaven appears: Oh! glorious seat, When God our King Shall thither bring Ours willing feet.

BUFFALO. H. M.

1. Hark! hark! - the notes of joy Roll o'er the heavenly plains, And seraphs find employ For their sublimest strains: Some new delight in heaven is known; Loud sound the harps around the throne.

2. Hark! hark! - the sounds draw nigh, The joyful hosts descend; Jesus forsakes the sky, To earth his footsteps bend; He comes to bless our full-en race; He comes with mess- ges of grace.

3. Bear - bear the tidings round; Let every mor-tal know What love in God is found, What pity he can show; Ye winds that blow! ye waves that roll! Bear the glad news from pole to pole.

With energy.

MORN. 8's, 6's, & 5's.

Loud sound the harps around the throne.

He comes with mess- ges of grace.

Bear the glad news from pole to pole.

1. Lift up your heads in joy-ful hope, Salute the happy morn; Each heavenly power Proclaims the glad hour; Lo, Jesus the Savior is born.

2. All glory be to God on high, To him all praise is due; The promise is seal'd - The Savior's reveal'd - And prove that the record is true.

3. Let joy around like rivers flow; Flow on, and still increase; Spread o'er the glad earth, At Immanuel's birth - For heaven and earth are at peace.

Adante.

ZEBULON. H. M.

1. Ye dy- ing sons of men, Immersed in sin and woe! Now mer-cy calls a-gain, Its message is to you! Ye per-ish-ing and guilty, come! In mer-cy's arms there yet is room.

LENOX. H. M.

191

Ye tribes of Adam join, With heav'n, and earth, and seas, And offer notes divine, To your Creator's praise.

Ye holy throng of angels bright, In worlds of light be - gin the song.
Ye holy throng of angels bright, In worlds of light begin the song. In worlds, etc.

Ye tribes of Adam join, With heav'n, and earth, and seas, And offer notes divine, To your Creator's praise.

Ye holy throng of angels bright, In worlds of light begin the song.

Rather slow, and in exact time.

CLAREMONT. H. M.

1. Let every creature join To bless Jehovah's name, And every pow'r unite To swell th' exalted theme : Let nature raise From ev'ry tongue, A gen'ral song Of grateful praise.

2. But oh ! from human tongues Should nobler praises flow ; And ev'ry thankful heart With warm devotion glow : Your voices raise, Ye mighty blest, Above the rest Declare his praise.

Moderate.

LISCHER. H. M.

Chorus.

1. Welcome, delightful morn ! Thou day of sa - cred rest ;
I hail thy kind return ; Lord make these moments blest : From low delights, and mortal toys, I soar to reach im - mortal joys, I soar to reach im - mortal joys.

METRICAL CHANT. L. P. M.

1. Let all the earth their voices raise, to sing the chosen psalm of praise; To sing and bless Jehovah's name: His glory let the heathen know; His wonders to the nations show; And all his saving works [proclaim].

2. He fram'd the globe, he built the sky, He made the shining worlds on high, And reigns complete in glory there; His beams are majesty and light; His beauties,—how divinely bright! His temple,—how [divinely fair].

Not too fast.

NASHVILLE. L. P. M.

Arranged from a Gregorian Chant, by L. MASON.

1. I love the volume of thy word; What light and joy those leaves afford To souls benight-ed and distress'd! Thy precepts guide my doubtful way, Thy fear forbids my feet to stray, Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

Moderate.

NEWCOURT. L. P. M.

H. BOND.

1. I'll praise my Maker with my breath; And when my voice be set in death, Praise shall employ my nobler powers; My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life and thought, and being last, Or immortality endure.

2. How blest the man whose hopes rely On Israel's God, he made the sky, And earth and seas, with all their train; His truth forever stands secure; He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor, And none shall find his promise vain.

rather slow and in exact time.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

L. Mason. 193

Chorus.

1. Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Savior shine! I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Gabriel, while he sings

2. I'd sing the precious blood he spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt Of sin, and wrath divine: I'd sing his glorious righteousness, In which all perfect, heavenly dwell

3. I'd sing the charac- ters he bears, And all the forms of love he wears, Ex-alted on his throne: In loftiest songs of sweetest praise, I would to ev-er-lasting days

Slowly.

CONDOR. 8's, 7's & 4's.

L. Mason.

In notes almost divine, In notes almost divine.

My soul shall ever shine, My soul shall ever shine.

Make all his glories known, Make all his glories known.

1. Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim through this barren land: I am weak, but thou art mighty; Hold me with thy powerful hand: Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

2. Open now the crystal fountain, Whence the healing stream do flow: Let the fiery, cloudy pillar Lead me all my journey through: Strong Deliverer, Be thou all my strength and shield.

Refrain.

MERIBAH. C. P. M.

Or L. P. M. by singing the small notes.

When then my righteous Judge shall come To take thy ransomed people home, Shall I among them stand? Shall such a worthless worm as I Who sometimes am afraid to die, Be found at thy right hand?

SHAW.

(13)

ELECTRA. C. P. M.

The songs of Zion oft impart, To this poor lab'ring care-worn heart, The balm of heav'nly peace; They chase away each tedious fear, And turn to joy each sorrowing tear, And bid the tumult cease, And bid, O thou that fill'st the heav'nly throne, 'Tis not in melody alone, To set the spirit free; Without the breathings of thy love, The sweetest strains will prove less pure, Nor comfort bring to me, Nor comfort. But if the Spirit of the Lord His hallowed influence afford, The soul will upward rise; The strains will swell with themes divine, The light of heav'n around me shine, Beneath the breeding skies, Beneath.

• Sometimes marked L. C. M.

Andante.

ADON. 6's & 5's. Or 11's.

1. Our Fa-ther in hea-ven, We hal-low thy name; May thy kingdom holy On earth be the same; O give to us dai-ly Our portion of bread, It is from thy bounty That we must be fed.

With energy.

WARNING VOICE. C. P. M.

1. That warning voice, O sinner, hear, And while salvation fingers near, The heavenly call obey; Flee from destruction's downward path, Flee from the threatening storm of wrath That rimes o'er your way.
2. Soon night comes on with thickening shade; The tempest hovers o'er thy head, The winds their fury pour; The lightnings rend the earth and skies, The thunders roar, the flames arise, What terrors fill that hour.
3. That warning voice, O sinner, hear, Whose accents linger on thine ear; Thy footsteps now retrace: Renounce thy sins, and be forgiven, Believe, become an heir of heaven, And sing redeeming grace.

• Sometimes marked L. C. M.

WOOLMORE. C. H. M.

Lowell Mass. 195

"WHEN I CAN TRUST."

1. { When I can trust my all with God, In tri - al's fearful hour, }
 { Bow, all resigned, beneath his rod, And bless his sparing power, } A joy springs up a - mid dis - tress, A fountain in the wil - der - ness.

2. { O, to be brought to Je - sus' feet, Though tri - als fix me there, }
 { He still a pri - vi - lege most sweet, For he will hear my prayer; } Though sighs and tears its language be, The Lord is nigh to answer me.

* Sometimes marked C. I. M.

CALANUS. C. H. M.

"HE KNELT; THE SAVIOR KNELT."

{ He knelt; the Savior knelt and prayed, When but his Father's eyes }
 { Looked, through the lonely garden's shade, On that great a - go - ny; } The Lord of all above, beneath, Was bowed with sorrow un - to death.

* Sometimes marked C. I. M.

FLETCHER. C. H. M.

G. S. STEPHENS, Providence, R. I.

1. { He knelt; the Sa - vior knelt and prayed, When but his Father's eyes }
 { Looked, through the lonely garden's shade, On that dread ag - ony; } The Lord of all a - bove, beneath, Was bowed with sor - row un - to death.

2. { The sun went down in tear - ful hour; The heavens might well grow dim, }
 { When this mor - tal - i - ty had power To thus o'er - shade o - him; } That he who gave man's breath might know The ve - ry depths of hu - man woe.

WATERBURY. C. H. M.

(Sometimes marked C. L. M.)

"On, watch and pray."

On watch and pray, thou canst not tell how near thine hour may be; Thou canst not tell how soon the bell shall call its notes for thee. Death's countless scars beset thy way, Frail child of dust, do watch and pray.

CALM. C. H. M.

(Sometimes marked C. L. M.)

"How calm and beautiful."

1. How calm and beautiful the morn That glides the sacred tomb, Where once the Crucified was borne, And veiled in midnight gloom! O weep no more the Savior slain; The Lord is risen, he lives again.

Andante.

VALE. 7's & 4's.

(Or 7's & 4's, by dividing the first half note.)

1. When the vale of death appears, Faint and cold this mortal clay, Break the shadows, Ush - er in e - ter - nal day.
Blest Re - deem - er, soothe my fears, Light me through the gloom - y way;

FRIEND AFTER FRIEND. S. H. M.

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1. Friend after friend departs: Who hath not lost a friend? There is no union here of hearts That finds not here an end: Were this frail world our final rest, Living or dying, none were blest.

2. Beyond the flight of time, Beyond the reign of death, There surely is some blessed clime Where life is not a breath, Nor life's affections transient fire, Whose sparks fly upwards and expire.

* Sometimes marked S. H. M. Also adapted to the hymn: "One smile, one gracious smile."

Moderate.

DALSTON. S. P. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

How pleased and blessed was I, To hear the people cry, "Come, let us seek our God to-day!" Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We haste to Zion's hill, And there our vows and honors pay.

IRAD. 6's & 4's. Peculiar. (64 64 44 64).

†

Tenderly.

"CHILD OF SIN AND SORROW."

1. Child of sin and sorrow, Filled with dismay; Wait not for the morrow, Yield thee to-day; Heaven bids thee come While yet there's room, Child of sin and sorrow, Hear and obey.

1. O Thou that hear'st the prayer of faith, Wilt thou not save a soul from death, That casts itself on thee? I have no refuge of my own, But fly to what my Lord hath done And suffered once for me.

2. slain in the guilty sinner's stead, His precious righteousness I plead, And his availing blood: That righteousness my robe shall be, That merit shall atone for me, And bring me near to God.

3. Then save me from e - ter - nal death, The spirit of adoption breathe, His consolations send: By him some word of life impart, And sweetly whisper to my heart, "Thy Maker is thy friend."

Moderate. OLGA. 3's & 4's. Peculiar. (84 84 888 4). Arranged.

And suf-fred once . . . for me.

And bring me near to God.

"Thy Maker is thy friend."

1. { God of evening and of morning, Great Source of all! [cher's blessing; Lord, hear our call.
While our hearts with love are burning, Prostrate we fall; Now thy sacred throne addressing, And our follies all confessing, We entreat a Fa-

*Allegro.***PETERS. S. P. M.**

How pleased and blessed was I, To hear the people cry. "Come, let us seek our God to-day!" Yes, with a cheerful zeal, We haste to Zion's hill, And there our vows and honors pay.

1. O thou sun of glorious splendor, Shine with healing in thy wing; Chase away these shades of darkness; Ho - ly light and comfort bring. Ho - ly light and comfort bring.

2. Let the her-alds of sal - vation Round the world with joy proclaim, "Death and hell are spoiled and vanquished, Thro' the great Immanuel's name. Thro' the great Immanuel's name.

Slow and soft.

MOUNT VERNON. 8's & 7's.

L. MASON.

1. Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love - ly, Gen - tle as the sum - mer breeze, Plea - sant as the air of eve - ning When it floats a - mong the trees.

This verse may be sung as a duet by treble voices.

Gently - softly.

FAMILY SONG. 8's & 7's. Double.

W. B. B.

FIRST TIME.

SECOND TIME.

FIVE.

D. C.

1. Savior, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal; } Thou canst save and thou canst heal. 2. Tho' destruction walk a - round us, Tho' the ar - rows past us fly;
c. Sin and wand we come con - fess - ing; (OMIT.) We are safe if thou art nigh.
c. An - gel guards from thee sur - round us; (OMIT.)

D. C.

FIRST TIME.

SECOND TIME.

FIVE.

D. C.

1. Tho' the night be dark and drear - y, Darkness can - not hide from thee; } Watchet where thy peo - ple be. 4. Should swift death this night o'er - take us, And command us to the tomb.
c. Thou art he who, nev - er was - ry, (OMIT.) Clad in bright, e - ter - nal bloom.
c. May the morn in heav - en a - wake us, (OMIT.)

D. C.

CANDAVIA. 8's & 7's. Double.

Arranged from an air by BOLLENEAD.

Fine. *D. C.*

Fine. *D. C.*

1. Je - sus! my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low thee; Per - ish ere - ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
 { Naked, poor, des - pised, for - sak - en, Then, from hence, my all shall be; } *Fine.* *D. C.*

a. c. Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heaven are still my own. *Fine.* *D. C.*

Andante Maestoso.

WILMOT. 8's & 7's.

From G. M. van WEBER.

Lol the Lord Je - ho - vah liv - eth; He's my rock, I boom His name He, my God, sal - va - tion giv - eth; All ye lands, ex - alt His fame.

Spirited.

APPIA. 8's & 7's. Double.

HASTINGS. *D. C.*

Fine. *D. C.*

Fine. *D. C.*

1. Glo - rious things of thee are spok - en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God! On the rock of az - es found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
 { He, whose word can - not be brok - en, Formed thee for his own a - bode; } *Fine.* *D. C.*

a. c. With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou mayest smile at all thy foes. *Fine.* *D. C.*

GABA. 8's & 7's. Double.

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First

1. "Stricken, smit-ten, and af-flict-ed." Lo, he dies up-on the tree; } Yes, be-lievers,—yes, 'tis he. 2. 'Tis the long ex-pect-ed Sav-ior, Da-vid's son and Da-vid's Lord.

First

a. c. Sa-cri-ficed to bring us fa-vor; (OMIT.) 'Tis a true and faith-ful word.

First

D. C.

GREENVILLE. 8's & 7's. Double.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

First

1. Far from mor-tal cares re-treat-ing, Sor-did hopes and vain de-sires, }
Here our wil-ling foot-steps meet-ing, Eve-ry heart to heav'n as-pires. } 2. From the fount of glo-ry beam-ing, Light ce-less-tial cheers our eyes,

a. c. Mer-cy from a-bove pro-claiming, Peace and par-don from the skies.

First

D. C.

HALAM. 8's & 7's.

Larghetto.

From the Modern Psalms.

1. Light of those whose dreary dwelling Borders on the shades of death! Rise on us, thy self re-vealing, Rise, and chase the clouds beneath. Guide, Oh guide is to thy perfect peace.

Ending for verse 2.

2. Thou, of life and light Creator! In our deepest darkness rise; Scatter all the night of nature, Pour the day up-on our eyes. Guide, Oh guide is to thy perfect peace.

Ending for verse 2.

BALLA. 8's & 7's. Double.

German.

1. { Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish, O'er the grave of those you love ;
Pain, and death, and night and anguish, (OMIT.) } En - ter not the world above. 2. While our silent steps are straying Lonely, through night's deepening shade.

3. Light and peace at once deriving From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living, (OMIT.) } They shall no - ver, never die. 4. Endless pleasure, pain excluding, Sickness, there, no more can come :

MIZPEH. 8's & 7's.

German.

Glory's brightest beams are playing round the happy Christian's head.

Though the watch their guard are keeping To protect us from alarm : Foes that wake while we are sleeping, Yield but to
[th] Almighty arm.

These, no fear of woe, intruding, Sheds o'er heav'n a moment's gloom.

* Arranged from a Night Watcher's song

SICILY, or DISMISSION. 8's & 7's.

Lord, dis - miss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace ; Let us each thy love pos - sessing, Triumph in re - deem - ing grace

1. { When we pass through yon - der riv - er, When we reach the far - ther shore, } All our conflicts then shall cease, Fol - lowed by e - ter - nal peace.
 { There's an end of war for e - ver; We shall see our foes no more; }

Andante.

ZION. 8's, 7's & 4's.

1. { On the mountain's top ap - pear - ing, Lo! the sa - cred her - ald stands, } Mourning captive, God himself shall loose thy bands, Mourning captive, God himself shall loose thy bands.
 { Wel - come news to Zi - on bear - ing, Zi - on long in hos - tile lands, }

CARO. 8's & 7's. Double.

NEW MISSIONARY HYMN.

Poetry by Mrs. J. H. HANAFORD.

1. { Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters: Wild - ly though the bil - lows roll, } 2. As the seed by bil - lows float - ed To some dis - tant is - land, lone;
 { They but aid thee as thou toil - est, Truth to spread from pole to pole, }
 D. C.
 D. C.
 D. C.
 2. { When the morn of judg - ment break - eth Joy ex - ta - tic shall be thine, } 4. Give, then, free - ly of thy substance—O'er this cause the Lord doth reign;
 { For the fruits of all thy boun - ty, Then, with worth of souls be thine, }
 D. C.
 D. C.
 D. C.

AUTUMN. 8's & 7's. Double.

Spanish Melody.
D. C. & F.

1. Gently, Lord! O gently lead us Thro' this lonely vale of tears; Thro' the changes thou'st decreed us, Till our last great change appears: When temptation's darts assail us, When in perilous paths we stray,
D. C. Let thy goodness never fail us, Lead us in thy perfect way.
Fine.

TAMWORTH. 8's, 7's & 4's.

LOCKHART.

1. Songs a - new of hon - or framing, Sing ye to the Lord a - lone; } Glorious vic - tory, Glo - rious vic - tory, His right hand and arm hath won.
All his won - drous works proclaiming, Je - sus wondrous works hath done; }

ABIDING REST. 8's & 7's. Peculiar. Double.

Fine.

D. C.

1. I now have found abiding rest For which I long was sighing, } This is the place where sin, no more, And Death and Hell alarm me;
Now, on my Savior's faithful breast My weary head be ly - ing; }
D. C. I now am safe, by Jesus' pow'r, From all that else would harm me.
Fine.
2. He whispers me—"I'm wholly thine, And thou art mine fore - ev - er;
Henceforth all fear and doubt resign—Confiding in my fa - vor;
D. C. I'll fill thy spi - rit with my joy, The pledge of endless pleasures.

3. From Jesus and his love, who now,
By terrors to divide me,
My great and many sins would show!—
His wounds from vengeance hide me:
My sins are great,—I'll not despair,
Though conscience too arraigns me,
Nor doubt my Savior's watchful care—
His arm of love sustains me.

4. I thank thee, God's beloved Son,
Thy boundless grace adoring,
Which brought thee from thy glorious throne,
Our peace with God restoring:
O make my heart a shrine, where peace
Shall keep her constant dwelling—
Where grateful praise shall never cease,
Abroad thy glories telling

* Using the name as C. M. Double with an additional syllable at the end of every other line.

FRANKFORT. 8's & 7's. Double.

MEDELSON. 205

1. On thy love my heart reposes; Hear me draw my faltering breath; Raise me lest my eyelids close, Lest I sleep the sleep of death. Lest my haughty foes prevailing, Proudly boast, we laid him low;

ALAS! HOW POOR. 8's & 4's.

1. Alas! how poor and little worth }
Are all those glittering toys of earth } That lure us here!— } Dreams of a sleep that death must break }
Alas! before it bids us wake, } They disappear.

Lest the scorner hear my wailing, And he triumph in my woe.

2. { Where is the strength that spurns decay } { 'tome? } { The strength is gone, the step is slow, }
{ The step that rolled so light and gay, } { The hearts blithe } { And joy grows weariness and woe } { When age comes on.

Andante.

KEDESH. 8's. 7's & 4.

{ Oh! 'tis pleasant, 'tis re-viv-ing } To our hearts to hear, each day, } Joy-ful news from far ar-riv-ing, } How the gospel wins its way; }
{ Those enlightening, Those enlightening, } Who in death and darkness lay. }

D. C.

BARDINE. 8's & 7's.

Arranged from G. H. von WEBER.

1. Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim through this barren land :
I am weak, but thou art mighty ; Hold me with thy powerful hand : Bread of heav-en, Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.

2. Open now the chrysal fountain, Whence the healing streams do flow :
Let the ser-ry, cloudy pil-lar Lead me all my journey through : Strong Deliverer, Strong Deliv-erer, Be thou still my strength and shield, Be thou still my strength and shield.

Allegro.

OLIPHANT. 8's, 7's & 4's.

From Modern Psalmist.

Men of God, go take your stations; Darkness reigns thro'out the earth; Go, proclaim among the nations, Joyful news of heavenly birth: Bear the tidings, Bear the tidings.

PARK. 8's & 7's. Double.

See next page.

1. Sweet the mo-ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend; Life, and health, and peace pos-sess-ing, From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend. 2. Love and grief, my heart di-vid-ing, With my tears his feet I bathe:

a. c. Still in faith and hope a-bid-ing, Life de-riv-ing from his death.

Allegro.

Moderato a piano

1. On the mountain's top appearing, Lo! the sacred nerus stands, Welcome news to Zion bearing, Zion, long in hostile lands: Mourning captive, Mourning captive, God himself will loose thy bands.

2. Has the night been long and mournful? Have thy friends unfaithful proved? Have thy foes been proud and scornful, By thy sighs and tears unmoved? Cease thy mourning, Cease thy mourning; Zion [still is well beloved.

3. God, thy God, will now restore thee; He himself appears thy Friend; All thy foes shall see before thee; Here their boasts and triumphs end: Great deliverance, Great deliverance, Zion's King will surely send.

Moderato.

ELAN. 4's & 6's.

Tidings of the Savior's worth, Tidings of the Savior's worth.

An - o - ther year Has told its four-fold tale, And still I'm here A traveler in the vale.

Adagio.

BETAH. 8's & 7's.

C. M. von WEBER.

1. Sav - ior, source of eve - ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to grate - ful lays; Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing. Call for cease - less songs of praise.

2. Teach me some me - lo - dious measure, Song by rap - tured saints a - bove; Fill my soul with heavenly pleasure, While I sing re - deem - ing love.

HERBST. 8's & 7's. Peculiar.*"When thy harvest yields thee pleasure."*

1. When thy har-vest yields thee pleasure, Thou the gold-en sheaf shalt bind; } This thy God or-dains to bless The wi-dow and the fa-ther-less.
To the poor le-ungs the treasure, Of the scattered ears be-hind; }

2. When shine o-live-plants, in-cres-ing, Pour their plen-ty o'er the plain, } This thy God or-dains to bless The wi-dow and the fa-ther-less.
Grate-ful thou shalt take the bless-ing, But not search the boughs a-gain; }

*Rather slow.***UNAM. 8's, 7's & 4's.****From Carmina Sacra.*

1. On the mountain's top ap-pearing, Lo! the sa-cred herald stands! } Mourning captives! God him-self shall loose thy hands, God him-self shall loose thy hands.
Welcome news to Zi-on bearing, Zi-on, long in hostile lands. } Hal-le-le-lu-jah! Praise the Lord.

2. Lo! thy sun is risen in glo-ry! God himself appears thy friend; } Great deliverance Zi-on's King vouchsafes to send, Zi-on's King vouchsafes to send.
All thy foes shall flee be-fore thee; Here their boasted triumphs end; } Hal-le-le-lu-jah! Praise the Lord.

* If the Hallelujah should be preferred to repeating the last line, let the small notes be sung, and observe the ♯

*Animated.***HARWELL. 8's, 7's & 7. (87 87 77). (♯ & ♭ & 7's DOBLE.)**

1. Hark, ten thousand harps and voices sound the note of praise aloud,
Jesus reigns and heaven rejoices: Jesus reigns, the God of love: } See, he sits on yonder throne; Jesus rules the world alone; Hal-le-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-le-lu-jah! A-men!

ELLA. 8's & 7's

206

1. Sav-ior, source of eve-ry blea-sing, Tune my heart to grateful lays; Streams of mer-cy, ne-ver ceas-ing, Call for ceas-less songs of praise.

2. Teach me some me-lodious mea-sure, Sung by rap-tured saints a-bove; Fill my soul with sac-red plea-sure, While I sing re-deem-ing love.

NETTLETON. 8's & 7's. Double.

Fine. *D. C.*

Come, thou fount of eve-ry blea-sing! Tune my heart to grateful lays; Streams of mer-cy, ne-ver ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise; Teach me some me-lodious measure, Sung by rap-tured saints a-bove; a. c. Fill my soul with sac-red plea-sure; While I sing re-deem-ing love. *Fine.* *D. C.*

HAWLEY. 8's & 7's. Double.

Fine. *D. C.*

1. Know, my soul, thy full salvation; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care; Joy to find in every station, (Oh!) Something still to do or learn; Think what Spirit dwells within thee; Think what Father's smiles are thine; *Fine.* *D. C.*

a. c. Think what Jesus did to win thee; (Oh!) Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

ANSTICE. 8's & 7's

J. LUNDIE

1. Lo! the Lord Je-ho-vah liv-eth; He's my rock, I bloom his name; He, my God ad-va-ntion giv-eth; All ye lands! ex-alt his fame.

2. God, Mes-si-ah's cause main-tain-ing, Shall his right-teen throne extend; O'er the world the Sav-ior reign-ing, Earth shall at his foot-stool bend.

WINSTON. 8's & 7's.

J. LUNDIE

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All thy faith-ful mer-cies crown;

2. Je-sus thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bounded love thou art; Vi-sit us with thy sal-va-tion, In-ter-vene ev-ry trembling heart.

* Organist at St. George's Church, N. Y.

Gently.

YATES. 8's & 7's. Double.

W. B. R.
D. C.

FINIS

{ Cease, ye mour-ners, cease to lan-guish O'er the grave of those ye love! While in darkness you are straying, Lone-ly in the deepening shade
Pain and death, and night and an-guish En-ter not the world a-bove! }

n. c. Glo-ry's bright-est beams are play-ing Round th'im-mor-tal spir-it's head.

FINIS

GADI. 7s.

Arranged and harmonized by T. R. MASON. 211

1. Sweet the time, ex - ceed - ing sweet! When the saints to - geth - er meet, When the Sav - ior is the theme, When they join to sing of him.

2. Sing we then e - ter - nal love, Such as did the Fa - ther move: He be - held the world un - done, Loved the world and gave his son.

3. Sweet the place, ex - ceed - ing sweet, Where the saints in glo - ry meet; Where the Sav - ior's still the theme, Where they see and sing of him.

HOLLEY. 7s.

Gen. Hays.

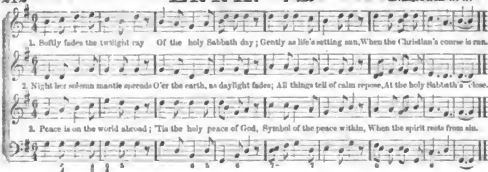
Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way; Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with thee.

ESHEMOMA. 7s.

T. R. MASON.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way; Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with thee.

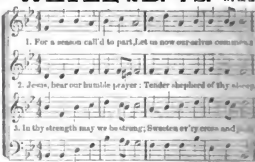
2. Now, for me, the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way; Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.



1. Softly fades the twilight ray Of the holy Sabbath day; Gently as life's setting sun, When the Christian's course is run.

2. Night her solemn mantle spreads O'er the earth, as daylight fades; All things tell of calm repose, At the holy Sabbath's close.

3. Peace is on the world abroad; 'Tis the holy peace of God, Symbol of the peace within, When the spirit rests from sin.



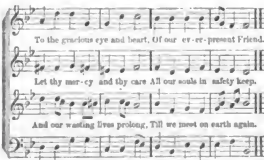
1. For a season call'd to part, Let us now our voices combine.

2. Jesus, hear our humble prayer: Tender shepherd of thy sheep.

3. In thy strength may we be strong; Sweeten ev'ry cross and pain.

HANCOX. 7s.

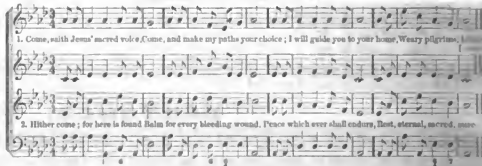
W. WILLIAMS.



To the gracious eye and heart, Of our ev-er-present Friend.

Let thy mer-cy and thy care All our souls in safety keep.

And our wasting lives prolong, Till we meet on earth again.

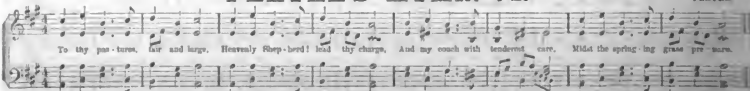


1. Come, saith Jesus' sacred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice; I will guide you to your home, Weary pilgrims, here.

2. Hither come; for here is found Balm for every bleeding wound, Peace which ever shall endure, Rest, eternal, sacred, pure.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

PLEYEL.



To thy pas-tures, fair and large, Heavenly Shep-herd! lead thy charge, And my coach with tenderest care, Midst the spring-ing grass pre-pare.

CEDAR. 7s. Double.

213

1. Pa- thy of our free-ble rare, Wis- do- me - fl - cent, and kind, | Mus- ing in the sil- ent grove, Or the bu- ay walks of men, Still we trace thy won- drous love, Claim- ing large re- turns a- gain.
 Spread o'er na- ture's ample face, Flows thy good-ness un- con- tain- ed: |

2. Lord, what offer- ings shall we bring, At thine al- tars, when we bow? | Soft com- pas- sion's feel- ing soul, By the melt- ing eye ex- pressed; Sympa- thy, at whose con- trol Sorrow leaves the wound- ed breast.
 Beats, the pure, un- sullied spring Whence the kind af- fec- tions flow: |

FULTON. 7's.

W. R. R.

Broth - er, though from yon - der sky, Com - eth not ther ead-er nor cry, Yet we know for thee to - day, Ev - ry pain hath pass- ed a - way.

HERKIMER. 7s. Double.

Arranged from the Psalter, D. C.

1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day, Our tri- um- phant ho - ly day: | 2. Lo! he is - en, might- y King! Where, O death! is now thy sting; |
 He en- dured the cross and grave, Sin - ners to re - deem and (Quit.) move. |

a. c. Lo! he claims his na - tive sky! Grave! where is thy vic - to - ry? (Quit.) ry? |

VES. 7s. Double.

"Who are these in bright array."

Words by MONTGOMERY, Music by E. IVES.

1. Who are these in bright array, This exulting, happy throng, Round the altar night and day, Hymning one triumphant song? "Worthy is the Lamb, once slain, Blessing, honor, glory, power.

2. These through fiery trials trod; These from great afflictions came; Now, before the throne of God, Sealed with his almighty name: Clad in raiment pure and white, Victor-palms in every hand.

3. Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown, On immortal fruits they feed: Them the Lamb, amidst the throne Shall to living fountains lead: Joy and gladness banish sighs: Perfect love dispels all fears:

NETTIE. 5's & 9. (559).

"Midst sorrow and care."

Wis-dom, riches to obtain, New domin-ion eve-ry hour.

Thro' their great Redeemer's might, More than conquerors they stand.

And for- ever from their eyes, God shall wipe away their tears.

1. Midst sor-row and care There's one that is near, And ev-er delights to relieve us.

2. 'Tis Je-sus our friend, On whom we de-pend, For life and for all its rich bless-ings.

2. When trouble as-saults, His love nev-er fails, He meets us with sweet com-so-lar-tion.

New.

"HASTE, O SINNER."

From Modern Psalmist.

Haste, O sin-ner, now be wise; Stay not, stay not for the morrow's sun: Wis-dom, if you still de-sire, Hard-er is it to be won.

THEMA. 7s.

WILLIAM HADSON. 2017

1. Boundless glo - ry, Lord I be thine; Thou hast made the dark - ness shine; Thou hast sent a cheer - ing ray; Thou hast turned our night to day.

THEME.

2. Darkness long in - volved us round, Till we knew the joy - ful sound; Then our dark - ness fled a - way, — Chased by truth's of - ul - gent ray.

THEMA.

NOTE.—In order to produce the effect intended by this kind of composition, the Theme should be sung considerably louder than the harmony parts. It might be well for the different voices (Basso, Soprano, etc.) to sing their Theme before the harmony is attempted. But the tune is of course intended as a study.—Eds.

WESLEY. 7s. Double.

H. From the Mendelssohn Collection.

{ They who toll upon the deep, And in vessels light and frail }
 { O'er the mighty waters sweep, With the billows and the gale, } Mark what wonders God performs, When he speaks, and unconfined, Rush to battle all his storms, In the chariots of the wind.

HACKNEY. 7s. 6 lines.

L. Mason, London, Feb. 18th, 1855.

1. { Once I thought my moun - tain strong, Firm - ly fixed, no more to move; }
 { Then my Sav - ior was my song, Then my soul was filled with love; } Those were hap - py, gold - en days, Sweet - ly spent in pray'r and praise.

2. { Lit - tle then my - self I knew, Lit - tle thought of Satan's power; }
 { Now I feel my sins a - new, Now I feel my sin - ny hour; } Sin has put my joy to flight, Sin has turned my day to night.

BASCOM. 7s. Double.

MASTINGA 217

1. High in yonder realms of light, Dwell the raptured saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight, Happy in Immanuel's love.

2. Pilgrims in this vale of tears, Once they knew, like us be-low, Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,

3. Happy spir-its, ye are led, Where no grief can entrance find,
Lulled to rest the aching head, Soothed the anguish of the mind.

4. Mid the cho-rus of the skies, 'Mid th'angel-ic lyres a-bove, Hark! their songs melodious rise.

SAVA. 7s.

Torturing pain, and heavy woe.

1. All ye nations, praise the Lord, All ye lands, your voices raise; Heaven and earth, with loud accord, Praise the Lord, forever praise.

Songs of praise to Jesus' love.

2. For his truth and mercy stand, Past, and present, and to be, Like the years of his right hand, Like his own e-ter-ni-ty.

AMESBURY. 7s.

A popular English Tune.

1. Let us, with a joy-ful mind, Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
2. He, with all commanding might, Filled the new-made world with light:
3. All things liv-ing he doth feed; His full hand sup-plies their need:

For his mer-cies shall en-dure, Ev-er faith-ful, ev-er sure.
For his mer-cies shall en-dure, Ev-er faith-ful, ev-er sure.
For his mer-cies shall en-dure, Ev-er faith-ful, ev-er sure.

1. 'Tis my hap - pi - ness be - low, Not to live with - out the crown; But the Fav - or's power to know, Sancti - fy - ing ev - ery hour.

2. Tri - als must and will be - fall; But with hum - ble faith to see Love in - scribed up - on them all, This is hap - pi - ness to me.

3. Tri - als make the pro - mise sweet; Tri - als give new life to prayer; Tri - als bring me to his feet, Lay me low and keep me there.

ODER. 7s. 6 lines. Unison Tune.

DAVID KIZZIO, D.C.

VOCES

Let us with a joy - ful mind, Praise the Lord, for he is kind: For his mer - cy shall en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.

D.C. For his mer - cy shall en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.

SOLOISTS OR ORGAN

* All sing Treble.

MERRILL. 7s. Double.

Fine.

D.C.

1. "Wide, ye heav - en - ly gates, un - fold, Closed no more by death and sin; Let the King of glo - ry in." 2. Hark! th' an - gel - ic host in - quire, "Who is he th' al - might - y King?"

D.C. Hark a - gain! the answering choir Thus in strains of tri - umph sing:

1. Gra-cious Spir-it, Love di-vine! Let thy light with-in me shine; All my guilt-y fears re-move; Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2. Speak thy pardoning grace to me; Set the bur-dened sin-ner free; Lead me to the lamb of God; Wash me in his pre-cious blood.

3. Life and peace to me im-part; Seal sal-va-tion on my heart; Dwell thy-self with-in my breast, Earn-est of im-mor-tal rest.

MARTYN. 7s. Double.

Fine.

MAHON. D.C.

EASTON. 6's & 5's. Peculiar.

Fine.

D.C.

Ma-ry to the Saviour's tomb Hasted at the ear-ly dawn
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume, But the Lord she lov'd had gone.

For a while she ling'ring stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise;

Through thy protect-ing care, Kept till the dawning;
Taught to draw near in prayer, Heed we the warning;

O Thou great One in Three,
Gladly our souls would be,

a. c. Trembling while a crystal flood, issued from her weeping eyes.

a. c. Evermore praising thee, God of the morning.

BIGELOW. 7s, 8 lines.

†

1. Safe-ly through an-o-ther week, God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a bless-ing seek, Waiting in his courts to-day;

Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e-ter-nal rest.

2. While we seek sup-ples of grace, Thro' the dear Re-deem-er's name;
Show thy re-con-cil-ed face, Take a-way our sin and shame;

From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest, this day, in thee.

MOUNT CALVARY. 7s. 6 lines.

STEPHEN JENKS

1. Hearts of stone, relent, relent! Break, by Jesus' cross subdued; See his body mangled, rent, Stain'd and cover'd with his blood! Sinful soul, what hast thou done? Crucified th' eternal Son.

2. Yes, thy sins have done the deed; Driven the nails that fix'd him there; Crown'd with thorns his sacred head; Plunged into his side the spear; Made his soul a sacrifice, While for sinful men he dies

INVITE. 7s.

STEPHEN JENKS

1. Pil - grim bur - dened with thy sin, Kneels to Zi - on's gate to - day, There, till mer - cy lets thee in, Knock, and weep, and watch, and pray.

2. Knock, for mer - cy lends an ear, Weep, she marks the sin - ner's sigh; Watch, till heav - en - ly light ap - pear; Pray, she hears the mourn - er's cry.

3. Mourn - ing pil - grim, what for thee In this world can now re - main, Seek that world from which shall flee Sor - row, shame, and tears, and pain.

4. Sor - row shall for - ev - er flee, Shame shall nev - er en - ter there; Tears be wiped from ev - ery eye; Pain in end - less bliss ex - pure.

SPREAD THY WINGS. 8's & 7's. 6 lines.

Arranged from STEPHEN JENKS.

1. What is life, 'tis but a va - por, Soon it van - ish - es a - way; } Why not spread thy wings and fly Straight to yonder world of joy.

Life is but a dy - ing ta - per, O my soul why wish to stay? } Why not spread thy wings and fly. Omir } Straight to yonder world of joy.

RICHMOND. 7s & 8's. Peculiar.

To the hills I lift my eyes, The ever-lasting hills; Streaming thence in fresh supplies, My soul the Spirit feels: Will he not his help afford? Help, while yet I ask, is giv'n; God comes down; the God and Lord That made both earth and heav'n.

Vivace.

WEBB. 7s & 8's.

GEO. JAMES WEBB.

1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears; The sons of earth are waking To peal ten thousand tears: Each breeze that sweeps the ocean brings tidings from afar Of nations in communion,
2. Fresh down of grace comes o'er us, in many a gentle shower, And brighter scenes before us Are opening every hour: Each cry to heaven going, Aloud answers brings, And heavenly gales are blowing.

ENDOR. 7s & 8's. Peculiar.

A. B. MARSH.
D. C.

Prepared for Zion's war, With peace upon their wings.

1. Lamb of God, whose bleeding love We now re-call to mind; 2. Let thy blood, by faith applied, The sin-ner's pardon seal; 3. Speak us freely jas-ti-fied, And bid us go in peace. Fine. Think on us who think on thee; Every hard-ened soul re-lease: By the pas-sion on the tree, Let our griefs and troubles cease: D. C.

1. The morn-ing light is break-ing; The dark-ness dis-appears; { To pen - i - ten - tial tears; Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from afar Of na - tions in com -

2. Birds dens of grace come o'er us, In many a gen - tle shower, { Are open-ing every hour: Each cry, to hea - ven go - ing, A - ton - dant an - swers br - ings, And heavenly gales are

SUNSET. 7's & 6's. Single. (7070).



mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.

1. The mel - low eve is gliding So - re - ne - ly down the west; So, eve - ry care sub - si - ding, My soul would sink to rest.

2. The wood - land hum is ring - ing The day - light's gen - tle close; May an - gels, round me sing - ing, Thus hymn my last re - pose.

AMSTERDAM. 7's & 6's; or 8's & 6's. Peculiar.

Hide, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace; { Run, and moon, and stars decay; Time shall soon this earth remove; Haste, my soul, and haste away To seats prepared above.

* By using small notes as in the Air now the name. - Sing hallelujah! praise the Lord *

"Jesus, let thy pitying eye."

1. Je-sus, let thy pitying eye Call back a wand'ring sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I Would fain like Peter weep; Let me be by grace restor'd, On me be all its freeness shown: Turn and look upon me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

2. Savior, Prince, enthroned above, Repentance to impart.
Give me, through thy dying love, The humble, contrite heart; Give what I have long implor'd, A portion of thy love unknown: Turn and look upon me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

MILLENNIUM SONG. 7's & 6's.

"Roll on, thou mighty ocean."

Greek Melody.

1. Roll on, thou mighty o-cean! And as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mer-cy To every land be-low. Arise ye gales, and waft them Safe to their destined shore, That man may sit in darkness, And death's black shade no more.

2. O thou e-ter-nal Bul-der! Who boddest in those arms
The tempests of the o-cean, Protect them from all harm. Thy presence e'er be with them, Wherever they may be. Though far from us who love them, Still let them be with thee.

ADAR. 7's & 6's. Peculiar.

"Time is winging us away."

L. MASON, 1832.

Slow and soft.

1. Time is winging us a-way To our e-ter-nal home;
Life is but a winter's day, A journey to the tomb; Youth and vigor soon will fire, Blooming beauty lose its charms; All that's mortal soon shall be Envolv'd in death's cold arms.

2. Time is winging us a-way To our e-ter-nal home;
Life is but a winter's day, A journey to the tomb; But the Christian shall enjoy Health and beauty, soon, above, Far beyond the world's alloy. Be-cure in Je-sus' love.

PASSAIO. 7's & 6's.

As flows the rapid river."

W. R. R. From "Psalmists", by permission.

1. As flows the rapid riv - er, With channel broad and free, Its waters rippling ever, And hastening to the sea, So life is onward flowing, And days of offered peace, And man is swiftly going

2. As moons are ever waning, As hastes the sun away, As stormy winds complaining, Bring on the winter day, So fast the night comes o'er us, The darkness of the grave, And death is just before us

3. Say, hath thy heart its treasure Laid up in worlds above? And is it all thy pleasure Thy God to praise and love? Beware, lest death's dark river Its billows o'er thee roll, And thou lament forever

Not too slow.

FAYETTEVILLE. 7's & 6's.

German Theme.

Where calls of mercy cease.

God takes the life he gave.

The ruin of thy soul.

1. Why sinks my soul desponding? Why fill my eyes with tears? [Gloom and sadness fraught]
While nature all surrounding, The smile of beauty wears: Why burdened still with sorrow, Is every lab'ring thought? Each vision that I borrow [Gloom]

2. The pleasures that deceived me, My soul no more can charm; [shall I find]
Of rest they have bereaved me, And filled with alarm; The objects I have cherished, Are empty as the wind; My earthly joys are perished, What comfort

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7's & 6's.

L. MASON, 1824.

1. From Greenland's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's co - ral strand, Where A - fric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand:

C. H. Hill and J. P. Hill

IONIA. 7's & 6's. Peculiar.

225

"Rise my soul."

GARANEMI.

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings; Thy better portion trace; Rise from all terrestrial things, Towards heaven, thy native place: Sun, and moon, and stars, decay; Time shall soon this earth re-
(move) rise, my soul, and haste away

2. Rivers to the ocean run, Nor stay in all their course; Fire, ascending, seeks the sun; Both speed them to their source; So a soul that's born of God, Pants to view his glorious face, Upward tends
to his abode.

JORA. 8's.

"The winter is over and gone."

C. B. FORTER.

To souls prepared above.

1. The winter is over and gone, The thrush whistles sweet on the spray, The turtle breathes forth her soft moan, The lark mounts and warbles away.

2. Shall ev-e-ry creature a-round Their voices in concert unite, And I, the most favored, be found, In praising to take less de-light?

To rest in his embrace.

3. Awake, then, my harp and my lute! Sweet organs, your notes softly swell! No longer my lips shall be mute, The Savior's high praises to tell.

MISSIONARY HYMN. Concluded.

From many an an-cient riv-er, From many a palm-y plain, They call us to de-liv-er Their land from er-ror's chain

CHAPMAN.

(15)

1. Time is wing-ing us a-way To our e-ter-nal home; Youth and vig-or soon will flee, Blooming beau-ty lose its charm;
Life is but a win-ter's day— A jour-ney to the tomb; But the Christ-ian shall en-joy Health and beau-ty soon a-bore;

2. Time is wing-ing us a-way To our e-ter-nal home; But the Christ-ian shall en-joy Health and beau-ty soon a-bore;
Life is but a win-ter's day— A jour-ney to the tomb;

DUET. — First Solo Soprano and Alto, second, the Soprano and Tenor.

• Base sing the Alto, and Tenor the Soprano.

Allegro. DODRIDGE. 7's & 6's. HASTINGS.

All that's mortal soon shall be En-closed in death's cold arms.
Where no world-ly griefs annoy, Se-cure in Je-sus' love.

1. From every earthly pleasure, From every transient joy, From every mortal treasure,
2. From every piercing sor-row, That braves our breast to-day, Or threatens us to-mor-row.

3. 'Tis true we are but strangers And pilgrims here be-low, And countless snare and dan-ger

That soon will fade and die;— No longer these de-sir-ing, Up-ward our wish-es tend, To nobler bliss as-pir-ing, And joys that ne-ver end.
Hope turns our eyes a-way; On wings of faith ascend-ing, We see the land of light, And feel our sorrows end-ing, In in-fin-ite de-light.

Surround the path we go; Though painful and distress-ing, Yet there's a rest a-bore; And onward still we're pressing, To reach that land of love.

"Onward speed thy conqueror's flight."

1. Onward speed thy conq'ring flight; Angel, onward speed; Cast abroad thy radiant light, Bid the shades recede; Tread the idols in the dust, Heathen fanes destroy, Spread the gospel's holy trust, [spread the gospel's joy.]

2. Onward speed thy conq'ring flight; Angel, onward haste; Quickly on each mountain's height Be thy standard placed; Let the blissful tidings float Far o'er vale and hill, Till the sweetly echoing [note Every bosom thrill.]

OREB. 7's & 4's. (77 77 47).

"Hark! from yonder mount arise."

1. Hark! from yonder mount a - rise Notes of red-emption—Je - sus died! On the cross the Lord of lords Love for guilt-y man re - cords; Sin - ner, sin - ner, Hear your dy - ing Sav - lor's words. Hear your dy - ing Sav - lor's words.

2. "Mor-tal, for your guilt I die— Guilt that dared your God do - fy; Blood for you I free - ly give; Death I taste that you may live; Will you, sin - ner, Free sal - va - tion now re - ceive? Free sal - va - tion now re - ceive?"

ZEEB. 7's & 4's. (77 77 47).

"When the vale of death appears."

W. B. N.

1. When the vale of death ap - pears, Faint and cold this mor - tal clay, way; Break the sha-dows, Break the sha-dows, Ush - er in e - ter - nal day. Blot Re - deem - er, soothe my fears, Light me through the gloomy

2. (p. v. w.) from this dy - ing state Bid my wait - ing soul as - pire; lyre; Then, tri - um - phant, Then, tri - um - phant, I will join th'im-mor - tal choir. O - pen thou the crys - tal gate; To thy praise at - tune my

HARVEST SONG. 6's & 4's. (GG4 GGG4).

1. The God of harvest praise; In loud thanksgiving raise Hand, heart and voice; The valley, smile and sing, Forests and mountains ring, The plains their tribute bring, The streams rejoice.

2. Yes, bless his holy name, And praise thanks proclaim Through all the earth; To glo-ry in your lot is de-ty, but let God's be-ne-fits for-got, Amidst your mirth.

3. The God of harvest praise; Hands, hearts, and voices raise, With sweet accord; From field to garner throng, Bearing your sheaves along, And in your harvest song Bless ye the Lord.

ARNO. (G4 G4).

"To-day the Savior calls"

Spiritual Songs.

AVA. 6's & 4's. Peculiar. (G4 G4 44 G4).

"Child of sin and sorrow."

Spiritual Songs D C

1. To-day the Savior calls, Ye wanderers come; O ye benighted souls, Why longer roam?

2. To-day the Savior calls, O hear him now; Within these sacred walls To Jesus bow.

3. To-day the Savior calls, For refuge fly; The storm of justice falls, And death is nigh.

{ Child of sin and sorrow, Fill'd with dismay, } [room;

{ Wait not for to-morrow, Yield thee to-day; } [Heaven bids thee come, While yet there's

n. c. Child of sin and sorrow, Hear and o-bey. D C.

With energy.

MOAB. 6's & 4's. (GG4 GGG4).

1. Let us a-wake our joys; Strike up with cheerful voice; Each creature, sing; Angels, be-gin the song; Mortals, the strain prolong, In accents sweet and strong, "Jesus the King."

2. Precision abroad his name; Tell of his match-less fame; What wonders done; Above, beneath, around, Let all the earth resound, 'Till heaven's high arch rebound, "Vict'ry is won."

3. He vanquished sin and hell, And our last foe will quell; Mourners, rejoice; His dy-ing love a-dore, Praise In power; Praise him forevermore, With joy-ful voice.

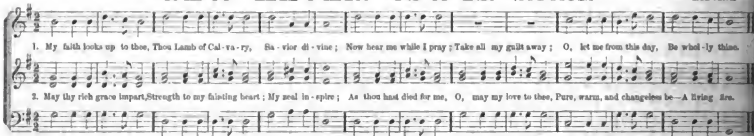


1. Sound, sound the truth abroad; Bear ye the word of God Through the wide world; { Tell what our Lord has done; } And from his loft-y throne Sa-tan is hurled.
{ Tell how the day is won, }

2. Swift-ly, on wings of love, Je-sus who reigns above, Hides us to fly; { They who his message bear } He will their friend ap-pear; He will be nigh.
{ Should nei-ther doubt nor fear; }

NEW HAVEN. 6's & 4's. (664 664).

Mrs. Sears.



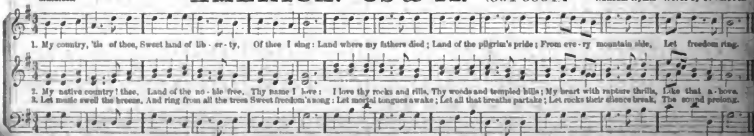
1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sa-vior di-vine; Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt away; O, let me from this day, Be whol-ly thine.

2. May thy rich grace impart, Strength to my fainting heart; My zeal in-spire; As thou hast died for me, O, may my love to thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be—A living fire.

Maclean.

AMERICA. 6's & 4's. (664 664).

National Hymn. Words by F. SMITH.



1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my fathers died; Land of the pilgrim's pride; From eve-ry mountain side, Let freedom ring.

2. My native country! thee, Land of the no-ble free, Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that a-bove.

3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal tongues awake; Let all that breaths partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.

GREGORY. 8'S. Double.

231

Fine. "How sweet on thy bosom to rest."

W. B. B.

D. C.

1. How sweet on thy bosom to rest, When nature's affliction is near! The soul that can trust thee is blest, Thy smiles bring deliv'rance from fear: The Lord has in kindness declared, That those, who
a. c. shall in the sharp conflict be spared, His mercy and love to proclaim. { will trust in his name.

Fine.

D. C.

Fine.

D. C.

2. This promise shall be to my soul, A messenger sent from the skies, An anchor when billows shall roll, A refuge when tempests arise: O Savior! the promise fulfill, Its comfort impart to my mind,
a. c. Then calmly I'll bow to thy will, To the cup of affliction resigned.

MADISON. 8'S. Double.

Arr. from S. H. FOND.

"To Jesus the crown of my hope."

1. To Je - sus, the crown of my hope, My soul is in haste to be gone; O bear me, ye cher - u - bims, up, And waft me a - way to his throne.

2. Dis - solve thou these bonds that do - tain My soul from her por - tion in thee; O strike off this ad - a - mant chain, And make me e - ter - nal - ly free.

My Sav - tor, whom ab - sent I love, Whom, not hav - ing seen, I a - dore; Whose name is ex - alt - ed a - bove All glo - ry, do - min - ion, and power;

When that hap - py e - ra be - gins, Ar - rayed in thy glo - ries I'll shine, Nor grieve an - y more, by my sins, The bo - som on which I re - cline.

FOSTER. 8's. Single.

W. A. R.

1. To Je - sus, the crown of my hope, My soul is in haste to be gone; O bear me, ye cher - u - bim, up, And waft me a - way to his throne.

2. My Sa - vior, whom ab - sent I love; Whom, not hav - ing seen, I a - dore; Whose name is ex - alt - ed a - bove All glo - ry, do - min - ion, and power—

3. Dis - solve thou these bands that de - tain My soul from her por - tion in thee; O strike off this ad - a - mant chain, And make me e - ter - nal - ly free.

GEZER. 10's. 6 lines.

T. B. MASON.

Not to our names, thou on - ly just and true, Not to our worth - less names is glo - ry due; Thy power and grace, thy truth and jus - tice claim,

im - mor - tal hon - ore to thy sov - ereign name, Shine thro' the earth, from heaven thy blest a - bode, Nor let the hea - ven say, "Where is your God."

RETON. 11's & 8's.

"Be joyful in God."

1. Be joy-ful in God, all ye lands of the earth; O, serve him with gladness and fear; Ex-ult in his presence with music and mirth; 'With love and de-votion draw near.

2. Je-hovah is God, and Je-ho-vah a-bone, Cre-a-tor and Ruler o'er all; And we are his people; his sceptre we own; His sheep, and we fol-low his call.

3. O, en-ter his gates with thank-giving and song; Your vows in his temple proclaim; His praise in me-lodious ac-cordance prolong, And bless his a-dor-a-ble name.

OPHRAH. 10's & 11's. Peculiar. 6 lines. (10 10 10 10-11 11).

"The Lord of glory reigns."

1. The Lord of glory reigns; he reigns on high; His robes of state are strength and majesty; } Long stood his throne ere he began creation, And his own Godhead is the firm foundation.
This wide creation rose at his command, Built by his word, and 'tablished by his hand; }

2. God is th'eternal King; thy foes in vain Raise their rebellion to confound thy reign; } Founding at heaven, they rage with wild commotion, But heaven's high arches scorn the swelling ocean.
In vain the storms, in vain the floods, arise, And rear, and toss their waves against the skies; }

STAR OF THE EAST. 11's & 10's. Double.

"Brightest and best of the sons."

Arranged from Mozart.

Fur.

D.C.

1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid; } 2. Cold, on his cradle, the dew drops are shining, Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall; }
Star of the east, the horizon adorning, Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid. } Fine. D.C.

a. c. Angels a-dore him, in slumber re-clin-ing, Maker, and Monarch, and Savior, of all.

* Adapted also to the hymn: "Hail to the brightness."

HYMN. "Daughter of Zion." 11's. Peculiar.

1. Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness ; Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more : Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness ; Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2. Strong were thy foes ; but the arm that subdued them, And scattered their legions, was mightier far ; They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them ; Vain were their steeds and
[their chariots of war.]

*Andante Piano.***HYMN. "When the harvest is past." 12's & 8's. Double.**

T

When the harvest is past and the summer is gone, And serious and prayers shall be o'er ; When the full gales of mercy no longer shall blow, The gospel no message declare, — Sinner, how canst thou
When the beams cease to break of the blest Sabbath morn, And Jesus invites thee no more ; [tear the deep wailings of woe, How suffer the night of despair ?]

HYMN. "Hark, sinner." 12's & 11's. Peculiar.

W. R. R.

{ Hark, sinner, while God from on high doth entreat thee, And warnings with accents of mercy doth blend ; } " The harvest is passing, the summer will end, " " The harvest is passing, the summer
Give ear to his voice, lest in judgment he meet thee ; (OMIT) } [will end.]

{ How oft of thy danger and guilt he hath told thee ! How oft still the message of mercy doth send ! } " The harvest is passing, the summer will end, " " The harvest is passing, the summer will end, "

Haste, haste, while he waits in his arms to enfold thee ; (OMIT)

KANAH. 12's & 11's.

335

Moderato.

"Thou art gone to the grave."

A. R. B.

1. Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee, Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb; The Savior has passed through its portals before thee, And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2. Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee, Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side; But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee, And sinners may hope, since the Savior hath died.

ETNA. 12's.

"When thro' the torn sail."

Moderato.

†

1. When thro' the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming, When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming, Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seamen to cherish, We fly to our Maker—"Save, Lord, or we perish!"

2. O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow, Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow, Now seated in glory, the martyr cherish, Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

Forte.

HYMN. "Hail to the brightness." 11's & 10's.

L. HARRIS.

1. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning! Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain; Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning, Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2. Lo! in the desert, rich flowers are springing, Streams ever copious are gliding a-long; Loud from the mountain top echoes are ringing, Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

CORRIN. "The Lord is great." 12's & 8's. Peculiar.

1. The Lord is great; ye hosts of heaven, adore him, And he who tread this earth-ly ball; In ho-ly songs rejoice aloud before him; And shout his praise who made you all.

2. The Lord is great; his majesty how glo-rious, Resound his praise from shore to shore; O'er sin, and death, and hell, now made victorious, He rules and reigns for-ev-er more.

3. The Lord is great; his merry how abounding! Ye an-gels, strike your gold-en chords; O, praise our God, with voice and harp resounding The King of kings and Lord of lords.

RICHFORD. "Give glory to God." 11's.

1. Give glory to God in the highest; give praise. Ye noble! ye mighty! with joyful accord; All wise are his counsels, all perfect his ways; In the beauty of holiness worship the Lord.

2. The voice of the Lord on the ocean is known, The God of e-ter-nal-ty thunders abroad; The voice of the Lord, from the depth of his throne, Is terror and power;—all nature is awed.

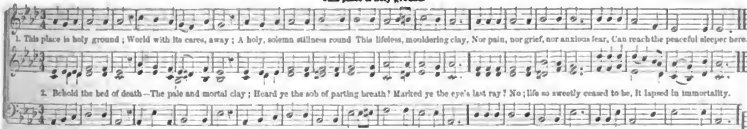
RESEB. "Do this, and remember the blood." 11's.

1. "Do this," and remember the blood that was shed, Ere Calvary's Victim to slaughter was led, When, sad and forsaken, the garden a-lone Gave ear to his sorrow, and echoed his woe.

2. Remember the conflict with insult and scorn, The robe of derision, the chaplet of thorn, The sin-cleansing fountain that streamed from his side, When, "Father, forgive them," he uttered and died.

"This place is holy ground."

W. R. R.



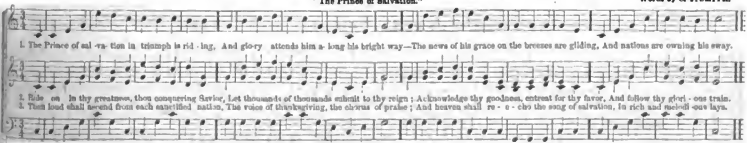
1. This place is holy ground ; World with its cares, away ; A holy, solemn stillness round This lifeless, mouldering clay, Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear, Can reach the peaceful sleeper here.

2. Behold the bed of death—The pale and mortal clay ; Heard ye the sob of parting breath ? Marked ye the eye's last ray ? No ; life so sweetly ceased to be, It lapsed in immortality.

PRINCE. 12's, 11's & 8's.

"The Prince of Salvation."

Words by S. F. SMITH.



1. The Prince of sal - va - tion in tri - umph is rid - ing, And glo - ry at - tends him a - long his bright way—The news of his grace on the breezes are glid - ing, And na - tions are own - ing his way.

2. Ride on in thy great - ness, thou con - quering Sa - vior, Let thou - sands of thou - sands sub - mit to thy reign ; Acknowledge thy good - ness, en - treat for thy fa - vor, And fol - low thy glori - ous train.

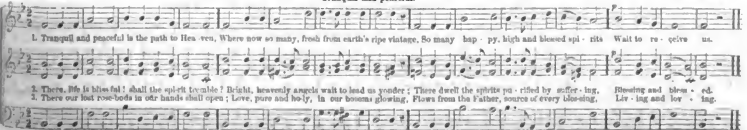
3. Then loud shall ascend from each sac - ri - ficed na - tion, The voice of thank - sgiv - ing, the ch -orus of praise ; And hea - ven shall re - ce - ive the song of sal - va - tion, In rich and mel - li - o - uous lays.

THE GRAVE. 11's & 8's. (11 11 11 6).

Soft and gentle.

"Tranquil and peaceful."

FLEMING.



1. Tran - quil and peace - ful is the path to Hea - ven, Where now so many, fresh from earth's ripe vi - tan - ge, So many hap - py, high and blest - ed spi - rits Wait to re - ceive us.

2. There, life is bliss - ful ; shall the spi - rit trem - ble ? Bright, heav - enly an - gels wait to lead us yon - der : There dwell the spi - rits pur - i - fied by suf - fer - ing. Flow - ing and bless - ed.

3. There our lost rose - buds in our hands shall open ; Love, pure and ho - ly, in our bos - oms glow - ing, Flows from the Fa - ther, source of ev - ery bless - ing. Liv - ing and lov - ing.

* Adapted also to the hymns : " Why should vain mortals " and " What solemn signal's that " etc

DODD. 6's & 7's. (66 77 77).**"Jesus thou art our King"**

Je - sus, thou art our King ! To me thy succor bring ; Christ the mighty one art thou ; Help for all on thee is laid ; This the word, I claim it now ; need me now the promised aid.

25th P. M. Methodist Hymn Book.

HERB. 10's.**"From Jesse's root."**

From Canton Landing by permission.

Andante.

From Jesse's root, behold a branch arise, Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies, The sick, the weak, the healing plant shall aid, From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.

"House of our God." 10's & 11's.

1. { Home of our God, with cheerful anthems ring, While all our lips and hearts his graces sing ; }
 { The opening year his graces shall proclaim, And all its days be vocal with his name ; } The Lord is good, his mercy never ending ; His blessings in perpetual showers descending.

2. { The heaven of heavens he with his bounty fills ; Ye seraphs bright, on ever-blooming hills, }
 { His bosom sound ; you to whom good alone, Unmingled, ever-growing has been known : } Through your immortal life, with love increasing, Proclaim your Maker a goodness-never ceasing.

3. { Then earth, enlightened by his rays divine, Pregnant with grass, and corn, and oil and wine, }
 { Crowned with his goodness, let thy nations meet, And lay their crowns at his paternal feet ; } With grateful love that liberal hand conferring, Which through each heart diffuses every blessing.

"Watchmen, onward!"

1. Watchmen! onward to your stations; Blow the trumpet long and loud;:
Preach the gospel to the na-tions, Speak to eve-ry gather-ing crowd;:
See the day is breaking, See the salu-ta-a-wak-ing, No more in sad-ness bow'd.

2. Watchmen! hail the rising glo-ry Of the great Mes-siah's reign;:
Tell the Savior's bleeding sto-ry, Tell it to the listen-ing train;:
See the day is re-veal-ing; See the spi-rit seal-ing; 'Tis life among the slain!

ALL PRAISE. 10's, 5's & 11's. (10 5 11 11 5 11)*

Deliverance from danger.

All praise to the Lord, who rules with a word The untractable sea, { And sm-its its rage by his steadfast decree; }
{ Whose providence binds or releases the winds, } And compels them again, At his beck, to pot on the invisible chain.

* 18th P.M. Meth. Hymn Book Adapted also to the hymn, "Come, let us sing."

ASAPH. 10's.

Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise; Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes; See heaven its sparkling portals wide display, And break upon thee in a flood of day.

'How blest is every child of grace.'

1. How blest is ev-'ry child of grace, That bears the fruit of right-eousness, Kept by the pow'r of Je-sus: His trea-sures are all for-giv'n, In rapt'-rous lays
The soul that's fill'd with joy and peace, His an-te-dates the joys of heaven,

2. Sa-tan may tem-ot, and hell may rage, Their uni-ted strength at once en-gage To pluck a soul from Je-sus: The faith-ful soul laughs them to scorn, He'll watch and pray,
And all the pow'rs of earth be-siege, He's heav-en bound, be's heav-en-born;

Shout and praise, Je-sus' grace, To the race Of sinners bro't to hap-pi-ness. Thro' the rich blood of Je-sus.

Night and day, Fight his way, Win the day, And all his enemies dis-may, Thro' the dear name of Je-sus.

SING PRAISE. 6's. (6666).

Sing praise! the tomb is void Where the Redeemer lay; Sing of our bonds destroyed,
n. c. Our darkness turn'd to day.

2. Weep for your dead no more; Friends, be of joyful cheer, Our Star moves on before,
n. c. Our narrow path shines clear.

Ed F. M. Methodist Hymn Book.

German.

LANSINGBURGH. 6's & 5's.

'Why that look of sadness?'

1. Why that look of sadness? Why that downcast eye? Can no thought of gladness Lift thy soul on high? O thou heir of heaven, Think of Jesus' love, While to thee is given All his grace to prove.

2. Is thy burden'd spirit Agoniz'd for sin? Think of Jesus' merit; He can make thee clean; Think of Cal-v'ry's mountain, Where his blood was spilt; In that precious fountain Wash away thy guilt.

3. Is thy spirit drooping? Is the tempter near? Still in Jesus hoping, What hast thou to fear? Set the prize before thee, Gird thy armor on; Heir of grace and glory, Struggle for thy crown.

ROCK OF OUR SALVATION. (65 65 44 7 87).

* 241

1. If life's pleasures charm thee, Give them not thy heart, } His favor seek, His praises speak; Fix here thy hope's foundation, Serve him, and he will ever be The Rock of thy sal - va - tion.
 Let the gift ensure thee, From thy God to part. }

2. If distress befall thee, Painful though it be, } He ever near, Thy prayer will hear, And calm thy perturbation; The waves of woe shall ne'er o'erflow The Rock of thy salva - tion.
 Let no grief appal thee; To thy Savior flee. }

CHILDREN'S SONG. (86 86 8).

1. Around the throne of God in heaven, Thousands of children stand; } Singing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Singing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glory.
 Children whose sins are all forgiven, A ho - ly, hap - py band; }

2. What brought them to that world above, That heaven so bright and fair, } Singing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Singing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glory.
 Where all is peace, and joy, and love? How came those children there, }

MELODIA. 8's. Double.

1. Thou Shepherd of Is - rael and mine, The joy and de - sire of my heart, } The pas - ture I lan - guish to God, Where all who their Shepherd o - bey, D. C.
 For clos - er com - mu - nion I pine; I long to re - side where thou art; }

2. Are fed, on thy bos - om re - lined, And screen'd from the heat of the day.

VESPER HYMN.

Wentz A.D.

SOLO. **CHORUS.**

SOLO. **CHORUS.** **SOLO.** **CHORUS.**

1. Hark! the vesper hymn is stealing, O'er the waters soft and clear; Nearer yet and nearer pealing, Now it bursts up-on the ear, Ju-bi-la-te, Ju-bi-la-te, Ju-bi-la-te, A-men.

SOLO. **CHORUS.** **SOLO.** **CHORUS.**

2. Now like moon light waves retreating, To tee shore it dies along; Now like angry surges meeting, Breaks the mingled tide of song, Ju-bi-la-te, Ju-bi-la-te, Ju-bi-la-te, A-men.

Words by H.
MOD. LARGATO.

PARK PLACE.

Music by L. MAROX.

SOLO. **CHORUS.**

Ju-bi-la-te, A-men, A-men.

Further now, now further stealing, Soft it fades up-on the ear.

SOLO. **CHORUS.**

Hush again like waves retreating, To the shore it dies a-long.

SOLO. **CHORUS.**

1. Shepherd, while thy flock are feed-ing, Take these lambs in thine arms, Now for shel-ter plead-ing.

2. While the storm of life is lowering, Night and day, Beasts of prey Are lurk-ing and de-voor-ing.

3. Shepherd, eve-ry grace com-bin-ing, Keep these lambs in thy arms, On thy breast re-cum-ing.

Moderato.

WORTHING. 8's & 7's.

SCHULTZ.

Glo-rious things of thee are spoken, Zi-on, ci-tiy of our God; He whose word can ne'er be bro-ken, Chose thee for his own a-bode.

Words by WM. GLAND BERNER.

Missionary Song. Composed for the Anniversary of Central (Dr. Adams') Sabbath School.

1. Press on-ward, O Zi-on! The mil-lions are call-ing From re-gions of death and the world's gloomy slumbers; Where the na-tions are shaking, and idols are fall-ing, And cap-tives re-

2. The pro-mise, O Zi-on! to thee has been given, And writ-ten so changeless that no-thing can al-ter! Bright, bright as the sun are the por-tals of heav-en, For those who in-

3. Thy Sav-ior, O Zi-on! thy strength and thy glory, Is wait-ing to bless thee, o'er la-land and riv-er, Till the end of the earth shall re-bearse the glad sto-ry, And rest in the

peace in their loud-sounding num-bers! Press on-ward! Press on-ward! The day now is break-ing, And Zion may conquer where mil-lions are wak-ing, And Zion may conquer where mil-lions are wak-ing.

do-ly ne'er wan-der nor fal-ter! The promise is changeless! Let the news of sal-vation be borne on the winds to the most dis-tant na-tion, Be borne on the winds to the most dis-tant na-tion!

light-nous of heav-en for ev-er! O Zi-on, a wake! Till in strength and in glory, The end of the earth shall re-bearse the glad sto-ry, The end of the earth shall re-bearse the glad sto-ry.

With energy.

IDUMEA. 5's & 8's. (558 558).

"Behold how the Lord!"

1. Be-hold how the Lord Has girt on his sword; From conquest to conquest pro-ceeds! How hap-py are they Who live in this day, And wit-ness his won-der-ful deeds!

2. His word be-comes forth From south to the north; From east and from west it is heard: The re-bel is charmed, The foe is disarmed; No day like this has ap-peared.

Andante

1. Come and rest, ye wea - - ry. Come where hap - py vo - - ces greet; While the even - - ing shades sur - round you,
In Treble

2. Now no care an - - noy - - ing; Sounds of toil all hush'd and still; La - bor sweet re - ward en - joy - ing;
In Bass

3. An - gel guards at - tend - - ing; Glad thy couch with hope's glad ray; Gold - en vis - ions kind - ly send - ing;

Rest, rest, rest, and be your slum - ber sweet, Rest, rest, rest, and be your slum - ber sweet.

Sleep, sleep, sleep, and fear no com - ing ill, Sleep, sleep, sleep, and fear no com - ing ill.
 Bright, bright, bright to gild the com - ing day, Bright, bright, bright to gild the com - ing day.

Moderato.

NUREMBURG. 7s.

1. Praise to God!—im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days; Bounteous Source of ev' - ry joy, Let thy praise our tongues employ.
 2. All that spring, with bound - less hand, Scatter o'er the smiling land; All that lib - er - al an - nals pour, From her rich, o'er - flowing stores,

1. These, to that dear Source we owe, Whence our sweet - est com - forts flow; These thro' all my hap - py days, (hush my chide - ful songs of praise)
 4. Lord to thee my soul should raise Grate - ful nev - er - - end - ing praise; And, when ev' - ry blessing's down, Love thee for thy - self a love.

"OUR FATHER."

W. B. B. 245

mp

Our Fa-ther, who art in heaven, Hal-low-ed be thy name, Thy King-dom come, Thy will be done, On earth as it is in heaven; Give us this day our dai-ly bread, And for-

give us our tres-pass-es, as we for-give them that tres-pass a-gainst us; And lead us not in-to tempta-tion, Lead us not in-to tempta-tion; But de-

CHOR.

CHOR.

Ev-er us from e-vil. For thine is the king-dom, and the pow-er and the glo-ry, for ev-er and ev-er. A-men.

W. B. (May be omitted.)

NOTE. Nothing, it seems to us, can be more appropriate for the opening or closing of Public Worship, for the Social Circle or Family Worship, than the Lord's Prayer, chanted or sung. As many will prefer it in the form of a tune or set melody to the chant, we have composed the music above, with the single purpose of aiding in giving vocal expression to the prayer. The music is so simple, that a child can perform it with ease; while to the devout adult worshipper, it will not, we believe, be found devoid of interest. When preferred, the melody alone may be sung, or the melody and base. *Edw.*

THE TEMPERANCE CALL.

FRANKS' ART.
Words written for this work.

1. Hear the Temperance call, Freeman, one and all! Hear your country's earn-ed cry, See your nat-ive land Lift its beck'ning hand, "Born of free-dom, come ye

2. Leave the shop and farm, Leave your bright hearth's warm: To the polls! the land to save, Let your lead-ers be True and no-ble, free, Fear-less, temp'rate, good and

3. Hail our Fa-ther-land! Here thy children stand, All resolv'd, u-nit-ed, true, In the Temperance cause Ne'er to faint or pause! This our pur-pose is, and

nigh; Chase the monster from our shore, Let his cru-el reign be o'er; Chase the monster from our shore, Let his cru-el reign be o'er.

hate; Chase the monster from our shore, Let his cru-el reign be o'er; Chase the monster from our shore, Let his cru-el reign be o'er.

vow; Chase the monster from our shore, Let his cru-el reign be o'er; Chase the monster from our shore, Let his cru-el reign be o'er.

Chase the monster from our shore, Let his cru-el reign be o'er,

JOY. 6's & 9's. (669 669).

1. O how happy are they, Who the Savior o-ber, And have laid up their treasure above; Tongue can never express The sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in His ear-nest love.

2. That sweet comfort was mine, When the favor divine I received through the blood of the Lamb; When my heart first believed, What a joy I received, What a heaven in Je-sus' name!

ANTHEM. "How lovely are thy dwellings."

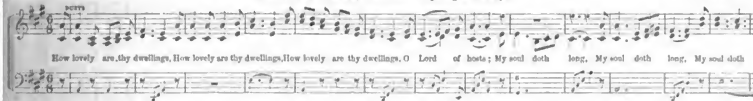
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Suitable for Dedication, Installation or Opening of worship.

L. HASON.

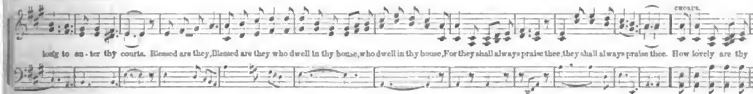
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SOLOS



How lovely are thy dwellings, How lovely are thy dwellings, How lovely are thy dwellings, O Lord of hosts; My soul doth long, My soul doth long, My soul doth

CHORUS



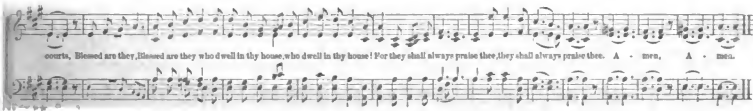
long to en-ter thy courts. Blessed are they, Blessed are they who dwell in thy house, who dwell in thy house, For they shall always praise thee, they shall always praise thee. How lovely are thy

SOLO

CHORUS



dwellings, How lovely are thy dwellings, How lovely are thy dwellings, O Lord of hosts; My soul doth long, My soul doth long, My soul doth long to en-ter thy



courts, Blessed are they, Blessed are they who dwell in thy house, who dwell in thy house! For they shall always praise thee, they shall always praise thee. A - men, A - men.

Lord of the Gos - pel har - vest! Send more la - b'ers forth in - to thy field, send more la - b'ers forth in - to thy field; } More pas - tors teach thy flock to
 } More workmen raise, thy house to

Lord of the Gos - pel har - vest! Send more la - b'ers forth in - to thy field, send more la - b'ers forth in - to thy field; } More pas - tors teach thy flock to
 } More workmen raise, thy house to

1st TIME. 2d TIME.
 tend. build. His work and place to each as - sign, And clothe the word with power di - vine, And clothe the word with power di - vine.

1st TIME. 2d TIME.
 tend. build. His work and place to each as - sign, And clothe the word with power di - vine, And clothe the word with power di - vine.

Cheerfully.

VINTON. 6's & 9's. (669 669).

Come a - way to the skies, My be - loved a - rise, And re - joice in the day thou wast born; On this fe - stig day, Come ex - ult - ing a way, And with sing - ing to Si - on re - turn.

"NOW UNTO HIM."

Suitable for closing the service.

Now un-to Him that is a - ble to keep us from fall-ing, and to present us fault-less before the pres-ence of his glo-ry, with ex-cel-sing joy.

Now un-to Him that is a - ble to keep us from fall-ing, and to present us fault-less before the pres-ence of his glo-ry, with ex-cel-sing joy.

to the on - ly wise God, our Sav - lor, be glo - ry and ma - jes - ty, do - min - ion and power, both now, and ev - er, A - - men.

to the on - ly wise God, our Sav - lor, be glo - ry and ma - jes - ty, do - min - ion and power, both now, and ev - er, A - - men.

LAND OF REST. 7's, 6's & 8's.*

D. C.

1. Broth - er, thou art gone to rest; We will not weep for thee;
 For thou art now where oft on earth Thy spir - it longed to be;
 a. c. But Je - sus summoned thee a - way, Thy Sav - lor called thee home.
 2. Broth - er, thou art gone to rest; Thine is an earth - ly tomb;
 Bro - ther, thou art gone to rest; Thy toils and cares are o'er;
 And sor - row, pain, and suf - fering, now Shall ne'er dis - tress thee more.
 a. c. And saints in light have wel - comed thee To share the joys of heav'n.
 4. Broth - er, thou art gone to rest; Thy sins are all for - given;

D. C.

* This hymn may be sung in any G. M. time, by omitting the first note.

ANTHEM. "He shall feed his flock."

HASTINGS

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, he shall gath-er the lambs with his arms and car-ry them in his bo-som. He shall feed his flock like a

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, he shall gath-er the lambs with his arms and car-ry them in his bo-som. He shall feed his flock like a

shepherd, like a shepherd, like a shepherd, he shall feed his flock, feed his flock. We are his peo-ple and the sheep of his pas-ture, he shall feed his flock. . . .

like a shep-herd, like a shep-herd he shall

shepherd, like a shepherd, like a shepherd, he shall feed his flock, feed his flock. We are his peo-ple and the sheep of his pas-ture, he shall feed his flock. . . .

SAD GETHSEMANE.

No. 1. For 1st, 2d & 3d stanzas.

1. Beyond where Cedron's waters flow, Behold the suffering Savior go. To sad Gethsemane: His countenance is all divine, Yet grief appears in every line, Yet grief appears in every line.

2. He bows beneath the sins of men; He cries to God, and cries again, In sad Gethsemane; He lift his mournful eyes above "My Father, can this cup remove?" "My Father can this cup remove?"

"He shall feed his flock." Concluded.

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fed his flock. We are his people and the sheep of his pasture, his people and the sheep of his pasture. He shall feed his

shepherd, He shall feed his flock, We are his people and the sheep of his pasture, his people and the sheep of his pasture. He shall feed his

flock like a shepherd, He shall feed his flock his flock like a shepherd, He shall gather the lambs with his arms.

flock like a shepherd, He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, He shall feed his flock, He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, He shall gather the lambs with his arms.

"SAD GETHSEMANE."

No. 2. For the 4th stanza.

4. The Father heard and angels there, Sustained the Son of God in prayer, In sad Gethsemane; He drank the dreadful cup of pain, Then rose to life and joy again, Then rose to life, &c. Then rose, &c.,

HYMN ANTHEM. "Peace be to this habitation."

Suitable for Dedication or Opening of Worship.

Peace be to this ha-bi-ta-tion; peace to all that dwell there-in; peace, the ear-nest of sal-va-tion; peace, the fruit of pardoned sin, peace be

Peace be to this ha-bi-ta-tion; peace to all who dwell there-in, peace the ear-nest of sal-va-tion; peace, the fruit of pardoned sin, peace be

to this ha-bi-ta-tion; peace to all who dwell there-in; peace be to this ha-bi-ta-tion; peace to all who dwell therein; peace, the earnest of sal

to this ha-bi-ta-tion; peace to all who dwell there-in; peace be to this ha-bi-ta-tion; peace to all who dwell therein; peace the earnest of sal

1234 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

Moderato.

WEEP NOT. 7s & 8s. Peculiar. (78 78 8888).

1. Lift not thou the wailing voice; Weep not; 'tis a Christian di-eth;
Up, where blessed souls rejoice, Ransomed now the spirit fl-eth;
2. They who die in Christ are blest; Ours be then, no thought of grieving;
Sweetly with their God they rest, All their toils and troubles leaving;

High in heaven's own light she dwelleth;
Full the song of triumph swelleth;
So be ours the faith that saveth,
Hope that every tri-al braveth,

Freed from earth, and earthly failing, Lift for her no voice of wailing.
Love that to the end endureth, And, through Christ, the crown secureth.

1234 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

"Peace be to this habitation." Concluded.

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SOLO.

va - tion; peace the fruit of pardoned sin; peace that comes from God a - lone, peace that comes from God a - lone, peace that comes from God a - lone, peace that

va - tion; peace the fruit of pardoned sin; peace that comes from God a - lone, peace that comes from God a - lone, peace that comes from God a - lone, peace that

SOLO, OR BASS SOLO.

comes from God a - lone, peace, peace, peace, peace, peace, peace, peace that comes from God a - lone, from God a - lone.

comes from God a - lone, peace, peace, peace, peace, peace, . . . from God a . . . lone.

a . . . lone.

Vociferata.

ARNE. 8's & 10's (88 10 10).

Arranged from W. W. C.

O a - sare vault! O crys - tal sky! The world's transpar - ent can - o - py, Break your long silence and let mortals know, With what contempt you look on things below

MOTETT.

Seek ye the Lord.

W. H. R. Altered from the "Hesperian Collection."

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, And call up-on him while he is near, Call up-on him while he's near. Seek the Lord while he may be found, While he may be found.

CRICRICO *CRICRICO*

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, and call up-on him while he is near. Seek the Lord while he may be found, While he may be found. Seek ye the Lord. While he may be found.

Call, call up-on him while he's near, call up-on him while he's near, Let the wick-ed for-sake his way, And let the un-righteous man for-sake his way.

found, Call up-on him while he's near, Call up-on him while he near. Let the wick-ed for-sake his way, And let the un-righteous man for-sake his way.

With strong expression.

FREDERICK. H's.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

"I would live alway, I ask not to stay."

I would not live al-way, I ask not to stay, Where storm after storm ris-en dark o'er the way; The few in- old mornings that dawn on us here, Are fol-lowed by

[See next page]

thoughts, And let him re - turn un - to the Lord, For he will have mer - cy, have mer - cy up - on him, Let him re - turn, re - turn - to the Lord

TRIPLE AND TENOR DOUBLED.

thoughts, And let him re - turn un - to the Lord, For he will have mer - cy, have mer - cy up - on him, Let him re - turn un - to the

Lord, un-to the Lord, He will have mer - cy up - on him, He will a - bun-dant-ly par - don. Let him re - turn un - to the

He will have mer - cy up - on him, He will a - bun-dant-ly par - don. Let him re - turn un - to the

Lord, un-to the Lord, He will have mer - cy up - on him, He will a - bun-dant-ly par - don. Let him re - turn un - to the

Andante Moderato.

SONG OF PRAISE.

Arranged from the German, by L. M.

gloom, or be - cloud-ed by fear.

ff *CHOR.* *SOLO.* *CHOR.*

1. Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye the Lord! The Lord is might-y, And glo-ri-ous is his ho - ly name for - ev - er more!
 2. Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye the Lord! The Lord is ho - ly, His goodness, truth and love en - dure for - ev - er more!

"Seek ye the Lord." Continued.

Chorus

Lord, He will have mer-cy, have mer-cy up-on him, He will a-bun-dant-ly par-don. Let him re-turn, re-turn to the Lord, He will have

Chorus

He will have mer-cy, have mer-cy up-on him, He will a-bun-dant-ly par-don. Let him re-turn, re-turn to the Lord, He will have

mer-cy and a-bun-dant-ly par-don, He will have mer-cy, have mer-cy up-on him, He will have mer-cy, He will par-don. He will have

mer-cy and a-bun-dant-ly par-don, He will have mer-cy, have mer-cy up-on him, He will have mer-cy, He will par-don. He will have

Moderato.

SAVANNAH. 10's.

"From Jesse's root, behold a branch arise."

FLEVEL.

From Jesse's root, be-hold a branch arise, Whose scented flower with fragrance fills the skies; The sick and weak, the healing plant shall aid, From stems a shelter and from boughs a shade.

Seek ye the Lord. Conclude.

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A LITTLE SLOWER.

mer-cy and a-bun-dant-ly par-don. Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, And call up-on him while he's near.

mer-cy and a-bun-dant-ly par-don. Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, And call up-on him while he's near.

LOOK ALOFT.

W. B. H. Bloomfield, April 1th, 1868.

1. In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale Are around and above, If thy footing should fail, If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart, Look aloft, look aloft, look a-

2. If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow, With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe, Should betray thee, when sorrows like clouds are arrayed, Look aloft, look aloft, look a-

left, look aloft, Look a-left to the friendship which never shall fade, Look aloft to the friendship which never shall fade.

left, look aloft, Look a-left and be firm, and confiding of heart, Look a-left and be firm, and confiding of heart.

1. Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye, Like the tints of the rainbow be swifter to fly, Then turn, and through tears of repentant regret, Look aloft to the Sun that is never to set.

4. Should they who are dearest, the son of thy heart, The wife of thy bosom—in sorrow depart; Look aloft from the darkness and dust of the tomb, To the soil where affection is ever in bloom.

5. And, oh! when death comes, in his terrors to cast His fears on the future, his pall on the past, In the moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart, And a smile in thine eye, look aloft and depart.

* The 3d, 4th and 5th verses will be easily adapted to the words by the use of the two and small notes, which are not needed in the 1st and 2d verses.

Hark the song . . . of ju-bilee, Loud as mighty thunders roar, Or the fullness of the sea, When it breaks up-on the shore, When it breaks upon the shore. See Jehovah's

Hark the song, the song of ju-bilee, Loud as mighty thunders roar, Or the fullness of the sea, When it breaks up-on the shore, When it breaks upon the shore. See Jehovah's

banners furled, Sheathed his sword! he speaks—"It's done! Now the kingdoms of the world Are the kingdoms of his Son, Now the kingdoms of the world Are the kingdoms of his Son.

banners furled, Sheathed his sword! he speaks—"It's done! Now the kingdoms of the world Are the kingdoms of his Son, Now the kingdoms of the world Are the kingdoms of his Son.

HYMN. "There is a calm."

1. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for wea-ry pilgrims found: They soft-ly lie, and sweetly sleep, Low in the ground. Low in the ground.

2. The storm that sweeps the wintry sky, No more disturbs their deep repose, Than summer evening's latest sigh, That shuts the rose, That shuts the rose.

He shall reign from pole to pole, With supreme, unbounded sway, He shall reign when like a scroll Yonder heavens have passed away. He shall reign from pole to pole, With su - preme, un -

bounded sway, He shall reign when like a scroll Yonder heavens have passed away. Yonder heavens have passed away. Hal - le - lu - jah, for the Lord God Om -

"O LAY NOT UP." 8's & 7's. Peculiar, or C. M.*

1. O, lay not up - on the earth; Your hope, your joy, your trea - ure; Here sor - row clouds the pilgrim's path, And brighten each open - ing pleas - ure
2 Earth's joys, like dew - drops, fade a - way; Like clouds its vi - sions van - ish; A - bove, no night can chase the day; Those joys no change can ban - ish.
3 All, all be - low must fade and die; The dear - est hopes we che - rish, Scenes touched with brightest ra - dian - cy, Are all de - creed to per - ish.

* By joining the last two notes in the second and fourth lines

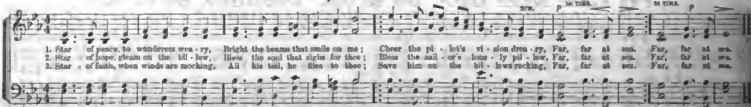
"Hark the song." Continued.

Allergies



BILLOW. 8's, 7's & 4's. Peculiar. (87 84).

104 TIM

National Festival,
in 1912.

"Hark the song." Concluded.

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Let the word e-cho, e-cho round the earth and main, the earth and main, e-cho round the earth and main. Let the word e-cho, echo round the earth and main.

Let the word e-cho, e-cho round the earth and main, e-cho round the earth and main, the earth and main round the earth and main.

Let the word e-cho, e-cho

Not too fast.

ELDRED. 6's, 7's & 8's.

1. Hark! hark! a shout of joy! The world, the world is call-ing; From east and west, and north and south, See Sa-tan's kingdom fall-ing.

2. Wake, wake the church of God, And dis-si-pate thy slum-bere; Shake off thy dead-ly ap-a-ty, And mar-shal all thy num-bere.

"FLUNG TO THE HEEDLESS WINDS." 6's. Double.

1. Flung to the heedless winds, Or on the waters east, Their ashes shall be watch'd, And gathered at the last: And from that smit-ter'd dust, Around us and abroad, Shall spring a phan-tom and fit witness for God.

2. Jesus hath now received Their latest living breath; Yet vain is Satan's boast Of vic-tory in their death: Still, still, though dead, they speak, And triumph-tongued proclaim To many a waking head The one saving home.

ANTHEM. "O Lord, our Lord."

AUG. KREBSMANN

mf *p* *cresc.* *mf* *sf*

O Lord, our Lord, how ex-cel-lent is thy name in all the earth; who hast set thy glo-ry a-bove the heavens. Out of the

O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name, in all the earth; who hast set thy glo-ry a-bove the heavens.

p *cresc.* *sf* *p* *cresc.* *sf* *p*

mouth of babes and sucklings because of their enemies; that thou mightest still the en-e-m-y and the a-ven-g-er.

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordain-ed strength, because of their enemies; that thou mightest still the en-e-m-y and the a-ven-g-er.

Firm, and accent strong.

BENEVENTO. 7s. Double.

A. WEBER

1. While with ceaseless course, the sun Had-ed through the form-er year, Man-y souls their race have run, New-er more to meet us here:
 2. As the wing-ed ar-row flies Spe-di-ly the mark to find; As the light-ning from the skies Dart, and leaves no trace be-hind,
 3. Thanks for mer-cies past, re-ceive; Par-don of our sins re-new; From this mo-m-ent may we live With e-ter-nal-ty in view:

"O Lord, our Lord." Continued.

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what is man that thou art mind - ful of

I con - sid - er the heav - ens, the work of thy fin - gers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained: what is man, that thou art mind - ful of

what is man, that thou art mind - ful of

him, or the son of man, that thou vis - it - est him? For thou hast made him a lit - tle lower, a lit - tle lower than the an - gels, and hast crowned him with

him, or the son of man, that thou vis - it - est him? For thou hast made him a lit - tle lower, a lit - tle lower than the an - gels, and hast crowned him with

BENEVENTO. Concluded.

Fixed in an eter - nal state, They have done with all be - low; We a lit - tle lon - ger wait, But how lit - tle, none can know.
Swift - ly thus our feet - ing days, Bear us down life's rap - id stream; Up - ward, Lord, our spir - its raise, All be low is but a dream.
Bless the word to young and old; Shed a - broad a Sav - ior's love; And, when life's short tale is told, May we dwell with thee a - bore.

"O Lord, our Lord." Continued.

glo - ry, with glo - ry and hon - or, thou mad - est him to have do - min - ion o - ver the work of thy hand; thou hast put

glo - ry, with glo - ry and hon - or, thou mad - est him to have do - min - ion o - ver the work of thy hand;

all things un - der his feet; all sheep and ox - en, yea, and the beasts of the field, and the fish of the sea, and whatso -

ever thou hast put all things un - der his feet; all sheep and ox - en, yea, and the beasts of the field, and the fish of the sea, and whatso -

ever thou hast put all things un - der his feet; all sheep and ox - en, yea, and the beasts of the field, and the fish of the sea, and whatso -

ever the fowl of the air,

LYONS. 10's & 11's, or 5's & 6's.

O praise ye the Lord, prepare a new song, And let all his saints in full concert join; With voices a - nit - ed, the anthem prolong, And show forth his praises in mu - sic di - vine.
Let the a his great name devoutly a - dore; in loud-swell'd strains his praises express, Who graciously o - pens his boundless store, Their wants to relieve, and his children to bless.

"O Lord, our Lord." Concluded.

265

ev - er pass - eth through the paths of the sea. O Lord, our Lord, how ex - cellent is thy name, how ex - cellent is thy name in all the earth.

ev - er pass - eth through the paths of the sea. O Lord, our Lord, how ex - cellent is thy name. in all the earth.

how ex - cellent is thy name.

Expansive.

HYMN. "The voice of free grace." 12's, or 12's & 11's.*

Dr. CLARK.

The voice of free grace cries, Es - cape to the mountain; For A - dam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain; For sin and un - clean - ness, and Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb, who hath

ev - ery trans - gres - sion, His blood flows most free - ly, in streams of sal - va - tion, His blood flows most free - ly in streams of sal - va - tion, pur - chased our par - don; We'll praise him a - gain, when we pass o - ver Jer - dan, We'll praise him a - gain, when we pass o - ver Jer - dan.

* By rearrangement as to store, divisions of notes, &c.

MOTETT. "O praise the Parent of all good."

Andante

Appropriate to Thanksgiving and other occasions of National Gratitude.

from "Modern Psalmist."

1. O praise the Pa - rent of all good, Sing praises to the Lord! The grass - y plain, the ver - dant wood, Grow greener at his word: And vale and height To praise in -

2. Cool blow the breez - es from the west, The heavens look blue and still; The rock ing boughs in viti - to rest, Low mur-mureth the rill: And smiles of love, A - round, a -

vite. To praise in - vite, O praise with one ac - cord, O praise with one ac - cord, O praise the Pa - rent of all good, Sing praises to the Lord! The

here, A - round, a - bove, Our hearts with rap-ture thrill, Our hearts with rap-ture thrill. O praise the Pa - rent of all good, Sing praises to the Lord! The

DORO. 5's, 6's & 11's. (5, G 11).

"Ah! tell me no more."

WAVE. "Far, far at Sea."

Arranged from a M. of G. E. P.

1. Ah! tell me no more Of the worldling's vain store, The time for such tri - flings with me now is o'er.
2. A re - gion is found Where true rich - es a - bound, And songs of sal - va - tion for ev - er re - sound.
3. Then let us not stay In the tempter's dark way, But let us know the Sa - vior to man - sions of day.

1. Star of peace to wanderers wea - ry, Bright the beams that
2. Star of hope, gleam on the ill - low, like the soul that
3. Star of hope, when winds are mocking All his toil, be
4. Star Divine, O safe - ly guide him, Bring the wanderer

"O praise the Parent of all good." Concluded.

267

IN THREE PARTS.

grass-y plain, the ver-dant wood, Grow green-er at his word. O praise the Pa-rent, the Pa-rent of all good, Sing praise-es, sing praise-es, sing praises to the

Lord; While vale and height To praise in-vite, Sing praise-es, sing praise-es with one ac-cord. Praise the Lord, O praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, O praise the Lord.

"Far, far at Sea," Concluded.

swells on me, Cheer the pil-lot's vi-sion drea-ry, Far, far at sea, Cheer the pil-lot's vi-sion drea-ry, Far, far at sea.

STACCATO **CONTINUO**

At - tune the heart to praise In mel - o - dy of song, The hal - lowed an - them sweet - ly raise, A - mid the cho - ral throng, A - mid the cho - ral throng. The

At - tune the heart to praise In mel - o - dy of song, The hal - lowed an - them sweet - ly raise, A - mid the cho - ral throng, A - mid the cho - ral throng. The

STACCATO **CONTINUO**

At - tune the heart to praise In mel - o - dy of song, The hal - lowed an - them sweet - ly raise, A - mid the cho - ral throng, A - mid the cho - ral throng. The

STACCATO **LEGATO**

hal - lowed an - them sweet - ly raise, A - mid the cho - ral throng. When joy commands the strain, Lift up the soul on high; When sor - row

hal - lowed an - them sweet - ly raise, A - mid the cho - ral throng. When joy commands the strain, Lift up the soul on high; When sor - row

STACCATO **LEGATO**

hal - lowed an - them sweet - ly raise, A - mid the cho - ral throng. When joy commands the strain, Lift up the soul on high; When sor - row

OUR BLEST REDEEMER. 8's 6's & 4's. (8684) O.C.M.*

Our blest Re - deem - er, ere he breathed His ten - der, last fare - well, A Guide, a Com - fort - er, be - quested With us to dwell.

* By dividing the quarter notes in the last measure but one.

"Attune the heart to praise." Concluded.

269

GRADUATO.

hide the heart com-plain In meek sub-mis-sion lie, In meek sub-mis-sion lie. What priv-i-lege is ours, To wor-ship while we sing! O let us

PECCATO.

hide the heart com-plain In meek sub-mis-sion lie, In meek sub-mis-sion lie. What priv-i-lege is ours, To wor-ship while we sing! O let us

hide the heart com-plain In meek sub-mis-sion lie, In meek sub-mis-sion lie. What priv-i-lege is ours, To wor-ship while we sing! O let us

then our ut-most powers Un-to the ser-vice bring; O let us then our ut-most powers Un-to the ser-vice bring, the ser-vice bring.

then our ut-most powers Un-to the ser-vice bring; O let us then our ut-most powers Un-to the ser-vice bring, the ser-vice bring.

then our ut-most powers Un-to the ser-vice bring; O let us then our ut-most powers Un-to the ser-vice bring, the ser-vice bring.

WEEP NOT. 8's & 9's alternate. Or 8's Double.

Fine. *D. C.*

Weep not for the saint that as-cends To partake of the joys of the sky; Weep not for the spi-rit now crowned With the gar-land to mar-tyr-dom given;

Weep not for the ser-aph that bends With the wor-ship-ping cho-rus on high; Weep not for the spi-rit now crowned With the gar-land to mar-tyr-dom given;

n. c. O, weep not for him: he has found His re-ward and his re-fuge in heaven.

* Or an occasional slur at the commencement of the line

ANTHEM. "We'll rest in thy love."

Moderato.

Re-mem-ber mer-cy, O my God, Let me not faint be-neath thy rod! Fa-ther our hearts are sad and lone, Hearken to our plaintive moan. A-mid the storm

Re-mem-ber mer-cy, O my God, Let me not faint be-neath thy rod! Fa-ther our hearts are sad and lone, O hearken to our plaintive moan. A-mid the storm

thy cheering voice Can bid the trembling soul re-joice, A-mid the storm thy cheering voice Can bid the trem-bling soul re-joice. Soon we'll dwell for-ev-er In man-sion

thy cheering voice Can bid the trembling soul re-joice, A-mid the storm thy cheering voice Can bid the trem-bling soul re-joice. Soon we'll dwell for-ev-er In man-sion

THE CHARIOT! 12's.

Melody by J. WILLIAMS.

1 The cha-riot! the cha-riot! its wheels roll in fire, As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire; Lo, self-moving, it drives on its path-way of cloud, And the

1 The glo-ry! the glo-ry! a-round him are poured Mighty hosts of the an-geles that wait on the Lord; And the glo-ri-fied saints and the mar-tys are there, And the

2 The trom-pet! the trom-pet! the dead have all heard; Lo, the depths of the stone-covered char-nel are stirred! From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north, All the

love, Till the storms are o-ver, We'll rest in thy love. Soon we'll dwell for ev-er In man-sions a-bove, Till the storms are o-ver, We'll rest in thy love.

Till the storms are o-ver, We'll rest in thy love. We shall dwell for ev-er more, Where the storm comes no more. We shall dwell for ev-er more We shall Where the storm comes no more.

Till the storms are o-ver, We'll rest in thy love. We shall dwell for ev-er more, Where the storm comes no more. We shall dwell for ev-er more We shall Where the storm comes no more.

LAST FAREWELL. (64 66).

heavens with the bor-den of God-head are bowed.
all who the pain-wraths of vic-tor-y won.
vast gra-ti-tudes of man are come forth.

1. Farewell! we meet no more On this side heaven! The parting scene is o'er, The last sad look is given.
2. Farewell! my soul will weep While mem'ry lives: From wounds that sink so deep No earthly hand re-lieves.
3. Farewell! and shall we meet In heaven a-bove? And there in u-nion sweet, Sing of a Sav-ior's love?

"We'll rest in thy love." Concluded.

dwelt for - er - er - more Where the storm comes no more, no more ; Soon we'll dwell for - ev - er in man - sions a -

dwelt for - ev - er - more, Where the storm comes no more, Where the storm comes no more, no more ; Soon we'll dwell for - ev - er in man - sions a -

love, Till the storms are o - ver we'll rest in thy love, we'll rest in thy love, we'll rest in thy love.

love, Till the storms are o - ver we'll rest in thy love, we'll rest in thy love, we'll rest in thy love.

RONO. 8's & 6's peculiar. (88 86).

"Thy will be done."

POMEROY. 7's & 5's. (7775).

1. { My God, my Father, while I stray far from my home, on life's rough way, }
 { O, teach me from my heart to say, { Ours, } "Thy will, my God, be done."

Lord of mer - cy and of might, }
 Of man - kind the life and light, } Maker, Teacher infinite ; Jesus, hear and save.

MOTETTE. "Thou wilt show me." (A meditative Piece.) Arr. from REBET—For this work by N. 273

Thou wilt show me the path of life, Thou wilt show me the path of life, the path of life, wilt show me the path.

Thou wilt show me the path of life, Thou wilt show me the path of life, the path of life, wilt show me the path of life,

path of life, wilt show me the path of life; In thy pres-ence is full-ness, is full-ness of joy, full-ness of joy, full-ness of

will show me the path of life; In thy pre-sence is full-ness, is full-ness of joy, full-ness of joy, full-ness of

Moderato.

PAREA. 5's & 6's. (55 55 65 65).

1. Our Savior alone, The Lord let us bless, Who reigns on his throne, The prince of our peace; Who evermore saves us, By shedding his blood: All hail, holy Jesus, Our Lord and our God.

2. We thankfully sing Thy glory and praise, Thou merciful spring Of pity and grace. Thy kindness for ever To men we will tell: And say, our dear Service Redeem'd us from hell.

Preserve us in love, While here we abide; O never remove Thy presence, nor hide Thy glorious salvation: Till each of us see, With love, the bless'd vision, Completed in thee!

SHAWM.

"Thou wilt show me." Continued.

Joy, pre - sence is full - ness of joy. . . full - ness of joy. — At thy right hand there are pleasures for - ev - er - more, at thy right
 full - ness of joy, In thy pre - sence is full - ness of joy. . . full - ness of joy. — At thy right hand there are pleasures for - ev - er - more, at thy right

hand there are plea - sures for ev - er - more, for ev - er, for ev - er - more, for ev - er - more, for ev - er - more, are plea - sures for ev - er - more, for ev - er - more, for
 hand there are plea - sures for ev - er - more, for ev - er, for ev - er - more, for ev - er - more, for ev - er - more, are plea - sures for ev - er - more, for ev - er - more, for

Solely.

ALVAH. 8's & 6's. (86 80 886).

"There is an hour of peaceful rest."

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest To mourning wan - deers given; There is a joy for souls distressed. A balm for ev - ry wounded breast; 'Tis found a - lone in heav'n.
 2. There is a home for weary souls, By sins and sor - rows driven, When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise, and ocean rolls, And all is drear — 'tis heav'n.
 3. There faith lifts up the tearless eye, The heart no lon - ger riven, And views the tem - pest passing by, Sees evening sha - dows quickly fly, And all se - reted in heav'n.

ev - er - more, At thy right hand there are plea - sures for ev - er - more, At thy right hand there are plea - sures for ev - er - more.

ev - er - more, At thy right hand there are plea - sures for ev - er - more, At thy right hand there are plea - sures for ev - er - more.

Allegro.

HYMN. "The Lord is great."

1. The Lord is great! Ye hosts of heaven, adore him; And ye who tread this earthly ball; In ho - ly songs rejoice a - round before him, And shout his praise who made you all.

2. The Lord is great! his majesty how glorious! Around his praise from shore to shore: O'er sin and death, and hell, now made victorious, He rules and reigns for ev - er - more.

3. The Lord is great! his mercy how a bounding! Ye angels, strike your golden chords! Oh praise our God! with voice and harp resounding, The King of kings and Lord of lords.

Slow and with tenderness.

QUARTETT. "Through the night air stealing." 5's, 6's & 7's.

From the Germans.

1. Turn! the night air stealing, Hark! the bell is peal - ing, Mourningly and slow; Rest to the soul de - part - ed, Peace to the broken-heart - ed, In this vale of wo.

2. Say for whom thou ring'st, If to him thou bring'st, Hopes beyond the tomb; Or if the sound ap - palls him, When sad death's summons calls him To an cer - tain doom.

ANTHEM. "Blessed are the people."

Wm. H. BRADBURY.

Bless - ed are the peo - ple, that know the joy - ful sound, Blessed are the peo - ple, that know the joy - ful sound, The joy - ful sound, They shall walk, O Lord, in the

Bless - ed are the peo - ple, that know the joy - ful sound; Blessed are the peo - ple, that know the joy - ful sound, The joy - ful sound, They shall walk, O Lord, in the

light of thy countenance, They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance; They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance, They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy

light of thy countenance, They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance; They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance, They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy

BENTON. 6's & 10's. (66 10 66 10)

"Thou who did'st stoop below."

Thou, who did'st stoop below, To drain the cup of woe, And wear the form of frail mortal - i - ty, Thy blessed labors done, Thy crown of victory won, Hast passed from earth, passed to thy home on high.

"Blessed are the people." Concluded.

277

Soprano: *coun-ter-nance, And in thy Name shall they re-joice all the day, And in thy right-eous-ness shall they be ex-alt-ed. A-men. A-men.*

 Alto: *coun-ter-nance, And in thy Name shall they re-joice all the day, And in thy right-eous-ness shall they be ex-alt-ed. A-men. A-men.*

Allargo.

PATRIOTIC HYMN. "Let every heart rejoice."



1. Let every heart rejoice and sing; Let choral anthems rise; Ye rev'rend men and children, bring To God your sacrifice; For he is good; the Lord is good, And kind are all his ways;

 2. He bids the sun to rise and set; In heav'n his power is known; And earth, subdued to him shall yet bow low before his throne; For he is good; the Lord is good, And kind are all his ways

 With songs and honors sounding loud, The Lord Jehovah praise, While the rocks and the rills, While the vales and the hills, A glorious anthem raise: Let each prolong the grateful song, And [the God of our fathers praise.

 With songs and honors sounding loud, The Lord Jehovah praise, While the rocks and the rills, While the vales and the hills, A glorious anthem raise: Let each prolong the grateful song, And [the God of our fathers praise.

O that men would praise the Lord, O that men would praise the Lord, O that men would praise the Lord, for his good - ness, O that men would praise the Lord, O that men would praise the Lord, O that men would praise the Lord, for his good - ness, O that men would praise the Lord.

O that men would praise the Lord, would praise the Lord, for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the chil - dren of men! O that men would praise the Lord for his O that men would praise the Lord, would praise the Lord, for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the chil - dren of men! O that men would praise the Lord for his the Lord.

ROWLEY. 6's & 9's.

From the Choir.

"Come away to the skies."

Come a - way to the skies, My be - lov - ed a - rise, And rejoice in the day thou wert born; On this fes - ti - val day, Come ex - ult - ing a - way, And with sing - ing to Zi - on re - turn.

good - ness, for his good - ness and for his won - der - ful works to the chil - dren of men! O that men would praise, that men would praise, would praise the Lord, the Lord, for his

good - ness and for his won - der - ful works to the chil - dren of men, O that men would praise the Lord.

ERE I SLEEP. 8's, 8's & 6's. (8336.)

And with singing to Zi - on re - turn. Ere I sleep, for ere - ry fa - vor This day showed By my God, I do bless my Sav - er.

"HOLY IS THE LORD."

MAYOR.

ADAPTED

Ho - ly is the Lord God of Sa - ba - oth; the Lord God of Sa - ba - oth, the Lord God of Sa - ba - oth.

Ho - ly is the Lord God of Sa - ba - oth; the Lord God of Sa - ba - oth, the Lord God of Sa - ba - oth.

ANDANTE

Heav - en and earth are full of his glo - ry, are full of his glo - ry, are full of his glo - ry, are full of his glo - ry, are

Heav - en and earth are full of his glo - ry, are full of his glo - ry, are full of his glo - ry, are full of his glo - ry, are

full of his glo - ry, Ho - san - na in the high - est, Ho - san - na in the high - est.

full of his glo - ry, Ho - san - na in the high - est, Ho - san - na in the high - est.

MOTETTE. - O what beauty, Lord, appears."

Arr. from a 'Kyrie,' by MORGENTHAU. 281

TENOR, TUTTI.
O what beauty, Lord, ap - pears, In thy courts, thy

BASS, TUTTI.
O what beau - ty, Lord, ap - pears, In thy courts of ho - ly praise, O what beauty, what beau - - ty. In thy courts, thy

ACCOMP.

courts of ho - ly praise, O what beau - ty, Lord, ap - pears, In thy courts, thy courts of ho - ly praise; Un - to

courts of ho - ly - O what beau - ty, Lord, ap - pears, In thy courts, thy courts of ho - ly praise; Un - to

O what beau - ty, Lord, ap - pears, In thy courts, thy courts of ho - ly praise; Un - to

praise - O what beau - ty, Lord, ap - pears, In thy courts, thy courts of ho - ly praise; Un - to

BERNE. 8's & 4's' (88884).

Recitativo.

Hortatory Hymn.

1. Hark, hark! the gospel trumpet sounds, Thro' earth and heav'n the - cho bounds; For - don and peace by Je - sus' blood! Sin - ners are re - con - ciled to God, By grace di - vine!

2. Come, sinners, hear the joyful news, Nor longer dare the grace re - fuse; Mer - cy and jus - tice here com - bine, Goodness and truth bar - me - nious join, I in - vite you near

thee my heart as - pires, Un - to thee my heart as - pires, Un - to thee my voice I raise, Un - to raise, Un - to

thee my heart as - pires, Un - to thee my heart as - pires, Un - to thee my voice I raise, Un - to raise, Un - to

thee my heart as - pires, Un - to thee my heart as - pires, Un - to thee my voice I raise, Un - to raise, Un - to

Un - to thee, my heart - - as - pires, Un - to thee, Un - to thee my voice I raise, Un - to thee

thee, Un - to thee my heart - - - as - pires, Un - to thee, Un - to thee my voice I raise, Un - to

Un - to thee my heart - - - as - pires, Un - to thee, Un - to thee my voice I raise, Un - to

Un - to thee, Un - to thee, Un - to thee, my voice I raise, Un - to thee

With tenderness.

AID. 8's 6 & 4 May be sung in Unison.

Fa-ther, who in the ol - ive shade, When the dark hour came on, Didst, with a breath of heav'n-ly aid, Strengthen thy Son, Strengthen thy Son.



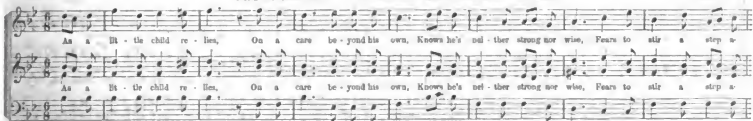
my heart as - pires, Un - to thee my voice I raise, my voice I raise.

thee my heart as - pires, Un - to thee my voice I raise, my voice I raise.

thee my heart as - pires, Un - to thee my voice I raise, my voice I raise.

HYMN. "As a little child relies." (7's).

F. CAMPB.



As a lit - tle child re - lies, On a care be - yond his own, Knows he's nei - ther strong nor wise, Fears to stir a step a -

As a lit - tle child re - lies, On a care be - yond his own, Knows he's nei - ther strong nor wise, Fears to stir a step a -



lone; Let me thus with thee a - bide, As my Fa - ther, guard and guide, Let me thus with thee a - bide, As my Fa - ther, guard and guide.

lone; Let me thus with thee a - bide, As my Fa - ther, guard and guide, Let me thus with thee a - bide, As my Fa - ther, guard and guide.

lone; Let me thus with thee a - bide, As my Fa - ther, Fa - ther, guard and guide, Let me thus . . . with thee a - bide, As my Fa . . . ther, guard and guide.

Let thy mer-cy, O Lord, be up-on us, ac-cord-ing as we hope, we hope in thee, we hope in thee, Let thy mer-cy be up-on us, thy mer-cy be up-on us, up-on us, O Lord, accord-ing as we hope in thee, ac-cord-ing as we hope... in thee, on us, thy mer-cy be up-on us, up-on us, O Lord, ac-cord-ing as we hope in thee, ac-cord-ing as we hope, we hope in thee.

With strength.

LAUDA. 6's, 8's & 4's. (6684 6684).

1. Proclaim the lofty praise Of him who once was slain, But now is risen, thro' endless days To live and reign: He lives and reigns on high, Who bought us with his blood, Enthroned above the farthest sky, Our Savior God.
2. The Son of God adore; Ye ransomed, spread his fame; With joy and gladness, evermore Land his great name: Let every tongue confess That Jesus Christ is Lord, And every creature join to praise Th' incarnate Word.

"Let thy mercy." Concluded.

245

as we hope in thee, as we hope in thee, as we hope in thee, as we hope in thee.

as we hope . . . in thee, as we hope in thee, as we hope in thee, as we hope in thee.

RAZON. "Go ye to all lands."

Missionary song. Words by W. G. BOEHNE.

1. { Go ye to the land of the cedar and vine, Where the angels came down in their heavenly train, } [of the tomb,
Where the garden was filled with the presence divine, And the Savior has trodden the valley and plain ; } For a star hath arisen, to shine through the gloom, And a life breaketh forth, from the verge

2. { Go ye to the land of the jews and gent, Go ye to the shores of the richest of pearl }
The light of salvation is given to them,— There early the banner of glory unfurl, Oh, go to the isles in the ocean's wide breast, And tell them of Jesus, and heaven, and rest.

3. { Go ye to the land of the olive, and tear Of a people, which the world is not able to give ; }
To the flowery land, where the message shall reach The millions, that wait in the Savior to live ; } Go ye to the land of the ruby and gold, And bid them the crown of redemption behold.

VERSES AND CHORUS DOUBLED.

For a star hath arisen, to shine through the gloom, And a life breaketh forth, from the verge of the tomb.

4. Go ye to the land where the Ethiopian roams,
And stretch his long-ferreted hands unto God ;
Oh, tell them of heaven, and point to the homes
Where never the foot of oppression hath trod ;
And the desert shall bloom, and the barren shall sing,
And the wilderness forth into beauty shall spring.
5. Go forth, Mighty Word ! till all nations shall hear !
Speak thou to the straying in accents of peace !
Till the millions shall see the bright morning appear,
And the kingdom of Christ shall have endless increase,
And the song shall breathe forth in an Anthem divine,
The power, O Jesus ! and the glory be thine.

BURTON. 7's & 8's, Peculiar. (77 87 77 87).

"Head of the Church."

T. M. HIGGINS, of the "Columbian."

1. Head of the Church triumphant, We joy-ful-ly a-dore thee: Till thou appear, thy members here Shall sing like those in glo-ry: We lift our hearts and voices With blest an-ti-el
2. Thou dost conduct thy people Thro' torrents of tempta-tion; Nor will we fear, while thou art near, The fire of trib-u-la-tion: The world with sin and Satan, In vain our march on-

TRAVELING HOME.

"Will you go?"

STEPHEN JENKS.

pa-tion: And cry a-loud, and give to God The praise of our sal-va-tion.
po-see; By thee we shall break thro' them all, And sing the song of Mo-see.

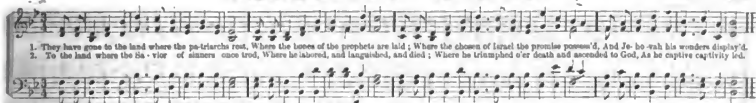
1. We're traveling home to heaven above, Will you go? will you go? To sing a Sa-vior's
2. We're going to walk the plains of light, Will you go? will you go? Where perfect day ex-
3. The way to heaven is straight and plain, Will you go? will you go? Re-pent, be-lieve, be-

dy-ing love, Will you go? will you go? Our sun will there no more go down, Our moon no more will be withdrawn, Our days of mourning past and gone, Will you go? will you go?
clodes the night, Will you go? will you go? The crown of life we there shall wear, The palm of vic-tory ev-er bear, And all the joys of hea-ven share, Will you go? will you go?
born a-gain, Will you go? will you go? The Sa-vior cries a-loud to thee, Take up thy cross and fol-low me, You then shall my sal-va-tion see, Will you go? will you go?

BRIGHT GLORY.

STEPHEN JENKS, of Thompson, Ohio.

Our burden here shall end, By-and-by, By-and-by Our grief shall vanish then, With our three score years and ten, And bright glory t'rown the day, And bright glory, And bright glory Crown the day. By-and-by [By-and-by]
When our deliverer comes, By-and-by, By-and-by, From Egypt's yoke set free, We will hail our Jubilee, And to Canaan all return, And to Canaan, And to Canaan, All return, By-and-by, By-and-by



1. They have gone to the land where the pa-tri-archs rest, Where the lo-ces of the proph-ets are laid; Where the chosen of Israel the promise pos-sess'd, And Je-ho-vah his won-ders dis-play'd.
2. To the land where the vic-tor of sin-ners once trod, Where he labored, and languished, and died; Where he triumphed o'er death and ascended to God, As he cap-tive cap-tiv-ity led.

DOVE. (64 64 66 64).

HAPPY VOICES. 8's, 8's & 6's.



1. Help me to praise thy name While I am young; An-gels from the skies Will look
Let me thy truth proclaim With my infant tongue; down with glad-ome eyes.
When thy praise es-ri-ve, By in-fants sung.

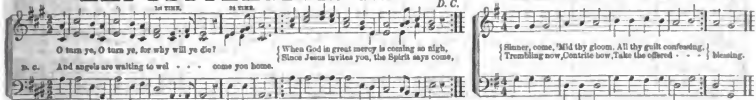
Hark! those happy voi-ces, say-ing, { "Yet there's room; } Heaven's call o-ber-ly-ing.
Sin-ners! come, }
Heaven's call o-ber-ly-ing.

* Adapted also to the Hymn. "Thy boun-ties, Lord, we see."

EXPOSTULATION. 11's.

D. C.

ZALAH. 8's & 6's.



O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye go?

{ When God in great mercy is coming so nigh,
{ Since Jesus invites you, the Spirit says come,

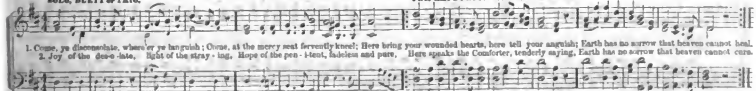
{ Sinner, come, 'Mid thy gloom. All thy guilt confes-sing;
{ Trembling now, Con-true bow, Take the offered . . . } Men-sing.

m. c. And an-gels are wait-ing to wel . . . come you home.

"COME, YE DISCONSOLATE." Hymn. 11's & 10's. A. WEDDE.

SOLO, DUETT or TRIO.

First time DUETT. Second time CHORUS.



1. Come, ye dis-consolate, where'er ye lang-uish; Come, at the mer-cy seat so-ber-ly kneel; Here bring your wound-ed hearts, here tell your ang-uish; Earth has no sor-row that heav-en cannot heal.
2. Joy of the dis-con-solate, Light of the stray-ing, Hope of the pen-itent, hap-less and pure. Here speaks the Com-for-ter, ten-derly say-ing, Earth has no sor-row that heav-en cannot cure.

HYMN 2. Come, youthful sin-ners, come, hark to the Sav-ior, Come, ye young wan-der-ers, cling to his side; Kneel at his mer-cy seat, sue for his favor, Lambs, of his bosom, for whom He hath died.

Adagio. Chorus.

W. B. V.

1. Wel - come, wel - come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise; Wel - come, wel - come to this re - viv - ing bread, And these re - jo - cing eyes.

Moderato. Quartet or Semi Chorus

LETTER TO CHORUS. "Welcome." Moderato.

2. The King himself comes near, And feasts his saints to day; Here we may sit, and see him here, And love, and praise, and pray. 4. My willing soul would stay, would stay in

3. One day, a - mid the place Where Christ, my Lord, has been, Is sweeter than ten thousand days Of pen - ure and of sin. 4. My will - ing soul would stay, In

"WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN." 5's & 6's peculiar.

1. When shall we meet again? Meet ne'er to se-ver? When will Peace wreath her chain Bound us for - ever? Our hearts will ne'er repose Safe from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of

2. When shall love freely flow Pure as life's river? When shall sweet friendship glow Unchangeable forever? Where joys celestial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of parting -

* This to be repeated as a Chorus after each of the other stanzas except the last.

such a frame as this, Till called to rise and soar a - way, Till called to rise and soar a-way! Till called to rise and soar a - way, To ev - er - lasting bliss.

such a frame as this, Till called to rise and soar away, Till called to rise and soar a - way To everlasting bliss, Till called to rise and soar a - way To ev - er - lasting bliss.

EVENING BELL. L. M.

Arranged from a MS. of W. H. HORTON.

1. Flow peal - ing on the evening air, How sweetly sounds the evening bell, Its no - se can smooth the brow of care, While stealing over lake and dell, While stealing over lake and dell.

2. Dorne on the bal - my breath of night, Its mu - sic sweet - ly glides a - long, Appears to say some spirit of light is tuning now his ho - ly song, Is tuning now his ho - ly song.

3. Now fid - ing on the rapturous ear, These tones in si - lence die a - way, But oft to pen - sive memory dear, They will return at parting day, They will return at parting day.

SWEETEST UNION. L. M.

woes, Never, nev - er! never, do nev - er.
woes, Never, nev - er! never, do nev - er.

1. { Come saints and sinn - ers hear me tell The won - ders of Im - ma - tu - el, } To dwell in sweet - est union.
{ Who snatch'd me from a burning hell, And brought my soul with him to dwell, }

see, taste, O taste and see. Blessed is the man that trust-eth in thee. O taste and see, taste and see that the Lord is good, good, that the Lord, the Lord is good. Blessed is the man that trust-eth in thee. O taste and see that the Lord is good. see, taste, O taste and see. Blessed is the man that trust-eth in thee. O taste and see, O taste and see that the Lord is good. good, that the Lord is good.

FABEN. 8's & 7's. Double.

J. H. WILCOX.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down! Fix in us thy hum-ble dwell-ing; All thy faith-ful mer-cies crown;
2. Breathe, oh, breathe, thy lov-ing Spir-it in-to eve-ry trou-bled breast; Let us all thy grace in-her-it, Let us find thy promised rest;
Je-sus, thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-boun-ded love thou art; Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion, En-ter eve-ry trem-bling heart.
Take a-way the love of sin-nings, Take our load of guilt a-way; End the work of thy be-gin-nings, Bring us to e-ter-nal day.

ANTHEM. "Sing, O heavens, and be joyful, O earth."Appropriate to an Ordination, Dedication, Missionary occasion, or to the Commencement or **PASSIO** Worship.

AUG. KREIMANN.

Sing, O hea-vens, and be joy-ful, O earth, and break forth in - to sing-ing. O moun-tains, For the Lord hath com-fort-ed his peo-ple; He will have mer-cy on his af-flict-ed, He will have mer-cy on his af-flict-ed; The Lord shall com-fort Zi-on, he will com-fort all her waste places; He will

his af-flict-ed, He will have mer-cy on his af-flict-ed; The Lord shall com-fort Zi-on, he will com-fort all her waste places; He will

CAPTIVITY, as H's.

"Come saints let us join in the praise of the Lamb."

1. Come, saints, let us join in the praise of the Lamb, The theme most sublime of the angels above; They dwell with delight on the sound of his name, And gaze on his glories with wonder and love.
2. Come, saints, and adore him; come, bow at his feet; Let grateful hosannas unceasing arise; O, give him the glory and praise that are meet, And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

* For the same tune in L. M. see page 22

"Sing, O heavens! and be joyful, O earth." Continued.

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make her wil-der-ness like E - den And her de - sert like the gar - den of the Lord; Joy and glad-ness shall be found there-in, Thank-giving, and the voice of

make her wil-der-ness like E - den, And her de - sert like the gar - den of the Lord; Joy and glad-ness shall be found there-in, Thank-giving, and the voice of

mel - o - dy; Joy and glad-ness shall be found therein; Joy and glad-ness shall be found therein; Joy and glad-ness, Joy and glad-ness, Joy and glad-ness shall be found therein; Thanks-

mel - o - dy; Joy and glad-ness shall be found therein; Joy and glad-ness shall be found therein; Joy and glad-ness, Joy and glad-ness, Joy and glad-ness shall be found therein; Thanks-

Allegretto.

AURORA. 11's & 10's. "Brightest and Best."

Arr. from MOZART.

1. of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lead us thine aid; Star of the East! the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.

Ois - dew-drops are shining; Low lies his head, with the bounts of the stall; Angels a - dore him, in dumb - er re - cline - ing, Ma - ker, and Mon - arch, and Sav - ior of all.

will suc -

the,

giving, Thanksgiving, and the voice of melody, Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, As it was in the beginning, As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end; is now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen, A - - - - men. dy, and the voice of melody.

giving, Thanksgiving, and the voice of melody, Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, As it was in the beginning, As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end; is now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen, A - - - - men. dy, and the voice of melody.

* If it be not desirable to sing the "Gloria Patri," the twenty measures between the double bars can be omitted.

GOSHEN. 11's.

Old German.

"The Lord is our Shepherd, our guardian and guide."

The Lord is our shepherd, our guardian and guide; Whatever we want, he will kindly provide; To sheep of his pasture his mercies abound, His care and protection his flock will surround.

Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Sa - ba - oth, Heav'n and earth are full of the ma - jes - ty of thy great glo - ry,

Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Sa - ba - oth, Heav'n and earth are full of the ma - jes - ty of thy great glo ry,

Heav'n and earth are full, Heav'n and earth are full of the ma - jes - ty of thy great glo - ry. Glo - ry be to

Heav'n and earth are full, Heav'n and earth are full of the ma - jes - ty of thy great glo - ry. Glo - ry be to thee,

Glo - ry be to

thee, Glo - ry be to thee, Glo ry be to thee, Glo - ry be to thee, O Lord, O Lord Most High.

Glo - ry be to thee, Glo - ry be to thee, to thee, Glo - ry be to thee, O Lord, O Lord Most High.

thee, Glo - ry be to thee, Glo - ry be to thee.

WATCHMAN, TELL US.

L. WABON.

SOLO, TREBLE. *Missionary or Christmas Hymn.* *TENOR.*

1. Watch-man: tel us of the night, What its signs or prom-ise are— Traveller: o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo-ry beam-ing star—
 2. Watch-man: tel us of the night, High-er yet that star as-cends— Traveller: bless-ed news and light, Peace and truth, its course per-tends—
 3. Watch-man: tel us of the night, For the morn-ing seems to dawn— Traveller: dark-ness takes its flight, Doubt and ter-ror are with-drawn!

TREBLE. *TENOR.*

Watch-man! does its beam-ous ray Aught of hope or joy fore-tell; Traveller! yes, it brings the day— Prom-ised day of Is-ra-el.
 Watch-man! will its beams a-lone Gild the spot that gave them birth; Traveller! a-ges are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
 Watch-man! let thy wanderings cease; His thee to thy qui-et home; Traveller! lo! the Prince of peace, Lo! the Son of God is come.

CHORUS, FOR TWO AND IN FIFTHS. *CHORUS TO BE SINGED.*

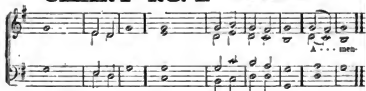
1. Traveller! yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is-ra-el. 2. Traveller! lo! the Prince of peace, Lo! the Son of God is come! Lo! the Son of God is come.
 2. Traveller! a-ges are its own, See it bursts o'er all the earth.

MANDO. 7's.

"I am weary of my sin."

1. "I am wea-ry" of my sin; O, I long for full re-lease; Sav-ior, come and take me in With thy-self to dwell in peace.
 1. "I am wea-ry" of my pains, Bring me Lord, with thee to rest; Change my groans to joy-ful strains 'Mid the con-cert of the blest.
 1. "I am wea-ry" of the earth, Where the wick-ed spurn thy love; With thy sons of heavenly birth Let me wor-ship thee a-bore.

CHANT No. 1. "Who can utter."



SELECTION 1. Ps. cvi.

1. Who can utter the mighty acts of the Lord?
2. Who can show forth | all his | praise?
3. Blessed are they that keep judgment,
4. And be that doeth | righteous- | ness at | all times.
1. Remember me, O Lord, with the favor
2. That thou bearest unto thy people:
3. O visit me with | thy sal- | vation.
4. That I may see the good of thy chosen,
5. That I may rejoice in the gladness of thy
6. nation,
7. That I may | glory- | with | thine in- | heritance.
1. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, from
2. everlasting to everlasting:
3. And let all the people | say, A- | men.
4. Praise ye the Lord—
5. | Praise— | ye the | Lord. |

SELECTION 2. Ps. li, 15-18.

1. O Lord, open thou my lips;
2. And my mouth shall show | forth thy |
3. praise.
1. For thou desirest not sacrifice, else would
2. I give it,
3. Thou delightest | not in | burnt— | offering.
1. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit.
2. A broken and a contrite heart,
3. O God, thou wilt | not de- | spise.
4. Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion,
5. Build | thou the | walls- | of Je- | rusalem.

SELECTION 3. Ps. xlv.

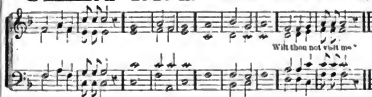
1. God is our refuge and strength,
2. A very present | help in | trouble.
3. Therefore we will not fear, though the earth
4. be removed.
5. And though the mountains be carried | into
6. the | midst- | of the | sea.

2. Though the waters thereof roar, and be trou-
3. bled,
4. Though the mountains shake with the |
5. | swelling- | there- | of.
2. There is a river, the streams whereof shall
3. make glad the city of God;
4. The holy place of the tabernacle | of the |
5. | Most— | High.
3. God is in the midst of her, she shall not be
4. moved.
5. God shall help her, and | that right | early.
2. The heathen raged, the kingdoms were
3. moved:
4. He uttered his | voice, the | earth— | melted.
2. The Lord of Hosts is with us;
3. The God of Jacob | is our | refuge.
4. The Lord of Hosts is with us;
5. The God of Jacob | is our | refuge.

SELECTION 4. Ps. cxvi. 12-19.

1. What shall I render unto the Lord
2. For all his | bene- | fits | toward me?
3. I will take the cup of salvation,
4. And | call up- | on the | name- | of the | Lord.
2. I will pay my vows unto the Lord
3. Now, in the presence of | all his | people.
4. Precious in the sight of the Lord
5. is the | death- | of him— | minute.
2. O Lord, truly I am thy servant;
3. I am thy servant, and the son of thy hand-
4. maid;
5. Thou hast | loved- | my | bonds.
6. I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thank-
7. giving.
2. And will call up- | on the | name- | of the |
3. | Lord.
2. I will pay my vows unto the Lord.
3. Now, in the presence of | all his | people.
4. In the courts of the Lord's house,
5. In the midst of thee, O Jerusalem. |
6. | Praise— | ye the | Lord.

CHANT No. 2. "Wilt Thou not visit me?" 207



SELECTION 5.

Desires for God's presence.

1. Wilt Thou not visit me?
2. The plant beside me feels Thy | gentle | dew;
3. Each blade of grass I see,
4. From Thy deep earth its quickening | moisture |
5. drew.
1. Wilt thou not visit me?
2. Thy morning calls on me with | cheering | tone;
3. And every hill and tree
4. Lead but one voice, the voice of | Thine a- | lone.
1. Wilt thou not visit me?

3. Wilt thou not visit me? I need thy love,
4. More than the flower, the dew, or | grass the |
5. rain;
6. Come, like Thy holy dove,
7. And let me in Thy sight rejoice to | live a- | gain
8. Wilt thou not visit me?
4. Yes! Thou wilt visit me;
5. Nor plant, nor tree, thine eye de- | lights so |
6. well.
7. As when from sin set free,
8. Man's spirit comes with Thine in | peace to |
9. dwell.
10. Yes, thou wilt visit me.

CHANT No. 3. "Come to me." W. W. A.



SELECTION 6.

1. Come unto me that labor and are heavy-laden
2. and I will give you rest.—Matt. 11 : 28.
1. With tearful eyes I look around,
2. Life seems a dark and | stormy | sea;
3. Yet, 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound,
4. A heavenly | whisper, | 'Come to | me.'
2. It tells me of a place of rest—
3. It tells me where my | soul may | see;
4. Oh! to the weary, faint, oppressed,
5. How sweet the | bidding, | 'Come to | me.'

3. When nature shudders, loth to part
4. From all I love, en- | joy, and | see;
5. When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
6. A sweet voice | utters, | 'Come to | me.'
4. Come, for all else must fall and die,
5. Earth is no resting | place for | thee;
6. Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
7. I am thy | portion, | 'Come to | me.'
5. O voice of mercy! voice of love!
6. In conflict, grief and | ago- | ny,
7. Support me, cheer me from above!
8. And gently | whisper | 'Come to | me.'



SELECTION 7.

Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.—
John vi, 37.

1.

Just as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me | come to | Thee!
O Lamb of God, I come!

2.

Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of | one dark | blot,
To Thee, whose blood can | cleanse each | spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3.

Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, | many a | doubt,

'Fightings within, and | fears with- | out,'
O Lamb of God, I come!

4.

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing | of the | mind,
Yea, all I need in | Thee to | find;
O Lamb of God, I come!

5.

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive;
Wilt welcome, pardon, | cleanse, re- | lieve;
Because thy promise | I be- | lieve;
O Lamb of God, I come!

6.

Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every | barrier | down;
Now to be Thine, yea, | Thine a- | lone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

CHANT No. 5. W. B. H.

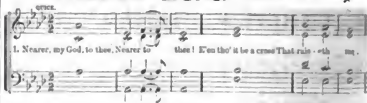


SELECTION 8.

1. The Lord is merciful and gracious,
Slow to anger, and a- | bundant . in | mercy.
2. He will not always abide;
Neither will He keep his | anger . for | ever.
(He hath not dealt with us after our sins,
Nor rewarded us according to | our in- | iquities.)
3. For as the heaven is high above the earth,
So great is His mercy toward | them that | fear Him.

4. As far as the east is from the west,
So far hath He removed our trans- | gre- | sions | from us.
5. Like as a father pitieth his children,
(So the Lord pitieth | them that | fear him.)
6. For He knoweth our frame;
He remembereth that | we are | dust.
7. He knoweth our frame;
He remembereth that | we are | dust.

CHANT No. 6. "Nearer to Thee." *



Still all my song shall be,— Nearer, my God, to thee,— Nearer to Thee.

SELECTION 9.

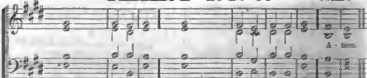
2. Though, like the wanderer,
The | sun gone | down,
Darkness be over me,
My | rest a | stone;
Yet in my | dreams I'd | be
Nearer, my | God, to | Thee,—
Nearer to | Thee!

3. There let the way appear,
| Steps unto | heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In | mercy | given;
Angels to | beckon | me
Nearer, my | God, to | Thee,—
Nearer to | Thee!

4. Then, with my waking thoughts,
| Bright with thy | praise,
Out of my | sorry | grief,
| Bethel | I'll | raise;
So by my | words to | be
Nearer, my | God, to | Thee,
Nearer to | Thee!

5. Or if on joyful wing,
| Cleaving the | sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
| Upward I | fly;
Still all my | song shall | be,—
Nearer, my | God, to | Thee,
Nearer to | Thee!

CHANT No. 7. TAILER



SELECTION 10.

1. Our Father who art in heaven,
Hallowed | be thy | name;
2. Thy kingdom come; thy will be done
On | earth, as it | is in | heaven.
3. Give us this day our | daily | bread;

4. And forgive us our trespasses, | for
As we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst
us,
5. And lead us not into temptation,
But deliver | us from | evil.
6. For thine is the king- | dom, | the | power, and the | glory, | for | ever.

CHANT No. 8. "O, what is Life!"



SELECTION 11.

What is your Life?

1.

O, what is life?—'tis like a flower
That | blossoms and is | gone;
It flourisheth its little hour,
With | all its beauty | set;
Death comes, and like a wintry day,
It cuts the lovely | flower a | way.

2.

O, what is life?—'tis like the bow
That | glitters in the | sky:

'Tis love to see its colors glow:
But | while we look, they | die;
Life fails as soon |—to-day 'tis here;
To-morrow it may | dim | pear.

3.

Lord, what is life?—If spent with Thee,
In | humble praise and | prayer,
How long or short our life may be,
We | feel no anxious | care;
Though life depart, our joys shall last
When life and all its | joys are | past.

Jane Taylor.

HYMN CHANT No. 9.



SELECTION 12.

1.

Hear, gracious God! my humble moan,
To Thee | I breathe my | sighs;
When will the mournful night be gone,
E: And when my | joys a- | rise? :||

2.

My God! Oh! could I make thee claim,—
My Father, | and my | Friend,—
And call Thee mine, by every name,
E: On which | thy saints do | pend :—

3.

By every name of power and love,
I would thy | grace a- | treat;
Nor should my humble hopes remove;
E: Nor leave thy | mercy | seat. :||

4.
Yet, though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy word to | all my | way;
Here I would rest till light returns;—
E: Thy presence | makes my | day. :||

5.

Speak, Lord! and bid celestial peace
Relieve my | aching | heart;
Oh! smile and bid my sorrows cease,
E: And all the | gloom do- | part. :||

6.

Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless the | healing | rays,
And chase these deep, complaining sighs
E: To songs of | sacred | praise. :||

CHANT N

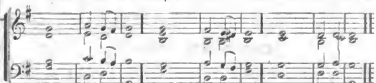


SELECTION 13.

1. Fret not thyself because of evil doers,
Neither be thou envious against the | work-
ers. .of in- | iquity.
2. For they shall soon be cut down like the
grass,
And | wither. .as the | green— | herb.
3. Trust in the Lord and do good,
So shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily
thou | shalt be | fed.
4. Delight thyself also in the Lord,
And he shall give thee the de- | sires of |
| thine— | heart.

5. Commit thy way unto the Lord;
Trust also in him, and he shall | bring it to |
| pass:
6. And he shall bring forth thy righteousness
as the light,
And thy | judgment | as the | noon-day.
7. Cease from anger and forsake wrath;
Fret not thyself in any wise to | do—
| evil.
8. For evil doers shall be cut off,
But those that wait upon the Lord, | they,
shall in- | herit the | earth.

CHANT No. 11. "Lead Thou me on." w. n. s.



N. B. (low by repeating "Lead Thou me on," to the first strain of chant.

SELECTION 14.

"Lead Thou me on."

1.

Send kindly light amid the encircling gloom,
And | lead me | on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead | Thou me | on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step a- | nough for | me.

2.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst | lead me | on!

I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead | Thou me | on!
I loved day's dawning light, and, spite of tears,
Pride ruled my will: remember | not past | years.

3.

So long Thy power hath blessed me, surely still
Twilt | lead me | on!
Through dreary doubt, through pain and sorrow,
till

The | night is | gone,
And with the morn' those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and | lost— | while.
Lead | Thou me | on!



SELECTION 15.

"Thy will be done."

1.

Father, I know thy ways are just,
Al- though to me un- known;
O, grant me grace thy love to trust,
And cry, | "Thy will be | done."

2.

If thou shouldst hedge with thorns my path,
Should | wealth and friends be | gone,

Still, with a firm and lively faith
I'll cry, | "Thy will be | done."

3.

Although thy steps I cannot trace,
Thy | sovereign right I'll | own;
And, as instructed by thy grace,
I'll cry, | "Thy will be | done."

4.

'Tis sweet thus passively to lie
Be- fore thy gracious | throne,
Concerning every thing to cry
"My Father's | will be | done."

CHANT No. 13. "How amiable."



SELECTION 16.

Psalm lxxvii.

1. How amiable are thy tabernacles, O | Lord
of | hosts |
2. My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the
courts of the Lord;
3. My heart and flesh crieth out..for the |
living God.
4. Blessed are they that dwell in thy house;
They will be still praising thee.
Blessed is the man whose | strength..is
in | thee;
5. In whose heart are the ways of them
Who, passing through the the valley of
Bac-
Make it a well; the | rain also | filleth
the | pools.
6. They go from strength to strength;
Every one of them in Zion ap- | peareth be-
fore | God.

6. O Lord God of hosts, bear my prayer:
Give | ear, O | God of | Jacob.

7. Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon
the face of | thine an- |ointed.
For a day in thy courts is better than a
thousand;
8. I had rather be a door-keeper in the house
of my God,
Than to | dwell..in the | tents of | wicked-
ness.

9. For the Lord God is a sun and a shield; the
Lord will give grace and glory:
No good thing will he withhold from them
that | walk up- | rightly.
10. Blessed is the | man that | trusteth..in |
thee.



SELECTION 17.

1. I was glad when they said unto me,
Let us go into the | house..of the | Lord,
Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O
Jerusalem,
Jerusalem is builded as a city that is com- |
pact to- | gether.
2. Whither the tribes go up; the tribes of the
Lord,
Unto the testimony of Israel,
To give thanks unto the | name..of the |
Lord.

4. { For there are set thrones of judgment,
The thrones of the | house of | David.

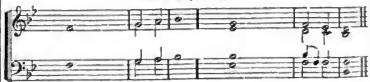
5. { Pray for the peace of Jerusalem.
They shall | prosper..that | love thee.
6. { Peace be within thy walls;
And prosperity with- | in thy | palaces.

7. { For my brethren and companions' sakes,
I will now say, | Peace..be with- | in thee
Because of the house of the Lord our God
I will | seek thy | good. { A- | men.

CHANT No. 15.

L. HAYDN.

"I will lift up mine eyes."



SELECTION 18.

Psalm cxli.

1. { I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
From whence | cometh..my | help.
2. { My help cometh from the Lord,
Which made | heaven..and | earth.
3. { He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:
He that keepeth thee | will not | slumber.
4. { Behold, he that keepeth Israel,
Shall not | slumber..nor | sleep.

5. { The Lord is thy keeper;
The Lord is thy shade upon thy | right- |
hand.

6. { The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the | moon by | night.

7. { The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil:
He shall pre- | serve thy | soul.

8. { The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and
thy coming in,
From this time forth, and even forevermore.
| A- | men.

CHANT No. 16. "What is Life?"

CHANT No. 17. 801

What is life? What is life?

Such is life. Such is life.

SELECTION 19.

1.

What is life?

A rapid stream rolling onward to the ocean;
What is life?
A troubled dream, full of incident and motion;
Such is life.

2.

What is life?

A varied tale, deeply moving, quickly told;
What is life?
A vision pale, vanishing while we behold;
Such is life.

3.

What is life?

A smoke, a vapor, swiftly mingling with the air;
What is life?
A dying taper, the spark that glows to disappear;
Such is life.

4.

Such is life:

A breath, a span, a moment, quickly gone
from thee;
What is death?
Oh! mortal man? thy entrance on eternity.
Such is death.

(To Chant No. 17.)

SELECTION 20.

Isaiah li. 7-10.

- How beautiful upon the mountains
Are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings,
that publisheth peace;
- That bringeth good tidings of good,
that publisheth salvation;
That saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth.
- The watchmen shall lift up the voice;
With the voice together shall they sing:
For they shall see eye to eye,
When the Lord shall bring again Zion.
- Break forth into joy, sing together,
Ye waste places of Jerusalem!
For the Lord hath comforted his people,
He hath redeemed Jerusalem!
- The Lord hath made bare his holy arm
In the eyes of all the nations;
And all the ends of the earth
Shall see the salvation of our God.

GLORIA PATRI.

- Glorify to the Father, and to the Son;
And to the Holy Ghost!
- As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever
shall be,
World without end. Amen.

Our Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus has gone! up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

SELECTION 21. Descriptive Hymn.

Psalm xlii.

1.

Our Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus has gone! up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2.

There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the praises lay,
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye ever-lasting doors give way!

3.

Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' eternal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right,
Receive the King of glory in.

SELECTION 22. Hortatory or Descriptive

IMPAISONED UTTERANCE.

Psalm cxlviii.

- Begin, my soul, th' exalted lay,
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name;
Lo! heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell, th' inspiring theme.

Divide subsequent stanzas like the above, for directions for Chanting Metrical Hymns, page 22.

SELECTION 24. Descriptive.

IMPAISONED UTTERANCE.

- The Lord our God is clothed with might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and in his heavenly height,
The rolling sun stands still.
The same division in subsequent stanzas.

CHANT No. 18.

Blessed are the peace-makers:
For they shall be called the children of God.
Blessed are they who are persecuted for
righteousness' sake:
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

SELECTION 24.

The Beatitudes. Matt. v. 3-12.

- Blessed are the poor in spirit:
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
- Blessed are they that mourn:
For they shall be comforted.
- Blessed are the meek:
For they shall inherit the earth.
- Blessed are they who hunger and thirst
after righteousness:
For they shall be filled.
- Blessed are the merciful:
For they shall obtain mercy.
- Blessed are the pure in heart:
For they shall see God.
- Blessed are the peace-makers:
For they shall be called the children of God.
- Blessed are they who are persecuted for
righteousness' sake:
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
- Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you,
and persecute you,
and shall say all manner of evil against
you falsely, for my sake.
Rejoice, and be exceeding glad, for great is
your reward in heaven:
- For so persecuted they the prophets,
which were before you. (COP.)

802 CHANT No. 19. The Lord's Prayer. Gregorian.



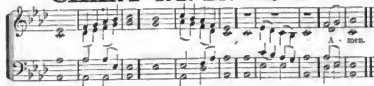
SELECTION 25.

The Lord's Prayer.

- Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven;

- Give us this day our daily bread;
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us;
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;
- For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

CHANT No. 20. (Responsive.)



SELECTION 26.

Psalm 23.

- The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
- He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters.
- He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

- Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.
- Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies.
- Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
- Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life;
- And I will dwell in the house of the Lord, for ever. Amen.

CHANT No. 21.

L. MASON



• By repeat

• By repeating the last line to the music for Alto, Tenor and Bass

CHANT No. 22. Double. Silver-st. Chant.



SELECTION 27.

Benedicite Amen. No. 105

- Praise the Lord, O my soul:
And all that is within me | praise his holy name.
- Praise the Lord, O my soul;
And forget not | all his benefits.
- Who forgiveth | all thy sin;
And healeth all | thine infirmities.
- And saveth thy life | from destruction,
And crowneth thee with | mercy and loving-kindness.

- O praise the Lord, ye angels of his, ye *ex-*cel in strength;
Ye that fulfil his commandment, and hearken unto the voice of his word.
- O praise the Lord, all ye his hosts;
Ye servants of his that do his pleasure.
- O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all places of his dominion;
(Praise thou the Lord, O my soul.

Repeat to last part of the chant.

CHANT No. 23.



SELECTION 28.

"Thy will be done."

- "Thy will be | done!" In devotions way
The hurrying stream of life may run;
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,
"Thy will be | done."
- "Thy will be | done!" If ever we shine
A gladd'ning and a prosperous sun.

This prayer will make it more divine—
"Thy will be done"

- "Thy will be done!" Though shrouded o'er
Our path with gloom, one comfort
Is ours—to breathe, while we adore,
"Thy will be done."

Repeating

Close by repeating the first two sentences—"Thy will be done"

DANIEL:

OR THE

CAPTIVITY AND RESTORATION.

A Sacred Cantata in Three Parts.

Words selected and prepared by C. M. CADY, Esq., assisted by Miss F. J. CROSBY. Music composed by GEO. F. ROOT and W. B. BRADBURY.

PERSONATIONS.

QUEEN,	<i>Soprano.</i>	SOLD VOICE	<i>Baritone.</i>
SISTER OF ARAHIAN,	<i>Messa Soprano.</i>	SECOND AND THIRD PRESIDENTS, <i>Tenor or Baritone.</i>	
ARAHIAN	<i>Tenor.</i>	TRIO OF MALE VOICES.	
DANIEL	<i>Baritone.</i>	TRIO OF FEMALE VOICES.	
KING	<i>Bass.</i>	CHORUS OF PRINCES.	
HERALD	<i>Tenor.</i>	CHORUS OF ISRAELITES, ASSYRIANS, AND PERSIANS.	

SCENE—Babylon. TIME—Extending through the Seventy Years' Captivity.

NO. 1. CHORUS. "By the rivers of Babylon."

Andante e piano.

VERSE.

By the riv - ers of Bab - y - lon there we sat down, We wept, we wept when we re-mem-bered Zi - on, We hanged our harps up - on the wil - lows,

VERSE.

By the riv - ers of Bab - y - lon there we sat down, We wept, we wept when we re-mem-bered Zi - on, We hanged our harps up - on the wil - lows, in the

VERSE.

"By the rivers of Babylon." Continues.

In the midst there - of, in the midst in the midst there - of. For they that carried us away captive re- quired of us a song, and they that wasted us re- quired of us mirth, saying: In the midst there - of, in the midst there - of.

of the songs of Zi - on, of Zi - on's songs, Sing as one of the songs of Zi - on, Sing us one of Zi-on's songs, Sing a song - - - - sing a song - - - - of Zi - on's songs.

How shall we sing the Lord's song, in a strange land, in a strange land. If I for - get thee, O Je - ru - sa - lem.

"By the rivers of Babylon." Concluded.

5

If I for-get thee, O Je - ru - sa - lem,

Let my right hand for-get her cun-ning, If I for-get thee, O Je - ru - sa - lem, If I for-get thee, O Je - ru - sa - lem, Let my right hand forget her cunning, If I pre-fer not Je - ru - sa - lem, a - bove my chief joy.

ru - sa - lem, a - bove my chief good. If I for-get thee, O Je - ru - sa - lem, If I pre-fer not Je - ru - sa - lem, a - bove my chief joy.

If I for-get thee, O Je - ru - sa - lem, If I pre-fer not Je - ru - sa - lem, a - bove my chief joy.

Andante espressivo.

No. 2. QUARTETTE. "O Zion, city of our God."

1. O Zi - on ci - ty of our God, Can we thy beau-ties e'er for-get? The love-ly paths where once we trod Are sa - cred to us

2. Je - ru - sa - lem! our tears are there, Tears that in si - lent an-guish flow, And still for- thee our hearts most pine, While strangers cold-ly

3. And they who have us cap-tive here Now bid us sing thy song a-gain We may not wake a sound so dear, The harp un-traded most

"O Zion, city of our God." Concluded.



mem' - ry yet, Are sa - cred to our mem - ry yet, Are sa - cred to our mem - ry yet.

mock our woe, While strangers coldly mock our woe, While stran - gers cold - ly mock our woe.

still re - main, The harp un - tuned must still re - main, The harp un - tuned must still re - main.

No. 8. CHORUS. "In God is our trust."



In God is our trust, He can help us, and He a - lone. For we are his peo - ple, his peo - ple.

In God is our trust, He can help us, and He a - lone, He will help us, for we are his peo - ple, For we are his peo - ple, his peo - ple.

He will help us, for we are his peo - ple, He will help us, He will help us, for we are his peo - ple; Bles - sed and

In God is our trust, He can help us, and He a - lone; Bles - sed be his name for ev - er.

In God is our trust, He can help us, and He a - lone, He will help us, for we are his peo - ple; Bles - sed be his name.

For we are his peo - ple. He will help us, He will help us, for we are his peo - ple;

"In God is our trust." Conclude 4.

7

be his name for - ev - er, his name for - ev - er, He will help us, He will help us, He will help us, He will help us, O blessed be his name for - ev - er, his name for - ev - er, He will help us, He will help us, In God is our trust, O blessed be his name for - ev - er, his name for - ev - er, In God is our trust, In God is our trust,

name, O blessed be his name, O blessed be his holy name for - ev - er, In God is our trust, He will help us, In God is our trust, He alone. In name, O blessed be his name, O blessed be his holy name for - ev - er, In God is our trust, In God is our trust and He alone. For

slow
In God is our trust, He will help us, In God is our trust He alone, O blessed be his name for evermore.
He will help us, will help alone, O blessed be his name for evermore. And blessed be his Holy name for ev - er - more.
In God is our trust In God is our trust, and He alone alone.

No. 4. SOLO (Daniel) and CHORUS.

"Blessed be the name of the Lord forever."

Bless-ed be the name of the Lord for - ev - er. Bless-ed be the name of the Lord ^{chorus} Blessed be the name of the Lord for - ev - er.

ACCOMP. The name of the Lord. ACCOMP.

wis - dom and might are His ^{chorus} And I

are His, Oh! Blessed be the name of the Lord for - ev - er, for wis - dom and might are His, are His,

chan-ge-th the times and the sea - sons. He re - mov - eth kings and set - teth them up, He giv - eth wis - dom un - to the wise,

"Blessed be the name of the Lord." Concluded.

9

know - ledge to them, and know - ledge to them that know un - der - stand - ing. Ho re - veal - eth the deep and se - cret

things. He know - eth what is in the dark - ness, and the light . . . and the light, . . . and the light dwell - eth with Him.

REPEAT CHORUS. "Praised be the name."

REPEAT CHOR. Blessed be.

With energy.

No. 5. SOLO. (Herald).

"O people and nations"

O peo - ple, and na - tions and lan - gua - ges, to you it is com - manded, to you it is com - manded, that at the sound of the cor - net, the cor - net ye shall fall down, ye shall fall

"O people and nations." Concluded.

Ad Lib. *A Tempo.*

down, and wor-ship the gold-en im-age, which the King hath set up. Wor-ship and live, dis-e-bey and per-ish.

This musical score is for a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It begins with a melodic phrase and ends with a final cadence. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, a right-hand treble staff and a left-hand bass staff, both with a key signature of one flat. The accompaniment features a steady, rhythmic pattern of chords and single notes, providing a harmonic foundation for the vocal line.

No. 6. DUETT. (Azariah and Sister.)

"Oh my brother"

Moderato

SISTER.

Oh, my broth-er, what new anguish Falls up-on our cap-tive state, Wilt thou bow or wilt thou per-ish; Hide not from me thy sad fate, Hide not from me thy sad fate.

This musical score is for a duet. The top staff is for the Sister, written in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is for the Azariah, written in a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The music is in 4/4 time and has a moderate tempo. The Sister's part begins with a melodic line, and the Azariah part provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

AZARIAH.

My fate I know not, but for ev-er Will I wor-ship God a-lone, From earth's loved ones will I ne-ver, Ere I bow to gold or stone, From earth's

This musical score is for the second part of the duet. The top staff is for the Azariah, written in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is for the Sister, written in a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The music continues the duet with a similar harmonic structure to the first part.

CHORUS.

loved ones will I se - ver Ere I bow to gold or stone. From earth's loved ones, from earth's loved ones, O my brother, O my broth - er, trust in God, in God a - lone

AZARIAH.

From earth's loved ones, from earth's loved ones, will I se - ver, will I se - ver, Ere I bow to gold or stone.

No. 7. SOLO, TRIO and QUARTETTE.

(Sister of Azariah, Azariah and Companions.)

"Hark, hear the hateful cornet sounding."

CHORUS.

Hark hear the hateful cornet sounding, With grief is now my bosom bounding Death's dark pall my hopes sur-

TREBLES.

round-ing. Oh what anguish. Oh what anguish. Trust we in Je - ho - vah's keep-ing, Hope we in His might-y power, God a - bove will se'er for-

AZARIAH AND COMPANIONS.

Trust we in Je - ho - vah's keep-ing, Hope we in His might-y power, God a - bove will se'er for-

"Hark, hear the Cornet." Concluded.

sake us, He, our rock, our strength, our tower. Now the blind As eyes - rise

sake us, He, our rock, our strength, our tower.

CORNET

worship. Now their dis - cords reach my ear; Faint - ly now, and now more loudly, Now they fade up - on the ear. Yes, trust we Je - ho - vah's

Trust we in Je - ho - vah's

CORNET

keep - ing. Yes, hope in His might - y power, He, our Rock, our Strength, our Tower.

keep - ing. Hope we in His might - y power, God a - bove will ne'er for - sake us, He, our Rock, our Strength, our Tower.

CORNET

Adagio Moderato.

No. 8. SOLO (King) & CHORUS. "Bring forth these stubborn princes." 13

Bring forth these stubborn princes, these captives from Judea; bind them, and cast them into the furnace that ra . . . geth for . . . his prey. So shall all men learn the King to 'bey.

TAMBOUR.

TRUM.

TRUM.

SHALIM AND COMPANIONS.

Trust we in Je-ho-vah's keep-ing, Hope we in His might-y power, God a-bove will ne'er for-sake us, He our Rock, our strength, our tower.

Trust we in Je-ho-vah's keep-ing, Hope we in His might-y power, God a-bove will ne'er for-sake us, He our Rock, our strength, our tower.

KING.

CHORUS, TENOR.

KING.

What do I see 'mid the larid flame? Did we not cast in three men bound? True, O king, True, O king! There were three men bound. Lo! I see four men walking in the

TRUM.

PROPHET AND ALTO.

TAMBOUR.

TRUM.

"Bring forth these stubborn princes." Concluded.

midst of the fire un - hurt, And the form of the fourth is like the Son of God. Fear we be - fore Him, fear we be - fore Him, for great is the God of the

Fear we be - fore Him, fear we be - fore Him, for great is the God of the

He - brews, ter - ri - ble is the Lord of Is - ra - el! Ye servants of the Most High God, Come forth.

He - brews, ter - ri - ble is the Lord of Is - ra - el!

*Andante Cantabile.***No. 9. CHORUS. "Blessed be the God of Israel."**

Bless - ed be the God of Is - rael, He who ev - er kind and just, Sends His an - gel to de - liv - er Those in Him who put their trust.

n. c. Thus for - ev - er shall they wor - ship God a - bove, their God a - lone.

Sing, O sing and magnify the Lord, and let us exalt his name together; Sing, O sing and magnify the Lord, and let us exalt his name together; For he hath triumph'd

gloriously, For he hath triumph'd gloriously; Sing, O sing and magnify the Lord, and let us exalt his name together; For he hath triumph'd gloriously.

gloriously, gloriously, gloriously; He hath wrought salvation in the eyes of all the people. Wrought salvation in the eyes of all the people. Sing, O sing and magnify the Lord, and gloriously, gloriously, gloriously; He hath wrought salvation in the eyes of all the people. Wrought salvation in the eyes of all the people. Sing, O sing and magnify the Lord, and

"Sing, O sing." Continued.

let us ex - alt his name to - geth - er; For he hath triumph'd glo - rious - ly, and wrought salvation in the eyes of all the people. He hath triumph'd gloriously, he hath triumph'd

let us ex - alt his name to - geth - er; For he hath triumph'd glo - rious - ly, and wrought salvation in the eyes of all the people. He hath triumph'd gloriously, he hath triumph'd

A little slower.

glo - rious - ly, glo - rious - ly, glo - rious - ly; Who can show forth all his praise?

glo - rious - ly, glo - rious - ly, glo - rious - ly; Who can ut - ter the might - y acts of the Lord, Who can show forth all his praise?

solo.

Flute and Horn pp. Soprano and Alto f.

Take a palm and bring the tim - brel, the pleasant harp and psal - ter - y, Praise him with the sound of the trumpet, Praise him with the psal'try and harp. Sing, O sing and

Take a palm and bring the tim - brel, the pleasant harp and psal - ter - y, Praise him with the sound of the trumpet, Praise him with the psal'try and harp. Sing, O sing and



magni-fy the Lord, and let us ex-alt his name to-gether, ex-alt his name, ex-alt his name, for he hath triumph'd glo-riously, ex-alt his name, for he hath triumph'd, magni-fy the Lord, and let us ex-alt his name to-gether, ex-alt his name, ex-alt his name, for he hath triumph'd glo-riously, ex-alt his name, for he hath triumph'd, he hath triumph'd glo-riously. Sing and mag-ni-fy the Lord, for he hath triumph'd glo-riously. A - - men, A - - men. he hath triumph'd glo-riously. Sing and mag-ni-fy the Lord, for he hath triumph'd glo-riously. A - - men, A - - men.

PART SECOND.

No. 1. CHORUS OF ISRAELITES.

"Jehovah reigneth."

Andante Moderato.



Je-ho-vah reigneth, let Is-ra-el re-joice; Je-ho-vah reigneth, let the na-tions fear; He o-ver-turn-eth Prin-ces and humbleth Kings. Je-ho-vah reigneth, let Is-ra-el re-joice; Je-ho-vah reigneth, let the na-tions fear; He o-ver-turn-eth Prin-ces and humbleth Kings.

Yet de - liv - 'reth He His peo - ple, de - liv - 'reth He His peo - ple, and in all our cap - ti - vi - ty He vis - it - eth us.

Yet de - liv - 'reth He His peo - ple, de - liv - 'reth He His peo - ple, and in all our cap - ti - vi - ty He vis - it - eth us.

No. 2 TRIO and CHORUS.

"Still do we long for thee."

STILL DO WE LONG FOR THEE.

Still do we long for thee, O Zi - on, our home, At ear - ly dawn and eve - ning shade, In ac - tive care, or slum - ber laid, We

STILL DO WE LONG FOR THEE.

Still do we long for thee, O Zi - on, our home. At ear - ly dawn and eve - ning shade, In ac - tive care, or slum - ber laid, We

ev - er think of thee, Je - ru - sa - lem, We ev - er think of thee, Je - ru - sa - lem. Pray for the peace of Je - ru - sa - lem.

ev - er think of thee, Je - ru - sa - lem, We ev - er think of thee, Je - ru - sa - lem. Pray for the peace of Je - ru - sa - lem.

"Still do we long for thee." Concluded.

19



All they shall pros-per that love . . thee. Peace be with-in thy hal-lowed walls, And plen-ty with-in thy pal-a-ces.

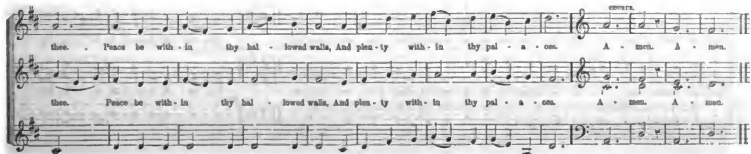
All they shall pros-per that love . . thee. Peace be with-in thy hal-lowed walls, And plen-ty with-in thy pal-a-ces.



TRIO. *SOFT SOF-RAND.* *SW.* *P*
 Pray Pray for the peace of Je-ru-sa-lem. They shall pros-per that love

SOFT SOF-RAND.
 Pray Pray for the peace of Je-ru-sa-lem. They shall pros-per that love

ALVO. *SW.* *P*



thee. Peace be with-in thy hal-lowed walls, And plen-ty with-in thy pal-a-ces. A-men. A-men.

thee. Peace be with-in thy hal-lowed walls, And plen-ty with-in thy pal-a-ces. A-men. A-men.

CHORUS.

No. 3. TRIUMPHAL CHORUS OF PERSIANS.

Moderato.

"Sound, sound we the loud trumpet"

Sound, sound we the loud trum - pet with loft - y swell, Far, far let its ech - oes our tri-umpha tell, Where, where is the king - dom so re - nowned as ours.

Sound, sound we the loud trum - pet with loft - y swell, Far, far let its ech - oes our tri-umpha tell, Where, where is the king - dom so re - nowned as ours?

Proud, peerless and strong are our Per - sian towers. Praise, praise we in full chorus our coun - try's name, Glo - rious, all glo - rious, her might - y fame, Harp, cor - net and loud cym - bal in

Proud, peerless and strong are our Per - sian towers. Praise, praise, we in full chorus our coun - try's name, Glo - rious, all glo - rious, her might - y fame, Harp, cor - net and loud cym - bal in

prai - ses join, Mon - archs a - dor - ing, bow at her shrine. Sound, sound we the loud trumpet with loft - y swell, Sound, sound we the loud trumpet, with loft - y swell,

prai - ses join, Mon - archs a - dor - ing, bow at her shrine. Sound, sound we the loud trumpet with loft - y swell, Sound, sound we the loud trumpet, with loft - y swell,



Sound, sound we the loud trumpet with loft - y swell, Far, far let its ech - oes our tri-umphs tell, Far let its ech - oes our tri-umphs tell, Far let its ech - oes



our tri-umphs tell. Harp, cor-net and loud cym-bals in prais-es join, Mon-archs a - dor - ing bow at her shrine; Harp, cor-net and loud cym-bals in



prais-es join, Mon-archs a - dor - ing bow at her shrine, Mon-archs a - dor - ing bow at her shrine, Mon-archs a - dor - ing bow at her shrine.

No. 4 SOLOS (1st and 2d Presidents) and CHORUS OF PRINCES.

Moderato.
1st PRESIDENT.

"Yet, O Princess."

Yet, O Princess, in this hour of joy, Say, Oh say, is there not one al-loy, Dan-ies, the cap-tive, is pre-ferred be-fore us. Him hath the King set to bear rule o'er us.

With energy.

CHORUS OF PRINCES. TENORS AND BASS.

Bow we to this Hebrew, no, no, no. Rouse we, rouse we, for his o-ver-throw, Per-sian wis-dom shall our em-pire guide, Per-sian va-lor be our king-dom's pride.

Bow we to this Hebrew, no, no, no. Rouse we, rouse we, for his o-ver-throw, Per-sian wis-dom shall our em-pire guide, Per-sian va-lor be our king-dom's pride.

Andante.
2d PRESIDENT.

Who shall harm him whom the angels are keeping, Who fix a stain on the brow of the blest, Vigils preserve him, where vipers are creeping, Guide him in action and shield him in rest.

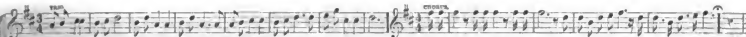
Calmly and sweet-ly his spi-rit re-poses, Safe on the ho-som of in-fan-tile love, Cheered by the star that in beauty dis-clo-ses, Visions of pleasure that wait him above.

* After each of these verses repeat Chorus. "Bow we to," etc

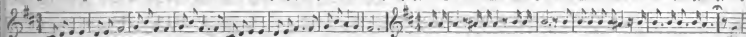
"But which accusation."

NO PRESIDENT.

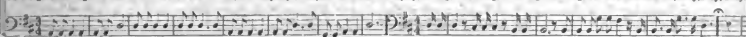
But which accusation can we bring a - gainst Dan - iel, see - ing the King lov - eth him? We shall find no occasion against him, except concerning the law of his God.



To our gracious king will we haste and ask on bended knee, For thirty days, except to thee, Let no man pray, O King. To the king, to the king, to the king, this Daniel to o'erthrow, away, away, away.



To our gracious king will we haste and ask on bended knee, For thirty days, except to thee, Let no man pray, O King. To the king, to the king, to the king, this Daniel to o'erthrow, away, away, away.



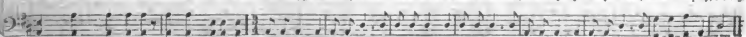
CHORUS OF PRISONERS, ETC.



Come we, gracious king, to thee, And ask this boon on bended knee, For thirty days, except to thee, Let no man pray, O King.



Come we, gracious king, to thee, And ask this boon on bended knee, For thirty days, except to thee, Let no man pray, O King.



No. 6. SOLO, (King).*"According to your desires"*

P. 27180.

According to your desires, O

Presidents, Princes and Governors of the realm, Be it this day decreed, He that prayeth to any God in thirty days, let him be cast into the den of lions, a law of the Medes and Persians, which changeth not.

No. 7. SOLO, (Daniel).*"Hear the voice of my cry."**Andante espressivo.*

Hear the voice of my cry, O my God,

For un-to thee will I pray—

I will call up-on thee as long as I

live, De-ll-ver me, O Lord . . . To thee do I fly, . . . for I am a stranger and sojourner here, as all my fa-thers

"Hear the voice of my cry." Concluded.

25

First system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a vocal line (soprano), a piano accompaniment (treble and bass). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "were . . . For - sake . . . me not . . . For - sake . . . me".

Second system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a vocal line (soprano), a piano accompaniment (treble and bass). The lyrics are: "not . . . Now that I am old, . . . Now that I am old, . . . but save me from them, . . . that rise up a".

Third system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a vocal line (soprano), a piano accompaniment (treble and bass). The lyrics are: "gainst me, for thy mer - cy's sake . . . For thy mer - cy's sake, . . . A men".

No. 8. CHORUS, (Princes). "He prayeth."

He pray-eth, he pray-eth, Dan - iel prayeth. Now have we triumphed, now have we triumphed and his de-struction is sure, his de-struction is sure.

He pray-eth, he pray-eth, Dan - iel prayeth, Now have we triumphed, now have we triumphed and his de-struction is sure, his de-struction is sure.

The musical score for No. 8 Chorus (Princes) 'He prayeth.' is written for three parts: Soprano, Alto, and Bass. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegro'. The lyrics are: 'He pray-eth, he pray-eth, Dan - iel prayeth. Now have we triumphed, now have we triumphed and his de-struction is sure, his de-struction is sure.' The music features a repeating melodic line in the Soprano part, with the Alto and Bass parts providing harmonic support.

No. 9. DUETT, (Queen and King). "Alas, O King."

Andante cantabile.

A - las, O king, thy

stem . . de - cree, Hath doomed to death a no . . ble soul, And well thou might'st have known that

The musical score for No. 9 Duet (Queen and King) 'Alas, O King.' is written for two parts: Soprano and Bass. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante cantabile'. The lyrics are: 'A - las, O king, thy stem . . de - decree, Hath doomed to death a no . . ble soul, And well thou might'st have known that'. The music features a duet between the Queen and King, with the Queen's part in the Soprano and the King's part in the Bass.

'Alas, O King.' Continued.

27

he From Is - ra-el's God would ne'er de - part, From Is - ra-el's God would ne'er de - part.

I la - bored hard till set . . of sun, To shield him from that dread - ful doom, Yet all was vain. 'tis

done, 'tis done, My soul is filled with deep - est gloom, My soul is filled with deep - est gloom.

"Alas, O King." Concluded

Yet fear we not If God in - deed, In tri - umph rules the earth and sky, The prayer of Dan - iel He will

Yet fear we not If God in - deed, In tri - umph rules the earth and sky, The prayer of Daniel He will heed, the prayer of Daniel

heed Nor let His faith - ful ser - vant die.

He will heed Nor let His faith - ful ser - vant die.

No. 10. DUETT, (King and Daniel).

"O Daniel, servant of the living God."

O Dan - iel, ser - vant of the liv - ing God, Is thy God, whom thou serv - est, con - ti - nu - al - ly a - ble to de - li - ver thee from the li - ons?

"O Daniel." Concluded.

29

My God hath sent his an - gel and hath shut the D - on's mouth, that they have not hurt me. I, O King, have nev - er wronged thee, Thou hast nev - er, nev - er wronged me,

In - no - cence in me is found, Thus my God from harm de - fends me, An - gel guards my steps sur - round, Re - In - no - cence in thee is found, Thus thy God from harm de - fends thee, An - gel guards thy steps sur - round,

joice in the Lord for - ev - er more, Re - joice in the Lord for - ev - er more.

No. 11. FULL CHORUS. "The Lord reigneth."

The Lord reign - eth, let the people trem - ble, the Lord reign - eth, let the people trem - ble, let the people trem - ble; He sit - teth between the Cher - u - bin;

The Lord reign - eth, let the people trem - ble, the Lord reign - eth, let the people trem - ble, let the people trem - ble; He sit - teth between the Cher - u - bin;

Let the earth be mov - ed, Let the earth be mov - - ed, The Lord is great, is great in Zi - on, The Lord is great, is great in Zi - on, And He is

Let the earth be mov - ed, Let the earth be mov - - ed, The Lord is great, is great in Zi - on, The Lord is great, is great in Zi - on, And He is

high a - bove all peo - ple, He is high a - bove all peo - ple, Let them praise thy great and ter - ri - ble name, O let them praise thy great and

high a - bove all peo - ple, He is high a - bove all peo - ple, Let them praise thy great and ter - ri - ble name, O let them praise thy great and

Let them praise thy ter - ri - ble name, Let them praise thy

"The Lord reigneth." (Concluded.)

81

ter - ri - ble name, for it is ho - - - ly, it is ho - - - ly, A - men.

ter - ri - ble name, for it is ho - - - ly, it is ho - - - ly, A - men.

Andante.

No. 12. SOLO. (Baritone Voice.) Quartett and Chorus.

"O sing unto the Lord."

1. O sing un - to the Lord a new song, Sing un - to the Lord all the earth. 2. O sing un - to the Lord and

ACCOMPANIMENT.

bles His name, Show forth His ad - va - tion from day to day. O sing un - to the Lord a new song Sing un - to the

O sing un - to the Lord a new song, Sing un - to the

"O sing unto the Lord." Continued.

Lord, all the earth, the earth, O sing un-to the Lord and bless His name, Show forth His sal-va-tion from day to day.

QUARTETTE

Declare His glory, Declare His glo-ry, De-clare His glo-ry among the heathen, His wonders among all peo-ple, His wonders a-mong all peo - ple, Declare His glo-ry, De-clare His glo-ry, De-clare His glo-ry among the heathen, His wonders among all peo-ple, His wonders a-mong all peo - ple.

SOLO CHORUS

For the Lord is great, and great-ly to be prais-ed He is to be fear-ed a-bove all gods, For the Lord is great, and great-ly to be prais-ed, For the Lord is great, and great-ly to be prais-ed.

"O sing unto the Lord." Concluded.

83

He is to be fear-ed a-bove all gods. 5. O wor-ship the Lord in the beau-ty of ho-li-ness, Fear ye be-fore him all the earth.
6. Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad, Let the sea roar and the full-ness there-of.

O sing un-to the Lord a new song, O sing un-to the Lord a new song, a new song. A-men, A-men.

O sing un-to the Lord,

* Repeat the chorus "For the Lord is great" after the 5th verse; also, after the 6th verse. Let the last note of the solo be held until after the chorus commences.

PART THIRD.

Moderato. No. 1. SOLO (Daniel). "O come, let us fall down and worship."

O come, let us fall down and wor-ship; O come, let us fall down and wor-ship; Let us hum-ble our-selves be-

"O come let us fall down and worship." Concluded.

fore the Lord, for our sins doth He lay waste the ho - ly ci - ty, for our sins doth He lay waste the ho - ly ci - ty! A - rise, a - rise! Let us re -

turn un - to Him, let us re - turn un - to Him, and He will heal our in - i - qui - ties, will heal our in - i - qui - ties.

Andante.

No. 2. SOLO (Daniel) & CHORUS. "We have sinned."

SOLO. O Lord, for - give thy ser - vants.

CHORUS. We have sin - ned, O Lord, have sin - ned, have sin - ned, and done wicked - ly. O Lord, hear, O Lord, for

mf. We have sin - ned, O Lord, and done wicked - ly. O Lord, hear, O Lord, for

"We have sinned." *Concuden.*

35

Andante

O Lord have mer - cy, have mer - cy, and cause thy face to shine . . . up - on us. O hear our prayer, O hear our

give, and cause thy face to shine up - on thy sanc - tu - a - ry that is des - o - late, that is des - o - late, for thy name's sake have mercy up - on us. hear us, hear us, our prayer,

prayer, for we are call - ed by thy name, are call - . . . ed by thy name. are call - . . . ed by thy name.

Hear our prayer, O Lord, hear, for we are called by thy name, we are call - ed by thy name, we are call - ed, are called by thy name, thy name.

Moderato.

No. 3. SOLO (Daniel). "The Lord hath sent his angel."

The Lord hath sent his angel to me say - ing, Thus saith the God of Ja - cob, the might - y God of Is - rael, thy prayers are heard, and thine in - i - qui - ties are for - giv - en.

No. 4 CHORUS. "Then, O Lord, wilt have mercy upon Zion."

Future



"Thou, O Lord, wilt have mercy." Concluded.

37

small ap - pear in his glo - ry, He shall ap - pear, He shall ap - pear, He shall ap - pear in his glo - ry.

on He shall appear, He shall appear, He shall appear in his glo - ry, He shall ap - pear, He shall ap - pear, He shall ap - pear in his glo - ry.

on He shall appear, He shall appear in his glo - ry, He shall ap - pear in his glo - ry, He shall ap - pear, He shall ap - pear, He shall ap - pear in his glo - ry.

D. C.

No. 5. SOLO (Queen) and CHORUS.

Moderato.

"How lovely is Zion."

SOLO

O how love - ly, O how love - ly, Zi - on

CHORUS

How lovely is Zi - on, how love - ly is Zi - on, how love - ly is Zi - on ci - ty of our God, How lovely is Zi - on, how love - ly is Zi - on, how love - ly is

ci - ty of our God, O how love - ly, O how love - ly is Zi - on ci - ty of our God. How lovely is

Zi - on, ci - ty of our God, How love - ly, how love - ly, how love - ly is Zi - on. Joy and peace shall dwell in thee. Joy and peace shall

"How lovely is Zion." Concluded.

Zi - on, how love - ly is Zi - on, how love - ly! O how love - ly, O how love - ly is Zi - on, ci - ty of our God! A - men.
 dwell in thee, joy and peace shall dwell in thee. how love - ly how love - ly how love - ly is Zi - on. A - men.

No. 6. TRIO. (Daniel, Azariah, and Sister.) "Our God, O King, hath bade us go."

Andante.
 Our God, O King, hath bade us go, Our ruined temple's walls to raise, Where choral hymns were wont to flow, Sweet anthems to his sacred praise, Sweet anthems to his sacred praise.
ATARIAH
 Our God, O King, hath bade us go, Our ruined temple's walls to raise, Where choral hymns were wont to flow, Sweet anthems to his sacred praise, Sweet anthems, Sweet anthems to his sacred praise.
DANIEL

We humbly thy permission crave, Thou who hast shown thyself our friend, And may the God of Israel save, And may the God of Israel save, And thee from every ill defend, from every ill defend;
 We humbly thy permission crave, Thou who hast shown thyself our friend, And may the God of Israel save, And may the God of Israel save, And thee from every ill defend, from every ill defend.

No. 7. SOLO. (King.)

"Go servants of the mighty God."

Go ser - vants of the mighty God, From hence in peace de - part, And may His choicest blessings rest Up - on each no - ble heart.

I will command the na - tions round You in your work to aid; Go then, and serve the God you love, Un - daunt - ed, un - de - mayed.

No. 8. SOLO. (Queen.)

"Judah's children."

Judah's children, ye have laught us To revere Je - ho - vah's name, And we now with high emotion Bless the hour ye hither came, Captive souls, your hands are broken, Night's dark

Judah's Children. Concluded.

sha - dow from no more, Bright the gol - den morn is smil - ing Freedom's air is yours once more, Freedom's air is yours, is yours once more. *Lao de*

thought that you must leave us, Fills our bosoms with regret, We shall meet no more to sev - er When the sun of life is set, When the sun of life is set.

Choral.

No. 9. FULL CHORUS.

"Thou who art enthroned."

For a Two TENOR.

Thou who art en - throned a - bove, Thou in whom we live and move, O how sweet, with joy - ful tongue To re - sound Thy praise in song.

For a Two BASS.

Thou who art en - throned a - bove, Thou in whom we live and move, O how sweet, with joy - ful tongue To re - sound Thy praise in song.

No. 10. QUINTETTE.

41

*Andante sostenuto,
CRESS.*

"May God, in whom we trust."

May God, in whom we trust Now speed us on our way; The on - ly wise and just, Whose call we now o - bey: May

SIXTES.

May God, in whom we trust Now speed us on our way; The on - ly wise and just, Whose call we now o - bey: May

ALABIAN.

May God, in whom we trust Now speed us on our way; The on - ly wise and just, Whose call we now o - bey: May

DANIEL.

May God, in whom we trust Now speed us on our way; The on - ly wise and just, Whose call we now o - bey: May

SING.

He our hearts sus - tain With wis - dom, truth and love; Our ar - duous la - bors crown, With ble - sings from a - bove.

FIVE.

He our hearts sus - tain With wis - dom, truth and love; Our ar - duous la - bors crown, With ble - sings from a - bove.

He our hearts sus - tain With wis - dom, truth and love; Our ar - duous la - bors crown, With ble - sings from a - bove.

FIVE.

He our hearts sus - tain With wis - dom, truth and love; Our ar - duous la - bors crown, With ble - sings from a - bove.

"May God in whom we trust." Concluded.

CHORUS.

Our kind - est wish - es still, With - in your hearts shall dwell, Go to your na - tive land, with ble - sings fare ye well.

AD LIB.

SOPRA.

O King to thee our hearts with grate - ful feel - ings swell, Be thine a peace - ful reign, with ble - sings fare thee well.

AD LIB. **D. C.**

ALBANO.

O King to thee our hearts with grate - ful feel - ings swell, Be thine a peace - ful reign, with ble - sings fare thee well.

AD LIB. **D. C.**

DANIEL.

O King to thee our hearts with grate - ful feel - ings swell, Be thine a peace - ful reign, with ble - sings fare thee well.

AD LIB. **D. C.**

No. 11. CHORUS.

"Once more the spot."

Adagio lamentando.

Once more the spot with so - lemn awe we tread, Where sleep the rel - ics of our kin - dred dead, Chant we our re - quiem mournful - ly and slow,

Once more the spot with so - lemn awe we tread, Where sleep the rel - ics of our kin - dred dead, Chant we our re - quiem mournful - ly and slow.

While our sad tears a - bove their ash - es flow. Mem'ries' bright, mem'ries of each hal - lowed name, Wake in our fond hearts love's un - dy - ing flame.

While our sad tears a - bove their ash - es flow. Mem'ries' bright, mem'ries of each hal - lowed name, Wake in our fond hearts love's un - dy - ing flame.

Yet must we leave them, leave them here to rest. Green be the turf a - bove each no - ble breast.

Yet must we leave them, leave them here to rest. Green be the turf a - bove each no - ble breast.

No. 12. FINALE. FULL CHORUS.

"Freedom again is bringing."

Harmon.

FIRST TIME PP.—SECOND TIME PP.

Free-dom a - gain is bring-ing Joy to our cap - tive land, Soon shall our harp be ring - ing Sweet in our na - tive land. Long on the bend-ing wil - lows

Free-dom a - gain is bring-ing Joy to our cap - tive land, Soon shall our harp be ring - ing Sweet in our na - tive land on the bend-ing wil - lows

"Freedom again is bringing." Continued.

Silent their strings have been, But in the land of Ja-dah Soon shall they wake again, Soon, soon shall they wake a - gain. Hope to each heart re turn - ing, Kindles its as - cred

flame. God hath in mer - cy heard us, Praise to his ho - ly name. Haste to our ru - ined tem - ple, Build we its walls once more.

Haste to our ru - ined tem - ple, Build we its walls once more, Build we its walls once more, Build we its walls once more. God, our own God will bless us, God, our own God will

its walls once more

bless us, While we his aid im - plore, im - plore. While we his aid im - plore, his aid im - plore, his aid im - plore.

ORGAN. - QUARTETTE OR CHORUS. - Either without instruments, if voices are well balanced

With contrite hearts to thee we pray, O, Fa - ther hear our in - trea - ty, Turn not thy face from us a - way, But show thy ten - der pi - ty.

1st BASS.

2d BASS.

TEMPO PRIMO. - CON SPIRITO.

In thee a - lone is Is - rael's hope, O, ne - ver more for - sake us. Hope to each heart re - turn - ing Kin - dies its sa - cred flame, God hath in mercy

TEMPO PRIMO. - CON SPIRITO.

"Freedom again is bringing. Concluded.

heard us, Praise to His ho - ly name, God hath in mer - cy heard us, Praise to His ho - ly name, Hope to each heart re -

heard us, Praise to His ho - ly name, God hath in mer - cy heard us, Praise to His ho - ly name, Praise to His ho - ly

heard us, Praise to His ho - ly name, to His ho - ly name, He hath heard us, Praise His name, Hope to each heart return - ing, Kin - dies His sa - cred

turn - ing. God hath in mer - cy heard us, Praise to His ho - ly name, to His ho - ly

name, His ho - ly name. God hath in mer - cy heard us, Praise to His ho - ly name, Praise to His ho - ly

Hope to each heart re - turn - ing, Kin - dies His sa - cred flame, God hath in mer - cy heard us, Praise to His ho - ly name, Praise, praise to His ho - ly

flame, God hath in mer - cy heard us, Praise . . . to His ho - ly name, Praise to His ho - ly

name, Praise to His ho - ly name, to His ho - ly name. A - men, A - men, A - men.

name, Praise to His ho - ly name, Praise to His ho - ly name. A - men, A - men, A - men.

name, Praise to His ho - ly name to His ho - ly name. A - men, A - men, A - men.

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Arden	141	Quintide	142		143	Comer	144	Lutton	145	Throne	146	Havens	147	Bedford	148	
Arden	149	Rams	150		151	Conary	152	Manon	153	Throne	154	Havens	155	Bedford	156	
Arden	157	Random	158		159	Dacy	160	Meas	161	Vartia	162	Honeywell	163	Brady	164	
Arden	165	Repose	166		167	Delmita	168	Medfield	169	Vision	170	Houghton	171	Buffalo	172	
Arden	173	Repose	174		175	Delmita	176	Delmita	177	Warham	178	Inverness	179	Charmon	180	
Arden	181	Repose	182		183	Delmita	184	Delmita	185	Warham	186	Inverness	187	Charmon	188	
Arden	189	Repose	190		191	Delmita	192	Delmita	193	Warham	194	Inverness	195	Charmon	196	
Arden	197	Repose	198		199	Delmita	200	Delmita	201	Warham	202	Inverness	203	Charmon	204	
Arden	205	Repose	206		207	Delmita	208	Delmita	209	Warham	210	Inverness	211	Charmon	212	
Arden	213	Repose	214		215	Delmita	216	Delmita	217	Warham	218	Inverness	219	Charmon	220	
Arden	221	Repose	222		223	Delmita	224	Delmita	225	Warham	226	Inverness	227	Charmon	228	
Arden	229	Repose	230		231	Delmita	232	Delmita	233	Warham	234	Inverness	235	Charmon	236	
Arden	237	Repose	238		239	Delmita	240	Delmita	241	Warham	242	Inverness	243	Charmon	244	
Arden	245	Repose	246		247	Delmita	248	Delmita	249	Warham	250	Inverness	251	Charmon	252	
Arden	253	Repose	254		255	Delmita	256	Delmita	257	Warham	258	Inverness	259	Charmon	260	
Arden	261	Repose	262		263	Delmita	264	Delmita	265	Warham	266	Inverness	267	Charmon	268	
Arden	269	Repose	270		271	Delmita	272	Delmita	273	Warham	274	Inverness	275	Charmon	276	
Arden	277	Repose	278		279	Delmita	280	Delmita	281	Warham	282	Inverness	283	Charmon	284	
Arden	285	Repose	286		287	Delmita	288	Delmita	289	Warham	290	Inverness	291	Charmon	292	
Arden	293	Repose	294		295	Delmita	296	Delmita	297	Warham	298	Inverness	299	Charmon	300	
Arden	301	Repose	302		303	Delmita	304	Delmita	305	Warham	306	Inverness	307	Charmon	308	

5's & 6's. Zablon..... 287 4's & 5's & 12's. Song of Moses..... 283 6's & 4's. Glean, another year..... 284 4's & 6's. Lyons..... 285 Paten..... 286 5's & 6's Peculiar. When shall we meet again..... 288 5's & 7's. Thou'st the nightingale..... 289 5's & 11's. Doro, Ah tell me more..... 290 5's & 6's. Idleness, Be thou low wail..... 293 5's & 9's. Nuttin, Maid sorrow and..... 294 5's & 11's. New Year..... 295 The following, beginning with 5, are regular or unusual meters. 6's & 4's. (In form of America, 284.) America..... 296 Harvest Song..... 297 Heaven's Hymn..... 298 Moat..... 299 New Haven..... 300 The following, beginning with 6, are irregular or unusual meters. 6's Single. Sing Praise..... 301	6's Double. Flung to the..... 301 6's & 4's Single. Last Arrow..... 302 6's & 4's. Arrow, single..... 303 Today..... 304 6's & 4's. Amoroso..... 305 Biblew, by omitting the repeat. Burdock..... 306 Choral..... 307 Circles..... 308 Fama..... 309 Falling..... 310 Gads..... 311 Hahroa..... 312 Harkney, by omitting the repeat. Holly..... 313 Invite..... 314 Mando..... 315 Nuremberg..... 316 Pato..... 317 Peyot's Hymn..... 318 Pava..... 319 Thema..... 320 Wayland..... 321 Zemus..... 322 7's Double. As a little child..... 323 Bacon..... 324 Cedar..... 325 Herklmer..... 326 Iron..... 327 Merrill..... 328 Wesley..... 329 7's & 11's. Biblew, by omitting the repeat. Harkney, by omitting the repeat. Marilyn, by omitting the first repeat. Merrill, by omitting the repeat..... 330 Joy, O how happy..... 331	7's & 6's. Bowley..... 332 Violet..... 333 Bentish, Thou who didst..... 334 The following, beginning with 7, are regular or unusual meters. 7's Single. Amoroso..... 335 Biblew, by omitting the repeat. Burdock..... 336 Choral..... 337 Circles..... 338 Fama..... 339 Falling..... 340 Gads..... 341 Hahroa..... 342 Harkney, by omitting the repeat. Holly..... 343 Invite..... 344 Mando..... 345 Nuremberg..... 346 Pato..... 347 Peyot's Hymn..... 348 Pava..... 349 Thema..... 350 Wayland..... 351 Zemus..... 352 7's Double. As a little child..... 353 Bacon..... 354 Cedar..... 355 Herklmer..... 356 Iron..... 357 Merrill..... 358 Wesley..... 359 7's & 11's. Biblew, by omitting the repeat. Harkney, by omitting the repeat. Marilyn, by omitting the first repeat. Merrill, by omitting the repeat..... 360 Joy, O how happy..... 361	7's & 6's Pec. Land of Rest..... 362 Pharaoh, by ties in last line..... 363 7's & 6's Peculiar. Weep Not..... 364 The following, beginning with 7, are regular or unusual meters. 7's Single. Foster..... 365 Jona..... 366 8's Double. Gregory..... 367 Madison..... 368 Melodia..... 369 8's & 7's Single (Regular). Austine..... 370 Hardine..... 371 Heads..... 372 Himmlen..... 373 Hill..... 374 Marphe..... 375 Mount Vernon..... 376 Sicily..... 377 Switzer..... 378 Wilmot..... 379 Winston..... 380 Worthing..... 381 8's & 7's Double (Regular). Appin..... 382 Astram..... 383 Balls..... 384 Candia..... 385 Curo..... 386 Faxon..... 387 Family Song..... 388 Frankfort..... 389 Gaba..... 390 Greenville..... 391 Harwell..... 392 Hawley..... 393 Newtonson..... 394 Park..... 395 Yates..... 396	8's & 7's & 4's. Ordin..... 397 Keeble..... 398 Shipant..... 399 Tainworth..... 400 Unam..... 401 Webster..... 402 Zion..... 403 8's & 7's & 4's, or 7's & 8's lines. (5's & 7's, 6's.) Candia..... 404 By omitting the repeat. Capasa..... 405 Caro..... 406 By omitting the repeat. Harwell..... 407 Hundred thy wings..... 408 Yates..... 409 By omitting the repeat. The following, beginning with 8, are mostly irregular or unusual meters. 8's & 7's & 6's. Ere I sleep..... 410 Happy Voices..... 411 Park Place..... 412 8's & 4's. Melita..... 413 There is a calm..... 414 8's & 7's & 6's. Berne, Hark, hark the gospel..... 415 8's & 4's Double. Alas, how poor..... 416 8's & 4's Peculiar. Olga, God of..... 417 8's & 6's. Africa, There is an hour..... 418	8's & 7's & 4's Pec. Landsdowne..... 419 Travelling Home (Peculiar)..... 420 8's & 6's Peculiar. (Sing Hallelujah.) Amsterdam..... 421 8's & 6's Peculiar. (5's & 6's.) Roma, Thy will be done..... 422 8's & 4's. Ald, Thy will be done..... 423 Our blessed Redeemer..... 424 8's & 4's & 3's. Morn, Lift up your..... 425 8's & 6's & 3's. Sad Gethsemane..... 426 Or, C. M. with a chorus..... 427 Children's Song..... 428 8's & 7's Peculiar. Aldour Rest, (Double)..... 429 O lay not up, (single)..... 430 Separation, (single)..... 431 8's & 7's & 6's lines Peculiar. (5's & 7's & 6's.) Harvest..... 432 8's & 7's 2 lines. (5's & 7's & 6's.) Memento, or Judgment Hymn..... 433 8's & 7's, very Peculiar. Kelley, How I love..... 434	11's Peculiar. Daughter of Zion..... 435 11's & 7's. The Lord is great..... 436 11's & 6's. The Grave..... 437 Heaven, Be joyful in..... 438 11's & 10's. Hail to the bright ones..... 439 11's & 10's Double. Avers..... 440 Come ye discipules..... 441 Star of the East..... 442 12's. Eins, When thro' the town..... 443 Look Alike..... 444 The voice of free grace..... 445 12's Peculiar. From Onward..... 446 The Church..... 447 12's & 8's Double. When the Harvest is past..... 448 12's & 8's Pec. Corrin, The Lord is great..... 449 12's & 8's. Palmist..... 450 12's & 11's. Kneel, Thou art gone in..... 451 The voice of free grace..... 452 11's. Captivity..... 453 Exposition..... 454 Frederick, I would not..... 455 Guthrie..... 456 Rosen..... 457 Richard..... 458
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